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WAR PAPERS



COMMANDERY OF WISCONSIN  
MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE  
UNITED STATES

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# WAR PAPERS

READ BEFORE THE

COMMITTEE OF THE STATE OF WISCONSIN, MILITARY  
ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF  
THE UNITED STATES

under direction of the Commandery

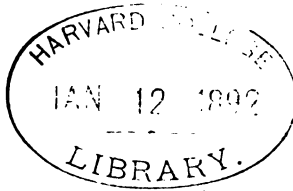
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For the Commandery of the State of Wisconsin,  
Military Order of the Loyal Legion  
of the United States.

MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES.

HEADQUARTERS COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF WISCONSIN.

At stated meeting of this Commandery holden at Milwaukee, April 1, 1891,  
it was

*Resolved*, That the Board of Officers of this Commandery be authorized, in their discretion, to have such of the war papers as have been read before the Commandery as they may select, bound in book form and supplied to Companions at publishers' price. To have charge of preparing for publication the book of war papers, the following Editing Committee is designated:

Companions Captain Charles King, Colonel John L. Hathaway, Captain A. Ross Houston.



## PREFACE.

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When at last the proof sheets of a volume have been read and all that properly remains is the binding, there lingers in the breast of many a writer the longing to have one more word with his prospective reader. Just in like measure, now that the volume of the Commandery of the State of Wisconsin promised to its companions of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States is to receive its final touches at the hands of the publisher, there is pause for that pet weakness of authorcraft.

What need to introduce to soldier readers soldier stories of their hard-fought fields? Why seek to explain their presentation, or apologize for their existence? Far and near fellow Commanderies have issued, or are now preparing, records that in form, in spirit and in purpose are linked with ours. Personal experiences in the fiercest battles of the most stubborn conflict ever waged, reminiscences of stirring campaigns, unexampled in the balance of attack and defense, details of daily intercourse with great commanders already gathered to their fathers—all these, told in soldier phrase by men who well may know whereof they speak, are vivid accompaniment to the sombre page of official history.

The more distinguished names upon the roll of Wisconsin's soldiery are long since carved upon the tomb, and only a treasured few still linger on the roster. With loving care, however, the pages penned by their hands and read before us have been preserved, and, together with those of many a companion who fought in humbler grade but has his soldier tale to tell, are now laid before the Legion as our contribution to its rich and varied literature.

THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATION.

*Milwaukee, December 10th, 1891.*



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# WAR PAPERS.

## THE ASSAULT ON FORT WAGNER.

BY CAPT. GARTH W. JAMES, U. S. V.\*

[Read November 12, 1880.]

WHEN I went to the war I was a boy of seventeen years of age, the son of parents devoted to the cause of the Union and the abolition of slavery. It seems unnecessary to tell you that my experiences of life were small. I had been brought up in the belief that slavery was a monstrous wrong, its destruction worthy of a man's best effort, even unto the laying down of life. I had been spending the summer in Newport, Rhode Island, when the war got fairly under way. To me, in my boyish fancy, to go to the war seemed glorious indeed; to my parents it seemed a stern duty, a sacrifice worth any cost. Not for glory's sake, nor for the vantage of a fleeting satisfaction, then, did they give me to the cause, but altogether for the reverse of these, from the sad necessities of a direful evil, from which the alarmed conscience of the North was smiting her children into line for the defense of the country's life.

Off I went to enroll myself in the ranks of the 44th Massachusetts Regiment, then mustering for service in Boston, and, as a sample of the youths who were at that time undergoing the same experience, my transactions during those eventful days may not be uninteresting. My

\* Died, November, 1883.



father accompanied me to the recruiting station, witnessed the enrollment, and gave me, as his willing mite, to the cause he had so much at heart. Capt. Charles Storrow was to be my captain, and Company F the company to which my fortunes were to be joined. A few weeks' stay at the Revere House, until the company was fully enrolled, a drill twice a day upon the Common, a strange youth in a strange land, equipped for battle, and eager for the start of my regiment to the seat of war. My company, it appears, was to be a strange mixture of material. We had a good many graduates and undergraduates of Harvard College, a delegation of some twenty men from the Hanover Street Methodist Church, devout men, who, from their entry into camp until we reached the battlefield, chanted the battle songs of those trained in the army of the Lord. The others were mechanics and trades-people, representing almost every trade, some lawyers, two architects, and I am not sure but a doctor and clergyman besides.

To North Carolina finally we went, and after taking part there in a few fights of greater or less degree, notably Rawle's Mills, at Kingston, Whitehall, and at Goldsboro', we returned to Newberne in February, 1863, to count up the costs of war, and draw up our balance sheet with "Johnnie Reb." Then it was that the history begins which I am about to relate, and before any further explanation I might announce that my subject is, "The Arming of the Negro Troops."

At that time John A. Andrew was Governor of Massachusetts. It had been my privilege as a boy to know him well. In his robust personality he embodied, it seemed to me, all there was of New England character, except its drawbacks and limitations. He was one of the first who proposed arming the black men of the North. He grasped

the idea that war meant war, that slavery was the basis of the Southern cause, and that the idea that only Northern white men should be privileged to fight Southern rebels was a monstrous lunacy and imposition upon the Northern cause.

He believed in the proposition that to quell insurrections and rebellions no man in the land, who could be made to carry a musket and load it, was too precious for the sacrifices of war. He added to this common sense and patriotic New England notion the still more humane one that in a struggle for freedom the race most directly interested in the achievement of freedom should be permitted to take a hand.

[The paper here gives an account of the prompt action of Gov. Andrew in raising a colored regiment, the 54th Massachusetts, as soon as authority was given by the general government. He applied to Col. Lee, of the 44th Massachusetts, for three commissioned officers to fill up the roster of the new regiment. Mr. James was one of the three selected. The paper continues:]

Before Russell and myself bade farewell to the 44th Massachusetts, it became noised abroad, within the barracks of the different companies, that we were to embark in this crazy scheme. (As an interesting reminiscence of the state of public opinion in our army at that time, although some were sympathetic and a few perhaps enthusiastic, it should be written down in the annals of prejudice that these two boys, while starting out to do their duty in this new calling, encountered many sharp rebukes and more or less indignity from the men with whom they had fought side by side on the various fields of North Carolina. I ask that it be recorded in the annals of prejudice, and that no further record be made of it.) These inconsiderate taunts conveyed, I am sure, no personal ill will towards us; they

were simply the effect of causes which produced the war, and it had become high time that grim, bloody war should eradicate them at the cost it did.

To a fair-haired, blue-eyed, brave boy was given the command of this new regiment, Col. Robert Gould Shaw, of New York, the son of Francis George Shaw, of Staten Island. The family of this youth was a notable one. His grandfather was a merchant of Boston, among the most prominent of his day. His father and mother were notable for every social grace which characterized the family, and his sisters followed in the parent mould. He was an only son. Reared early in the atmosphere of Freedom, under the precepts of the best of parents, nurtured while young in the path of liberal opinion and radical resistance to all forms of human oppression, he received what to me seems the best heritage of youth, namely, a mind clear to perceive the inequalities of his fellow-beings, and a heart willing to temper every uttermost anguish of the slave in every form. He had been brought up in that school which taught that every hour of human slavery cut off, diminished more tears and agony than all our brave soldiers have suffered since the outbreak of the war. \* \* \* \* \*

I have, comrades, mentioned the foregoing strictly personal statements, to show you that such had been in early life, and such had become in later life, the associations and surroundings of this young man, called upon at the early age of twenty-four years to lead a regiment of free Northern negroes to battle against the South. Col. Shaw's experiences, at the time he took command of his negro regiment, had been gathered in Virginia, as a captain in the line of the 2d Massachusetts Infantry. Those of you who served with the Potomac army, and with Sherman, from Atlanta to the completion of his memorable campaign at Raleigh, in

1865, must remember the sturdy heroes who composed the 2d Massachusetts Volunteers. At the bidding of Gov. Andrew, and his own sense of right, he reluctantly bade farewell to the associations and comrades of his early military career, and came on to Boston to assume command of the 54th Massachusetts Infantry.

Our camp was pitched at Readville, near Boston, and upon my arrival there Col. Shaw offered Russell and myself the two vacant captaincies in his regiment. To me, however, he gave another choice, that of the adjutancy of the command, and with an instinct for comfort, rather perhaps might I call it a lazy affinity for the saddle, than for the more arduous and more exposed conditions of a captain in the line, I accepted the latter commission.

We speedily organized our force. From all the Eastern and Western States recruits crowded to the rendezvous at Readville, so that I believe it to be a matter of record that we mustered our ten companies from material which would have nearly organized two regiments.

Gov. Andrew felt keenly the importance of making this, the first black regiment from the Northern States, excel in every soldierly attainment. He gave it every advantage and every help, the very best he had from the stores of his official patronage and authority. He gave us what perhaps stood us in far better stead than these, the inspiration of his own lofty patriotism and mighty zeal. \* \*

On the 28th day of May, 1863, we embarked for the seat of war in South Carolina, 1,000 men strong, fully officered and equipped. Our march through Boston was a memorable scene to those that beheld it. Prejudice of the rankest sort then assailed us. No historian of that day will ever forget the alternating cheers and groans, the alternate huzza and reproach which attempted to deafen each other on our march down State street.

On reaching the wharves to take our steamer, the rear of our column was molested in a slight way by the Irish copperheads and roughs of that quarter, and resistance might have been made by us if the police had not readily interfered to prevent.

On arriving at Port Royal, in South Carolina, after a pleasant trip on the steamer *De Molay*, we were ordered to Beaufort for encampment. Here we discovered that the 1st and 2d South Carolina colored regiments were being recruited, the 1st under command of Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and the 2d under command of Col. Montgomery, of Kansas, of John Brown fame.

Gen. David Hunter then commanded the Department of the South. To the brigade of Col. Montgomery we were assigned, who, with six companies of his own regiment, led us into vain and inglorious incursions along the coast of Georgia during the month of our subordination to him. His method of war had been learned in Kansas, amid scenes of anti-slavery strife and peril. To him it seemed a fitting compensation for all these early sufferings of the abolitionists, to lead negro soldiers on in acts of rapine and devastation toward the South.

Col. Shaw speedily rebelled at this, and after witnessing the burning of the town of Darien, in Georgia, from a prosperous seaport town to a mere waste of ashes, demanded of Gen. Hunter to be relieved from this species of war and soldierly demoralization.

Gen. Hunter ordered us then to occupy the Island of St. Simon's, on the Georgia coast, and thither we went alone, to repair the broken morale, and the injury we had sustained from the forced subordination to such a commander.

(Saint Simon's Island was an abandoned island near the mouth of the Altamaha river. It had been the proud

ancestral retreat and home of half a dozen Georgia planters. The island was a perfect paradise. The luxuriant verdure of the Southern spring, with its wealth of tropical beauty, embedded every natural object in a shrine of fresh and fragrant nature. The live oak and the magnolia, the orange, the lemon and the palmetto, the citron, the fig-tree and the yellow jessamine attained apparent perfection. Nature, seemingly mindful of the fact of war, conscious of its abandonment by the human race, seemed to appear on our arrival there at its very consummation. Our headquarters became established in a deserted plantation home, about the center of the island. At the southern end stood the stately but deserted mansion of Pierce Butler, the former husband of Fanny Kemble.

We remained here for several weeks, drilling and perfecting ourselves in soldierly pursuits. Finally the news reached us that offensive operations were to be commenced against Charleston, that Gen. Gillmore had superseded Gen. Hunter in the command of the department, and that all this peaceful sojourning was likely to be transformed into the stern aspect of war.

About the 10th of July we were ordered to proceed to James Island, off Charleston's Harbor, there to report to Major-Gen. Alfred H. Terry.

On arriving there, we found that operations on a large scale had been commenced against Fort Sumter, and the city of Charleston. Admiral Dahlgren, with the strongest fleet in the navy, and Gen. Gillmore, with a largely reinforced army, had been ordered to begin operations against Sumter, and its outlying batteries. The Confederate forces, under Gen. Beauregard, had a very secure lodgment in the immediate territory to Fort Sumter, mainly on Morris and James Islands.

Folly Island, at the southern extremity of Morris

Island, had been captured by our navy, and this island became, at first, the military and naval rendezvous of the Union forces about Charleston. On or about the 13th day of July, by a brilliant manœuvre, the Union army, under Gen. Gillmore, crossed in small boats to Morris Island and thus attained a foothold adjacent to Fort Sumter, on which spot subsequently the sieges against Battery Wagner and Fort Sumter were carried on. Morris Island was a sand-bar at the entrance to Charleston harbor. It was three miles and one-half long, and varied in width from twenty-five yards to nearly 1,000 yards. It was a mere mass of undulating sand heaps, rising from a long stretching beach to heights varying from three feet to perhaps forty feet above high water level. It was lashed on its eastern side by the rude seas of the Atlantic. On the south were the swampy courses of an inlet, known as Lighthouse Inlet, and to the west the marshy outflow of the Ashley River to the ocean. It protected the southern approach to Charleston harbor, while Sullivan Island on the north rendered the same service. Between these two formidable natural earthworks, and at the narrowest distance between each of them, stood Fort Sumter, the citadel of the Palmetto State, against which our land and naval forces concentrated. Near the northwestern extremity of Morris Island, and at a point where the ocean waters sprayed those of the bordering swamps, at the very narrowest expanse of the island, had been reared the most formidable sand earthwork known to modern warfare. Fort Wagner was a sand fortress, fashioned, in a measure, from the shape of the island at the point of its location. It was a towering mass of sand, utterly invulnerable to artillery, and pregnable only by a determined and heroic coup-de-main. To describe it more accurately I quote a rather technical description, taken from one of Gen. Gillmore's en-

gineering works, a book which I believe has since become a text-book to the West Point cadets: "Fort Wagner was an enclosed work occupying the entire breadth of the island, extending from high-water mark on the east to Vincent's Creek and the impassable marshes on the west. Its faces were mutually defensive, and were completely and thoroughly flanked. It had an excellent command and a bold relief. It was provided with a sluice-gate for retaining the high tides in the ditch. It was constructed of compact sand, upon which the heaviest projectiles produced but little effect, and in which damages could be easily and speedily repaired. It was known to contain a secure and capacious camp roof, and shelter for its entire garrison, and to be armed with between fifteen and twenty guns of various caliber, nearly all bearing upon and completely covering the only approach to it, which was over a shallow and shifting beach of scarcely half a company front in width in many places, subject to frequent overflow by the tides, and swept by the guns of not only Fort Wagner itself, but of Battery Gregg, Fort Sumter, and several heavy-armed batteries on James Island. \* \* \* The truly formidable character of the armament of Fort Wagner, its hidden resources, and the great strength and capacity of the bomb-proof shelter, could not yet be fully developed (*i. e.*, on July 18, 1863), for a comprehensive and reliable estimate of its powers, whether those of resistance or of positive offense."

In defense of the assault which I am shortly to describe, Gen. Gillmore makes the statement that the nature of the construction of the fort "demanded and enticed an actual attempt upon the work to make manifest its real and concealed elements of strength. Moreover, it was not known until subsequently that the island at its narrowest point, near and just south of Fort Wagner, had been re-



duced by the encroachments of the sea to about one fourth or one third of the width shown on the latest coast-survey charts, and that during spring tide and heavy weather the waves frequently swept entirely over it, practically isolating the portion defended by Fort Wagner and Battery Gregg, thus greatly augmenting the difficulties to be overcome in capturing the position, whether by assault or by gradual approach."

I have shown you that scientific methods had made of the fort something more than a mere mass of sand. They made of it a Southern Gibraltar, against which the heaviest ordnance the world has ever known had been directed without apparent avail. Nine ironclads, a fleet of fifty men of war, with broadsides only half a mile away, had for six days thundered against its sea walls, only to render it apparently more strong. Gen. Gillmore from the south had brought to bear upon it, at a distance of only 1200 yards, the heaviest concentration of siege ordnance that had ever faced a foe.

At this critical juncture of the campaign, and upon the 18th day of July, the 54th Massachusetts Infantry landed upon Morris Island. Our baptism of fire had occurred two days previously on James Island. For the first time under Gen. Terry we had met the enemy, and had proven there, fully to our satisfaction at least, that the negro soldier was a fighting soldier. Attacked at early dawn of the 16th of July, on the left of our line, while holding the advance of the Federal position, we had, in a sharp encounter, repulsed a squadron of rebel cavalry and driven them back to the cover of Battery Johnson, an outlying fortress to the west of Fort Wagner, on James Island. How can I—a beardless youth I then was—ever forget this day! It was my first real experience of war, a day absolutely broken of all that had gone before it, the past annihilated, the future

containing all there was in store. > The facts were simply these: At early dawn, while holding the advance position with six companies of my regiment, we were attacked by a portion of a regiment of rebel cavalry, under Gen. Taliaferro. Behind us stood a sturdy brigade of white veterans under Gen. Terry, fresh from the fields of Virginia. In the engagement we had repulsed the enemy before we had reached hardly the co-operation of the 10th Connecticut Volunteers, who, in echelon position, maintained the left of our skirmish line. In the engagement we had repulsed the enemy without recourse upon our reserve, and had lost some sixty men in killed, wounded and missing among the companies engaged. Under a live-oak tree of large dimensions, the headquarters of Gen. Terry had been established to the rear, a third of a mile from our line of battle.

His favorite regiment, the 24th Massachusetts Infantry, one of the best that had so far ever faced the rebel foe, recruited within the precincts of Boston, largely officered by Boston men, was surrounding his headquarters. It had become a living, breathing suspicion with us, and perhaps not altogether justly, that all white troops abhorred our presence in the army, that the 24th Massachusetts Infantry would rather hear of us in some remote corner of the Confederacy than tolerate us in the advance of any battle in which they were themselves called upon to act as reserves or lookers on. I appeal to you, then, comrades, can you not readily share with me that indescribable sensation which a youthful soldier feels, who, placed in a like situation, leading heroic negro soldiers on to victorious battle for the first time in the history of the war, as I alighted from my horse, before Gen. Terry, and his staff (I was going to say his unfriendly staff, but of this I am not sure), to report to him, with Col. Shaw's

compliments, that we had repulsed the enemy without the loss of an inch of ground. Gen. Terry bade me mount again after a few words interchanged between us, and tell Col. Shaw that he was proud of the conduct of his men, and to still hold the ground against any future sortie of the enemy. I believe you can, comrades, even now, share with me the sensation of that moment of soldierly satisfaction!

Thus ended the first chapter of our experiences. The second chapter to which this serves only as an introduction, I must now begin, and with it ends all I know of that gigantic experiment to which the North pledged itself when it called to its succor and its rescue the negro citizenship of the country.

On the afternoon of July 18, it had been determined by Gen. Gillmore to make an assault upon Fort Wagner. Further expenditure of ammunition from our big guns seemed inadvisable. The fort was to succumb, then, to either direct assault or permanent investiture and siege. Gen. Gillmore chose the first expedient, and placed the detail of organization for assault in the hands of Gen. Truman Seymour.

To Gen. G. C. Strong, a regular soldier of some distinction who had until recently been serving with the Gulf Department, he entrusted the leadership of the advance brigade in the storming column. To Col. Shaw, whom Gen. Strong had met only a few days before, was offered the lead of the assaulting brigade, the post of honor and of danger, an opportunity for which his brave heart had yearned ever since he began to feel a confidence in the military organization of his men. Here was to be the grand chance for them, the one thing which above all others seemed essential! A grateful Providence was bestowing it upon them, her last and most reluctant gift—opportu-

nity; it comes rarely to any man, much less to any chosen few; to Shaw it came at last, and proved to be his death.

At about five o'clock on the afternoon of this day the heavy sea fogs from the Atlantic were gathering in from the eastern horizon and obscuring the continuous flash of artillery directed against Fort Wagner. A long stretch of sandy beach lay between the advanced line of Gillmore's guns and the parapets of this redoubtable fortress. It was a long stretch of beach, with barely room enough to display the line of battle of a decimated regiment. For a stretch of thirty yards or so the beach was level, then alternate drifts and mounts of sand confronted the passage onward.

The darkening sky obscured itself more and more through the growing fog, when all that was mortal of this gallant command marched into position to prepare for the grand assault. Our officers were hardly ready for the exertions that were to come; they had fared ill for the last three days, and the inspiration they could impart to their men at such a crisis was that of hope rather than of assured victory.

About six o'clock our line of battle stretched itself across the sandy beach, in column by division closed in mass. The State colors of Massachusetts floated to the breeze alongside of those of the Stars and Stripes, and as these emblems of our cherished faith uncovered themselves between the shifting fogs in front of "Wagner," she saluted them with all the fierce warmth of her artillery. First came a few scattering shot, to which responded the swelling roar of all the heavy guns of our army, then would follow a carnival of fire from Fort Wagner, before which our men swayed themselves until the dread hour of advance.

The 6th Connecticut Infantry marched into line be-

hind us; in their rear filed the 9th Maine Infantry; to the rear of these regiments closed in the whole available force of our army on Morris Island, forming a compact mass of men variously estimated from 5000 to 7000 in number.

It must have been then about half past six o'clock, when a little group of horsemen suddenly appeared before us, Gen. Strong, with his two aids and his two orderlies. As they take their position at the head of our regiment, on a slight eminence overlooking the whole column, the excitement of expectancy grows too heavy to contain.

Gen. Strong, mounted on a superb gray charger, in full dress, white gloves, a yellow bandana handkerchief coiled around his neck, approaches Col. Shaw to give the final orders for advance. He tells him that he desires to address a few words to his men. He stands before them and asks that the brave color bearers step out of the ranks. He takes the colors from the sergeants' hands and waves them aloft as a presage of a victory near at hand. To this signal of Gen. Strong respond the deafening cheers of this mighty host of men, about to plunge themselves into the fiery vortex of Hell. Strong asks them whether their bayonets are secure. The answer comes in tones of defiant affirmation. He tells them that these glorious colors must be planted on the fort, and that they must hold them planted there. After which the bugle sounds the advance.

As I turned to cheer the men, under the example of Col. Shaw, whose footsteps almost I followed, Fort Wagner made herself known to us in tones which left no doubt as to our proximity. We have now reached the first obstruction to our passage, the first chevaux-de-frise; this is the signal for her mightiest effort, and eighteen pieces of artillery, shotted with grape and canister, direct themselves into our melting line. To Shaw, in his boyish ardor, it un-

doubtedly seemed as if the worst had come and gone, and with the spectacle of a line fiercely broken there seemed no time for any other consideration save to urge on his men to swifter assault! After this mighty shock there followed perhaps five seconds of calm. It was the calm which precedes the reloading. To every soul in that surging column it must have seemed an eternity! A broken line, a mighty cheer! the flash of hand grenades and musketry from the parapets of Wagner, the renewed storm of grape and canister from her remorseless guns, and all individuality vanished from the line behind me! It was the moment for the final summons! the work had been swiftly done, the thunder was the funeral oration.

Gathering together a knot of men after the suspense of a few seconds, I waved my sword for a further charge toward the living line of fire above us. We had gone then some thirty yards, groping, but determinedly onwards, the ranks obliquely following the swords of those they trusted, and the onward tread of that little group who waved their lurid and smoky flags. (At this point the line of battle melted almost away; it had become an excited mass of men unable through the reaping fire to close up, the ranks moved down at almost every step. Suddenly a shell tore my side. In the frenzy of excitement it seemed a painless visitation.\* The nearer our approach, the easier seemed the way! We were now under the glare of that mountain of fire, and to cross the ditch did not seem out of the question.)

I still followed close our State colors. The memorable injunction of Gov. Andrew to us was ever ringing in my ears, that those "colors had never been surrendered to any foe," and I had determined to remain close to them as I saw the sacred emblem swaying in the smoky breeze of fire in unaccomplished victory! A still further advance

brought us to the second obstruction, the second abattis, or chevaux-de-frise, in front of the ditch. The enemy's fire did not abate for this crossing, and here it was I received another wound, a cannister ball in my foot, the direction of this blow demonstrating to me afterward that we were in close proximity to the limit for the depression of their artillery. It was becoming then a question of hand grenades, of torpedoes, of bayonets and musketry. As I stood faltering with the shock of this wound, the advancing column, passing by me and over me, with deafening shouts and deafening curses filled the alternating spaces of deathly missiles in the atmosphere.

The enemy, maddened by our contiguity, redoubled the vigor of its fire. Fort Wagner became at last in its very lineament of structures as visible to my eye, as in Paris, I had seen many years before, the illuminated "Arc de Triomphe" in the dark recesses of the Champs Elysees. Our heroic color-bearers, bearing the State colors and the Stars and Stripes, had reached the ramparts with some forty men led by Capt. Appleton, of Boston. To a Hayti negro, long a citizen of this country, had been confided the national colors of the regiment. Wounded unto death, this dauntless negro, fired with a courage which had no bounds, had planted his colors in the southeast bastion of Fort Wagner. Surrounded by the color-guard, crippled but still living, unaided, and unsustained to any great extent by the white soldiers of the storming column, rallied for twenty minutes within the precincts of the bastion of this rebel Hell! Vanquished, overpowered, after a hand-to-hand fight with bayonets, these trusted black soldiers of Massachusetts retired from the position they could not hold.

All that was left of the Federal colors was the pole and a few shreds, which now fittingly adorn the State

House hall in Boston. It has been said that this splintered and shredless staff, alone, attests the prowess of the negro soldier; one more grim and bloody attestation seals the fact to all future question. It is related that, wounded unto death, the life-blood pouring from his groin, this valorous color-sergeant (whose name I believe was Simmons), on the parapet of Fort Wagner, held, through the storm of battle, the colors of the Fifty-fourth, while a squad of rebel artillerymen clung to its folds in desperate contention for its capture.

From the fiery furnace of this encounter I had dragged myself down toward the ocean on the beach. The hitherto staggering column was no longer advancing on the work! The onward mass of the Union army had been transformed into a phalanx of defeat and death! The cause of this was in conformity with the laws which govern the motion of the earth. Water will not run up hill, nor will ice remain ice exposed to the scorching heat of fire; and so it was with us. From the front, from the right flank, from the left, came the interminable fire. From Fort Sumter, Fort Johnson, Fort Gregg, Fort Simpkins, and Fort Cheves on our flank, and Fort Wagner in our front, came all that their best effort could achieve in the work of human destruction. With some 800 men all told we had entered into the fight; under twenty-three of these were officers. On the morrow, the 19th, came the trysting day, the day for the summing up. I do not now remember the official figures, but over half our men were killed and wounded and considerably more than half our officers.

I had dragged myself completely to the water's edge, skirting a distance, I compute, of thirty rods from the sea-moat of the fortress. The situation, to my reckoning, seemed settled as far as the movement against Fort Wagner was concerned. It was no longer a question to me that we were terribly beaten!



My own situation seemed perilous indeed, and as the roaring guns in front proclaimed an irrevocable defeat, I began to think of the best way to regain the rear. The only hope of safety was to crawl behind a ridge of sand. I might die there, before the life-blood ebbed from out me, die under a sky that still was ours, and in the shelter of a solitude where attempted ignominy could not prevail at my death. It had been rumored before we went into the fight on James Island that Jeff Davis had issued a manifesto, ordering the white officers of the 54th Massachusetts hung if captured alive.

I had forsworn for myself the possibility of any such comfortable process of extinction before going into this fight, and this supremely sacred determination probably saved my life.

After dragging myself away along the beach for some distance, I found a knoll, under which I became less exposed to the still terrific fire. It happened shortly after this, and providentially to me, that some ambulance men from my own regiment, with an empty stretcher, passed me while stampeding to the rear. They placed me on the stretcher; consciousness to me was fast playing itself out. Only one distinct recollection I now possess, and that was after being borne for a distance to the rear, and still under the mercy of Wagner's fitful guns, a round shot blew off the head of the stretcher-bearer in my rear, producing a horrible and instant death. We all fell down together, except the companion stretcher-bearer, who betook himself in a lively manner to the fastnesses of some secluded sand hole.

"The subsequent proceedings of that night," as Bret Harte would say, "interested me no more." A tender Providence had laid his hand on me, and, in some marvelous manner, I found myself within the tents of the Sani-

tary Commission, nearly three miles away. This must have been in the early morning of the following day.

Toward night of that same day an army hospital transport was conveying a lot of us, all that was left of us at least, into the peaceful and safe haven of Port Royal harbor.

Thus ended to my observation the volume from which to you I have read the chapters of defeat and death. The memorable past of the experience has been speedily stated and described; its swiftness is in true analogy with the scene, in conformity with the lightning and thunder of the episode. It was the culmination of our hopes and our toils, the point above all other points to which we had been climbing from the moment the negro soldier at Readville took the musket in his hand. The test and proof was to be so sharp and decisive either way it went that the ordeal could last but for a minute, and so the memory of it appears to me to-day.

After recovery from my wounds I rejoined the regiment about twelve months later in South Carolina, which there did good service in driving back the Confederates under Hardee upon Charleston, during a perilous marching fight of ten days. In one of these encounters I was injured by the fall of my horse, and later became an aid-de-camp on Gen. Gillmore's staff, and had an opportunity to re-view Morris Island, and the surroundings of Fort Wagner "in the cool and leisurely atmosphere of victory." My judgment was that the assault on the Fort, July 18, was an ill-advised movement. If the proposition had been simply to make manifest its real and concealed elements of strength, why should it have been made at the point of night, while it was still light enough, however, for the garrison of Wagner to watch our preparations for assault? The fact is, the whole trag-

edy was a totally inconsistent military manœuvre. A storming column massed in daylight, under, almost immediately, the guns of the fortress, could never be a surprise, and, failing in that, were not the chances less favorable for success, when that column delayed its advance until the very important circumstances of attending darkness, presenting an attacking party led by raw negro troops, in utter ignorance of the enemy's position, and no knowledge of the lay of the land?

The central figure in the story was the well-behaved Shaw, the fair-haired hero, whose bones to-day, in the ditch of Fort Wagner, lie under those of his valiant men; beside him the bones of my comrades, Russell and Simpkins, two glorious youths of whom their native state may well be proud, for she lost among her roll of heroes no better soldiers, no more trusted men. The rebel general, Hagood, seeking to heap indignity upon the bodies of these soldiers, boasted that he had "buried them with their niggers, in the ditch of the fort." This was the greatest indignity he could conjure up; this the greatest blasphemy that could overtake the loyal soul, battling for the Union's cause and against the vile sin of negro slavery!

Hagood's name will also live as long as Massachusetts' sons perpetuate the name and memory of Shaw. This stilted scion of a stilted Southern honor unwittingly was building over them, for the grateful state they served so well, a loftier shaft of honor, a more fitting tablet of respect than could be conceived in his degraded philosophy. This was a fitting resting place for them, and they lie there while I relate to you the manner of their taking off.

The bleaching bones of Shaw, mouldering with those of his men, consecrate the ocean winds which blow over their funeral pile, on that gloomy strand of sand, at the sea-gates of South Carolina. In thinking of them, these

appropriate words of Plato come back to me: "Hence it is that the fathers of these men, and ours also, and themselves too, being thus nurtured in all freedom, and well-born, have shown before all men, deeds many and glorious in public and private, deeming it their duty to fight for freedom and the Greeks, even against Greeks."

It would be a very incomplete history of the 54th Massachusetts Infantry which did not include in its chapters the mention of a family of patriots who had more to do, perhaps, with the organization of the regiment than the Andrews or the Shaws. That was the Halliwell family, of Philadelphia, who had at that time four branches living in Boston. Nouvard P. Halliwell was its lieutenant colonel, Edward N. Halliwell its major, and William Halliwell, one of its lieutenants, while still another brother, Richard P. Halliwell, a merchant of Boston, commissioned himself one of its warmest friends and zealous co-workers. To the manly, consistent and uncompromising character of these four brothers, the inception of the regiment was largely due, and certain it is that by them, each working in his own way, the zeal and inspiration was stamped upon the experiment of the negro troops in Massachusetts. Edward N. Halliwell succeeded to the colonelcy after the death of Shaw, and before the regiment left the state N. P. Halliwell was transferred to the colonelcy of the 55th Regiment, the twin regiment of the 54th Regiment of colored volunteers. Edward Halliwell returned with his regiment to Boston at the close of the war, and some six years after his long exposure to danger and disease he succumbed to the dread effects of both. Of him it may be said that he was a very worthy successor to Col. Shaw, and that he stamped his own individuality largely upon his officers and men. He was a noble man, who gloried in his appointment to lead negro troops against slavery,

while exacting of them all the dignity which the privilege of being a soldier sustained. The writer has no prouder memory than for this gallant Quaker soldier, whose personality was so striking in its bearings, whose heart was so brave and so true. From Virginia to South Carolina "he had seen the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps," he had watched, he had waited for the opportunity which finally was his. His career was a brilliant one for a soldier not trained to the profession. He became at last the commander of a brigade, and in the last days of the war rendered very important services.

This short experience, comrades, exemplifies the possibility of American purpose, courage and sacrifice. This is not the place, nor have I the mood, to permit my affiliation of policy in national affairs to draw a parallel of any kind to the detriment of those brave men in our own ranks, who, during the war, permitted their prejudices to weigh in the scale of those that believed that this was a white man's war for a white man's government, and should be fought out to the end by white men only.

While I would, as a survivor of the Rebellion, deprecate ever the purposes and the policy of the men who sought by methods such as these to defend their government, while traitors sought to trail its starry emblem in the dust, I would not glorify the manly prowess of the negro's arms at the cost of any diminished recognition of Northern valor. It has not been my purpose, and it is far from my desire to make any discrimination to the advantage of our soldiers. I simply want to show you that the negro, with military law and custom, with traditions of a lifetime all against him, with chances vastly in favor of ourselves, made a brave fight against an unfair foe, and fought as well as we did.

## REMINISCENCES OF THE OLD ARMY FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY MAJ. GEN. C. S. HAMILTON, U. S. V.,\*  
1st Lieut. 5th U. S. Infantry.

[Read December 9, 1880.]

IN selecting a topic for your entertainment to-night, or rather in choosing out a part of my military experiences and life on which to base a chapter of personal history for record, it has occurred to me that I could appropriately begin with the beginning of my army life, which, reaching back for nearly forty years, would touch a period of army experience familiar to but one other Companion of this Commandery (I allude to our venerable brother, Col. Chapman), and might possess as much, or more, of interest, than if taken from our recent war, with which you are familiar. I do not propose, however, that this paper shall limit my contributions to the records of this Commandery, for, believing as I do that our association as companions is a permanent one, at least for our lives, there will be ample opportunity in the future for all companions, and for each to bring out the salient points of his experience which will be new to nearly all others. I therefore say that while this present chapter will touch upon the character of old army life, it will not reach into active field or campaign operations, and will, therefore, have nothing of the tragic woven into its details.

At a later period, when each companion shall have had his turn, and contributes his chapter, and mine shall have come again, I shall be glad to supplement this with a relation of my recollections of the Mexican war, and of frontier life subsequent thereto.

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\* Died, April 17, 1891.

My four years of cadet life, with its incessant drill and guard duty, its combats with analytical geometry and calculus, its little enmities and its great and lasting friendships, ended in the month of June, 1843.

With our diplomas in possession, recommending each for promotion in such arm of the service as the faculty deemed him best fitted for, thirty-nine young men changed the grey for the blue, said good-bye to the scenes of their Alma Mater, and with a three months' furlough in their pockets, started for home, and whatever the future might have in store for them. A parting class supper in New York, and we separated. Ten out of that thirty-nine I never met again. They had passed away by death in battle, or by disease in campaign. To-day of that class there are living but fourteen, of whom seven are yet on the active army list and one on the retired.

But three of the whole number united their fortunes with the Confederacy, while all others, with one exception, took up arms for the Union; that exception being George Deshon, a Catholic priest, and he was with us in spirit and prayer. It was a class that, collectively and individually, made a proud record, that left its impress upon the destinies of this great people, and I feel a just pride in being one of its members. Did the occasion permit, how gladly would I pay here an earnest tribute to the daring, the patriotism, the worth in all things that makes a man of true worth, of those who fell on the field or died a lingering death from disease. I would also pay a just tribute to the bravery and wisdom and statesmanship of some who yet live; and to each and every one a word of affectionate remembrance and unchanging friendship. But I pass on. A visit of some weeks among relatives in New England, a stop of a few days with officers at Troy, where I learned of my assignment to the 2d regiment of

infantry, and my orders to report at regimental headquarters in Buffalo, on expiration of my leave, and a longer and pleasanter visit at my home and with my village friends, and the leave of absence drew to a close.

How well I remember that bright morning of the 30th of October, 1843, when I reported for duty at the Adjutant's office at Buffalo barracks. The line of the lakes was at that time garrisoned by the 2d and 5th Regiments of Infantry, the first of which occupied the frontier from Plattsburg to Buffalo, and the latter from Detroit to Green Bay. The army then consisted of eight regiments of infantry, four of artillery and two of cavalry, and these, with the Staff Corps of Engineers, Topographical Engineers, Ordnance, Adjutant Generals, Quartermasters, Commissary, Paymasters and Medical Departments, made a force of less than ten thousand. The Military Academy, which furnished an average of forty graduates each year, much more than sufficed to fill up the annual vacancies, and the graduates were assigned to service with the rank of brevet 2d Lieutenants. Each member of my class entered the service with that grade, and in my own case, it was two and a half years before promotion overtook me and I was announced to the army as a full-fledged 2d Lieutenant. You will all recall the old song of Benny Havens, one line of which says: "In the army there's sobriety, promotion's very slow." During the early years of my service the last half of this line was very true.

At the time of my joining my regiment there were four First Lieutenants, two of whom had seen respectively nineteen and eighteen years and the other two seventeen years each. It was three years more ere the senior reached a captaincy.

During the recent war you all know there was no union of the line and staff. Each was separate and inde-



pendent of the other and each had its appropriate duties. It was not so in the old army. The Asst. Adjt. Generals, the Quartermasters and Commissaries of the army, each with staff rank of Captain, were all taken from the grade of First Lieutenants, retaining their commissions as such, and also that of Captain in the staff. These commissions, in both line and staff, were held often times when both were of the same grade, and the duties of both positions were often performed without increase of pay. This state of things existed at the breaking out of the Mexican war, when the necessity of more officers led to the passage of a law depriving officers of the right to hold two commissions of the same grade, so that a First Lieutenant of the line, who had been made Captain in the staff, and had otherwise succeeded to a captaincy in the line, was required to elect which one of his commissions he would retain. Yet an officer could still retain commissions of different grades. Later, in the Mexican war, another law completed the separation of the line from the staff, and they have since so remained separate. It must be borne in mind that in 1843 but twenty-eight years had intervened since the close of the last war with Great Britain. Looking back from the standpoint of 1880, that war seems almost as far back as those of the Roses, but in '43 the General and field officers of the army were not old men, and yet were men who came down to us clothed in the glory of battle with British troops that had conquered the first Napoleon. At the close of that war, the army had been razed or cut down to the smallest limit, and each one of these field officers had been retained because of some conspicuous act of gallantry and good conduct.

The Colonel of the 2d Infantry was Hugh Brady, who by virtue of seniority as Colonel and with the brevet of Brigadier, had long been away from the active command

of his regiment, and shelved by being assigned to the command of a Department, with his headquarters at Detroit, where he lived and commanded for many years, and died at last, and was buried, carrying with him the love and reverence of the Detroit people, to whom his many excellent qualities had endeared him and whose memory they keep fresh to-day as one of the best old fellows that ever wore a cockade or sung a song. The active command of the regiment fell upon the Lieut. Colonel, Bennet Riley. Ah, companions, what a soldier was that! Standing six feet two in his stockings, straight as the undrawn bow string, or the arrow plumed for flight, broad shouldered, with every limb in perfect proportion, with an eye like an eagle and a step as lithe and springy as the forest tiger, Bennet Riley stands before me to-day, the finest specimen of physical manhood I ever looked upon. Years had just begun to tell upon him, for while the crow's feet had begun to gather around his eyes, his form began to show a suspicion of that growing rotundity that in later years took away much of his activity. His voice, which those who had known him as a young man said was like a trumpet, had become softened to a sort of nasal falsetto, a result peculiar to a long residence among the Indian tribes of the frontier. His Adjutant was the gallant Canby, whose tragic death at the hands of the Modocs you will all recall. In all, there were fourteen officers at the headquarters of the regiment, with four companies of troops averaging not over fifty men each. Of those fourteen officers but three survive, Gen. Silas Casey and Col. Hannibal Day, both then Captains, but both now on the retired list of the army. I am the third survivor. Gen. Heintzelman, whose recent death you remember, was the Quartermaster and commanded his company, holding two commissions of Captain. Among the dead are Riley, who died at

last of cancer, having won his yellow sash by his brave assault on the enemy's position at Contreras, Mexico; Anderson, killed at Churubusco; Canby, killed on the plains; Alburtis, whose head was taken off by a cannon ball at Vera Cruz, and the gallant Gen. Fred. Steele, who died of apoplexy in California. Three more died of yellow fever, and all the others, with the exceptions named, have joined the great majority.

The barracks at Buffalo, which had been erected a few years before, during the invasion of Canada known as the patriot war, enclosed a quadrangle of some twenty or more acres; the officers' quarters at the back end of the inclosure, the soldiers' at the sides, while the entrance in front, on either side, were quarters for the guard, the sutler's store and the hospital.

Reporting for duty at the Adjutant's office, where I found Col. Riley and the Adjutant, and where I received calls from each of the officers in garrison, I also received a little three-cornered note detailing me as officer of the guard the following day. It may be readily conceived that officers who for long years are shut in to the dull duties and routine of garrison life, and who, from want of practice of anything new, turn to theorizing on the every day things that are old, will, if they at all incline that way, soon learn to ride a hobby, and the advantage which a military commander had was this: that when he chose to mount his hobby, it was his privilege to ride it over the officers of his command. If Riley had any hobbies they were courts martial and guard duty. On the latter point he was a determined monomaniac. A year or two later, when the four companies at Buffalo were removed to take stations at Fort Gratiot, Mackinaw and Sault Ste. Marie, and Copper Harbor, relieving other troops that had been ordered to Texas, Riley still retained the headquarters of the

regiment at Buffalo, with only his Adjutant, Canby, and the regimental band as a garrison. It was said then by some of the officers that he would turn out the band every night, and make Canby go the grand rounds twice every night; once as officer of the day and then to receive himself as officer of the guard, at an hour before daylight (just at the time when sleep was the sweetest), and telling stories until the drums sounded the reveille, when he would march grandly back to his quarters, watching closely to see if there was any company without an officer present to oversee the roll-call, and woe be to the unfortunate subaltern whose week it was to attend reveille, but who had overslept himself. The reprimand he received was a sufficient warranty against any further infraction of this morning rule. There was one occasion on which this rigid rule was relaxed, and that was on the morning after a party at the Colonel's house. On such occasions, the Colonel never went out in the morning, and, indeed, gave it to be understood he would not. The details for guard duty were not generally onerous, for with ten or twelve officers—the senior half for officers of the day and the junior for officers of the guard—the detail came only once in five or six days. But there came a time towards the close of one winter, when a general court martial at Fort Niagara took away for several weeks all but four of the company officers. Heintzelman and Burnett were the officers of the day and Fred. Steele and myself the officers of the guard. Our details came regularly every alternate day, and with the regularity of changing day and night, came Riley to the quarters of the officer of the guard an hour before daylight. The sentinel in front of the guard house was instructed to call the sergeant of the guard the moment he heard the Colonel's door slam across the parade ground, the sergeant waked the officer, and when the Colonel ar-

rived there was much walking to and fro and looking out to spy the enemy. At any rate, the officer of the guard was never caught asleep. Now the daily or nightly visit came to be a bore. As long as the detail came only once in five or six days we could stand it, but with one-half the time on guard, it was too much, and as the enemy was much too strong for an open attack, we were driven to the expedient of insidious approaches, and time favored us.

It was in March, in Buffalo, the month of searching east winds and wet snow storms. A foot of snow had fallen and partially melted and the quadrangle was a mass of slush and mud. It did not deter the Colonel in his morning raids, but Providence helps those who try to help themselves, and the Colonel was overtaken with a terrible cough. A word to the kindly surgeon, Dr. Wood, was enough. He took the hint, and Col. Riley was told he could not venture into the early morning air without great danger of almost certain and speedy death. We slept in peace. In talking over old times with Steele at Vicksburg, just after his assault and failure to carry Haines Bluff, this stratagem of ours on Riley was called up, when Steele said: "Ah, if we only had Riley to lead in some of these assaults, not a rebel fortification but what would go down before him."

His thoughts, as did mine, went back to the grand old soldier whose faults were forgotten, but whose bravery, as he led his troops at dawn of day against overwhelming numbers on the heights of Contreras, was remembered with all his virtues, and will be by all who ever knew him.

The winters were always a pleasant time for young officers in Buffalo. With the freezing up of the lakes and close of business for the season (for there were no railroads west of Buffalo then), there came a season of gaiety which, beginning with the advent of cold weather, lasted

until the solemnities of Lent shut down upon them unfeelingly; drills all ceased, and a fair share of liberty was allowed to the soldiers. With spring came the drills, which, beginning with the school of the soldier, were carried through all grades, up to the battalion.

Col. Riley was always a spectator, not a drill master. He would go from squad to squad, setting in person an example of square shoulders, but saying little. At battalion drill the command always devolved on the senior Captain present, generally Casey. Col. Riley had never been able to master the intricacies of battalion movements, and was getting too old to learn. Indeed, it was a common saying among the officers that while an officer of forty years of age might learn a first system of tactics, yet he could never unlearn one and learn another. I have known Riley on the arrival of the Inspector General, Col. Churchill, give him a review, refuse to salute him because of seniority, and after passing the column in review, on being asked to put the battalion through a series of manœuvres, would immediately turn the command over to the senior Captain and retire to his quarters. Churchill was a full Colonel in the Inspector General's department. Riley was a Lieut. Colonel in lineal rank, but bore the brevet of Colonel for services in the Seminole war, which brevet rank was earlier in date than Churchill's. In those days brevet rank amounted to something. It carried its full rank whenever different arms of the service came together, and was always of full effect on courts martial. It thus might happen, and more than once did happen, that a Lieut. Colonel with a brevet of Colonel might take command of his Colonel, by commanding the whole, whenever his regiment came to serve with troops of a different arm. The brevet also carried with it the pay of its grade whenever the rank was exercised. Thus a Lieutenant who had been

brevetted to a captaincy was entitled to the pay of a Captain whenever he came in command of a company. This was a just and meritorious recognition of the service that won the brevet. I was prouder of the commission of captain by brevet for services in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco than of any commission I ever held. At a later period, brevets came to be a reward to him who could wield the most political influence. They were bestowed alike on the Quartermaster, who sat in his cushioned chair in Washington, and the Surgeon, whose duties confined him to the limits of a hospital, neither of whom ever smelled powder.

The present system of awarding brevet rank is a burlesque. In autocratic countries the commander in the field has the power of immediate promotion to reward bravery. In our own country there is no reward that can be conferred on the field, and increased rank must come from the President and Congress, and reward for the most gallant act must take its chances of being smothered in a multitude of undeserved brevets. Brevet rank should never be conferred for other than distinguished service on the battle field. Then it becomes a reward that the brave prize and the undeserving do not take. I know of an officer who has recently been placed on the retired list, with the rank of Brigadier, who has been covered all over with brevet commissions, from Major up to Major General, and who has never seen a day of field service; who has scarcely ever been out of Washington in forty years; but whose life has been spent in a staff position, enjoying all the emoluments attendant upon it, and dancing attendance on the Secretary of War and Senators, who all reckoned him a good fellow, and were willing to do him a good turn. But I digress.

To go back to the drill. The tactics then in use was

the cumbersome system of Winfield Scott, which, however, was as great an improvement on the system it superseded as is that of Upton to-day over Scott. The three senior officers of the garrison, after Riley, were in the order of rank, Captains Day, Heintzleman and Casey. Day was a bon vivant and a confirmed invalid, but is alive to-day on the retired list, a wonderful example of tenacity of life under adverse circumstances. Capts. Heintzleman and Casey have each lived to render conspicuous service to the country, and deserve more than a passing notice. They were class-mates, graduating in 1826. Heintzleman was then about 45 years of age and a bachelor, though he married before leaving Buffalo. He was a man of marked individuality, but far from being popular among his brother officers. The unmarried officers of the garrison, excepting Heintzleman, messed together, rooms being assigned to them from the public quarters, and the government allowance of fuel furnished. Heintzleman boarded during his three years' station at Buffalo at the American hotel, a mile distant from the barracks, and rode a magnificent chestnut horse, through storm and sun, between barracks and hotel, as regularly as meals came around. Col. Riley required all officers to sleep in the barracks, the only exception being by special permission. Heintzleman was a rigid attendant upon duty, and required it of his subalterns (his duties as Quartermaster of the post generally relieved him from the battalion drill in the afternoons), and as Day was usually on the sick list, and Riley never took command, the drilling in the school of the battalion nearly always fell upon Casey.

Heintzleman was a man of the keenest sense of honor, but captious and querulous oftentimes to such an extent, that, if the junior officers did not seek to avoid him, they rarely sought his society. And yet he was a man of vast



and varied acquirements; a great reader, he had the best library in the garrison, and there was no one of the officers who could draw upon so wide a range of reading and study for information upon any point of history, ancient or modern. He was kind hearted in acts, far more so than in words. He was the only officer in the garrison whose pecuniary means had grown beyond his wants, and to those few subalterns who appreciated his real worth, in spite of a repellant manner, he was a true friend, and his purse was always open to aid his less prosperous brother officers. Something may be gleaned of his character as a soldier, when I say to you that a few years later on a passage of the law separating the staff from the line, he was the only officer I can recall who elected to retain his commission in the line rather than the staff. And in making this election, it must be borne in mind that he sacrificed a material percentage of his pay, and a place of duty at pleasant stations in the large cities or at Department headquarters; he chose a foot regiment, with its active service and exposure to danger. During the Mexican war he was distinguished for the bravery with which he went into action, and at the combat of Huamantla he led a vastly inferior force against the enemy with such vigor and dash that the opposing force was routed, rather by the boldness of the charge than the combat itself. His fighting qualities exhibited themselves whenever opportunities presented. He was one of the three general officers who, in a council of war called by McClellan, voted against the campaign via the Peninsula, preferring the route that Grant afterwards took and fought out all summer. Apropos of the man, and illustrative of the discipline that characterized the raw levies first called into the field, the following anecdote was told me by Gen. Heintzelman, a few days after the first engagement of Bull Run. He had

been wounded by a shot in the arm, and was in bed when I called to see him in Washington, only three days after the battle. I give it as nearly as I can recall it in his own language. He said: "The fighting had been going on for a long time in a desultory way, the troops on both sides generally retiring from the scene whenever the work got warm. It was during a lull in the fight that I had ridden forward with my staff to reconnoitre, and on ascending a slight elevation, I saw in the valley below me, and far beyond musket range, a regiment of un-uniformed militia. They were armed with shot guns, squirrel rifles, etc., and I thought they might be routed easily and it would be a good thing to do. So riding down the hill to the rear, I soon came upon the 14th Brooklyn Zouaves, in a safe place, having up to that time taken no active part in the fight. I had the regiment called to 'attention,' and addressed a few words to them, saying I was about to lead them against the enemy and I hoped they would do their duties as become soldiers. They answered with a cheer and marched up the hill in pretty good order, but at once, on arriving on the crest, they discovered the enemy in the valley, and were at the same moment recognized by the Johnnies, when, simultaneously, both regiments raised their pieces, fired in the air, and both broke for the woods and a safe place, pell-mell."

Heintzelman has passed away recently; green be the memory of the gallant soldier.

Gen. Silas Casey was a born tactician. He was the author of a system of infantry tactics, which disputed the supremacy with Hardee's, both yielding in the end to Upton's. It was the delight of Casey to propound questions to the subalterns of the command, on all the intricacies of the drill, whether by front or rear rank. He was a quiet, unassuming man, much revered by the command, is

still living, though retired from active service. He was distinguished, if I may so use the word, in garrison life, by his practice of total abstinence, and in this differed from his confrere, Day, who often charged him, facetiously, with getting tight on pop-beer and buttermilk, to which Casey would bring a counter-charge that Day dieted for his inflammatory rheumatism on whiskey punch and welsh rarebit.

Another officer of the garrison who is deserving of notice was the Surgeon, Dr. Wood. His wife was the sister of the first Mrs. Jeff Davis, both daughters of Zachary Taylor. His attachments, through his wife, were all on the side of the Confederacy, but no man was truer to the Union than he, and would not allow the claims of the Confederacy to be even argued in his house. His two sons, as did two sons of Col. Riley, entered the Confederate service and fought to the end. Riley died before the rebellion and was thus spared the pain of his sons' defection, but Wood lived until peace was conquered, but never again met either of his sons. He did not wish to see them or they him. It was during my station at Buffalo that I became acquainted with Dick Taylor, brother of Mrs. Wood, and who afterwards attained celebrity as a Lieutenant General in the Confederacy. He was a student at Yale, and spent all his holidays at Buffalo. About the age of Steele and myself, the three made a trio, whose pranks will be recalled by many a venerable citizen and stately matron of the good city of Buffalo. Dick Taylor, as we knew him, was one of the wildest mad-caps ever sent out of his college. Thoroughly good hearted and generous, he was a general favorite. Of a wealthy family, his allowance was princely for those days, but he was chronically hard-up, and borrowed from whoever could spare. His debts were promptly paid on receipt

of his stipend, only to find his funds depleted, and the borrowing to begin again. I met him one evening at the White House during the presidency of Gen. Grant, and after a lengthy conversation about the war, our thoughts went back to Buffalo, with many a hearty laugh over some escapade. Dick was a thorough rebel, and was never satisfied with the defeat of the Confederacy, believing that, except for one or two errors, the South might have been victorious, and he was resigned to the result only because—like the man who died—"he had to be." There were other officers of the garrison who were worthy of most honorable mention, some of whom died as heroes on the distant plains of Mexico, or were stricken down by disease when on duty at distant ports, but none of whom lived to take part in the rebellion, and I pass them by. In such company and in such a way, passed the first years (from '43 to '45) of my army life. A little cloud was then gathering on the horizon of the south-west, which presaged more exciting work, and promised an end for a time, to the inert, listless life in garrison. Texas had been annexed, and the territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande was in dispute. General Taylor had been assigned to the command of the "Army of Observation," and was gathering the nucleus of a small force at Corpus Christi, on the American side of the Nueces. The 5th regiment, stationed along the upper lakes, was ordered to Texas, and the 2nd directed to occupy the posts vacated. In this way, the barracks at Buffalo were abandoned, except for regiment headquarters, and the four companies so long there were scattered from Detroit to Copper Harbor on Lake Superior, only, however, to be ordered to the field the following year. The company to which I belonged went to Lake Superior.

In November of '45 I received my first actual pro-

motion to a full Second Lieutenancy in the 5th. The order to join my new regiment did not reach me until February, and it was then impossible to get away. It was a profitable year I had spent at Copper Harbor, for my books had been my chief solace during the long winter, and when, on the last day of May, I took passage on the first little schooner down the lake, I bade adieu to my companions of nearly three years and started for the new field in the far South. I landed at Matamoras, in Mexico, on the morning of the 4th day of July, 1846, and how the time passed and what befell me from that time to the end of the Mexican War, I shall be glad at some future time to relate, if deemed worthy to be related.

## THE CAMPAIGN OF NEW MEXICO, 1862.

BY BVT. LIEUT. COL. JOS. McC. BELL, U. S. V.,  
1st Lieut. 3d U. S. Cavalry.

[Read May 4, 1881.]

IN making my selection of subjects for the paper of this evening, I have two motives in view. The one, and possibly the most important, is in the fact that the affairs which transpired in the far west during the earlier days of the late war are but little known and less understood—obscured by the light of larger events which were transpiring at the time throughout the east—and of these affairs I would have somewhat to say. The other, that the first impressions made by personal association in the stirring things of war, its interests and excitements, *remain*, more vividly and impressively, than the number of subsequent army duties of all descriptions, which, though larger in operations, and involving greater immediate issues, absorbed not so much the sense of great personal responsibility, which, at some time in connection with great affairs, inspires to action all men, as the movements of those early days, when the whole instinct to duty and loyalty was aroused to action, and impulse developed into earnest deed.

It is not your reader's purpose to give more than an outline of the New Mexican campaign and some of the incidents connected with it. Beyond this would involve a more precise paper than is intended for the evening's entertainment of the companions—by one of the companions.

Geographically isolated, with long miles and days of tedious wagon travel interposing between the habitations

of the valley of the Rio Grande and "the States;" communications slow and often uncertain; the daily excitement of the first election of Abraham Lincoln having evaporated in its long journey to us, it is not strange that the turbulence of political and social life should have become the merest ripple when the wave of disturbance reached the foot of the Rocky Mountains, beneath whose shadows we lived, and over and beyond whose peaks the sun daily rose and set, as peacefully as if the spears were yet pruning hooks and the shields yet plough shares; little thinking as we stood upon this historic ground, where, long ago, ante-dating by a century the record of any other portion of our broad land, whose pages are written red in the stories of invasion, conquest, expulsion and re-conquest, that from the south again would come the invaders of the soil, as years before they did. And so history repeats itself.

During the time when the small and illy-appointed forces of the government were doing their ordinary duties throughout the territory—of no very serious character—aiming to mix as many of the pleasures into the duties as were abundantly offered by the strange natives and their sometimes stranger habits; where orthodox morality was not measured by the scale of highly civilized rules, nor omissions or commissions threatened by any Calvinistic penalty, and right was right in all things under the sun in proportion to its ability to assert itself; where the masking roboza was but a slim and fruitless covering of the charms it half concealed, or the arched and white stock'd foot a whisper of more seductive beauties; where fruitful grape and genial wine added to the zest of life; here we lived, little dreaming of the gathering cloud, the far-off edges not yet seen, but whose shadow should darken the green valley of del Norte. Even then, how-

ever, the powers at Washington, under the ministrations of Secretary Floyd, Secretary of War to Buchanan, had begun their plans for this territory, in connection with their work in other fields, weakening the government in its loyal representation, emasculating its power in material. Already had officers, military and civil, of known loyalty and stability, been removed from commands and positions upon various pretexts. Among the military, leave of absence, details, special duties of all kinds, were not only easy to be had, but were imposed. The rank and file had been tampered with, and the work of sedition, fomented by men of rebel dispositions, yet wearing the government uniform, was active, until, in the movement of the pieces on the board, we find Col. Loring (then of the 3d U. S. Cavalry, late Confederate General), commanding department, with headquarters at Santa Fe; Fort Union, the general depot of ordnance, quartermaster's, subsistence and medical supplies for the Department of the East, commanded by Col. Sibley, 2d U.S. Dragoons, late Confederate General and commander of the invading forces into New Mexico; Fort Stanton, situated on the southeast borders of the department, commanded by Capt. Clybourn, 3d U. S. Cavalry, late Confederate officer; while the remaining post, Fort Fillmore, upon the south, was commanded by Maj. Lynde, of the 7th Regt. U. S. Infantry, who surrendered too soon to graduate into the Confederate ranks as an officer. It will be seen now that arrangements had been quietly, and, as would have seemed, judiciously made to complete the work of secession without material difficulty, trusting in the overpowering influence of present control to counteract the loyal element remaining among citizens and troops, civil and military officers. At department headquarters and the three principal posts of the territory named, the work of disorganization was going



on. The withdrawal, upon various pretexts, of the majority of officers of known loyalty and ability, left behind the balance of influence in the direction of disorder; seditious influences were busy and conspicuous, public and proclaimed, and within the knowledge of the department commander; but with the sentiment which moved Col. Loring at that time and more permanently afterwards, with his principal lieutenants occupying the three posts of importance, disloyalty was winked at, and the true of heart waited, tediously and in apprehension, the result; nor was the encouragement from Washington much more assuring. Constant representations had been made as to the moral and physical condition of New Mexico (which, though not through the uncertain official channels, were of such a nature as to prompt investigation), of the elements of disorder at work, the lack of materials at hand for improvement, the reduced condition of supplies of all kinds, and the visitation of paymasters at long intervals, until over twenty months had elapsed since the soldier had handled his long over-due pay.

The possession of New Mexico as an interval of occupation between the rebel states of the Southwest and California was an important one, and if secured or retained would doubtless have a material influence in determining the status of affairs on the Pacific coast—much disturbed and disjointed at that time.

The counteracting influence to this stated condition of affairs at the hands of such men as Canby, Roberts, Hatch and Companion Enos—supplemented by the high loyalty and action of Governor Connelly, of the territory—and added to that the persistent individual efforts of regimental and company officers, as also civil officials, saved a general precipitation with us. While the long hesitation upon the part of the rebel forces to aggressive operations,

that "hope deferred" had the effect of "freezing out" the last staying qualities of Loring and his co-conspirators, who left *en masse* for more congenial surroundings, to attempt later, by force of arms, what they failed to do through sedition and conspiracy.

Passing now over a few intermediate months, active in many ways in undoing much that had been done; building up on that we had not; filling vacant official positions by re-appointment; multiplying the sparse materials of all kinds available, from bacon and beans to powder and ball, and to its distribution to the several points of greatest need, the time was busily filled.

The earliest advices as to the purpose of the rebel government to make an aggressive movement into New Mexico, was an incipient demonstration, hardly developing into the nature of an organized attack, made by a small force upon Fort Fillmore (heretofore spoken of), situated near the Rio Grande, but a short distance north of the Texas boundary. Here was garrisoned a squadron of 3d U. S. Cavalry, a portion of the 5th U. S. Infantry, and, if I remember correctly, a company of the 7th Infantry, the whole under the command of Maj. Lynde. As was at the time gravely surmised and as subsequent events proved, Maj. Lynde's sympathies leaned rebel-wards; he hardly regarded his position of commander as involving resistance, but with peculiar promptness, without the semblance of opposition, retiring from the fort a few miles to the east, he surrendered his whole command to a meager handful of rebels without the exchange of a shot. In justice to a small portion of that command—a company of 3d U. S. Cavalry—I would say that, with commendable zeal, refusing to be surrendered under existing circumstances, they left without the formalities of permission, and by forced and circuitous marches reached the upper country, to join the forces under Gen. Canby.

Presuming then a movement in force northward by the rebel forces, all the available troops were concentrated at Fort Craig to await developments. This fort, a quadrangular structure of adobe walls, inside of which were all the buildings properly belonging to the garrison, and located immediately upon the northern border of the "Jornada del Muerta," a "journey of death"—a stretch of ninety miles without water or forage, and over which any movement by invading forces must be made, was the selected post of observation, and the point in the vicinity of which the first meeting must be had between the two armies. The busy camp of preparation—familiar to you all—was here formed; organizations completed; drilling perfected; in fine, the multifarious duties incident to getting all things ready. The absence of an organized battery necessitated the forming of one with the ten or twelve field pieces that had rested in dignified silence for many years, while the charged shot, such as shrapnel and shell, which had become absolutely useless as such—being more dangerous in their use to friend than foe—all required reloading. Here, then, was the daily work—routine and extra—drills early and late, the strict enforcement of every care incumbent upon officer and man, from the beautiful display of guard mount, to the less attractive ones of "stables" and "fatigue." The easy grace of a peace garrison is exchanged for the stirring one of war. Early and late are the demands, and woe betide the subaltern who overslept the blast of the reveille bugle or neglected to present himself at company headquarters at roll call or taps. Full of enthusiasm, the young soldier found pleasure in all the stir, while the veterans of other wars "snuffed the battle," and grimly smiled at the youngsters. Attached to the light field battery of six pieces, improvised from Co. I, 3d U. S. Cavalry, and Co. G, 2d U. S. Dragoons, and of which Capt. McRae of the 3d

U. S. Cavalry was commander, the writer recalls much of enjoyment in all those days, so full of duty, yet abundant in pleasures.

Days grew into weeks, and yet the force of the enemy which had now gathered upon the southern side of the "Jornada," in and around Stevenson, Texas, and the Mexican town of El Paso, under the Gen. Sibley before spoken of, evinced no disposition to move. Under these circumstances it seemed the proper thing to Gen. Canby, who had now in person joined us, to withdraw our forces from positions at Fort Craig, to encourage an advance on the part of Sibley, which was done, moving north along the valley of the river to a small town called Belen, where grain and forage was abundant; leaving behind a small force for observation, and outlying detachments to apprise of the first movement of rebel troops.

To tell of the events which happened at Belen, of the "affairs," of the fandangos which flourish in abundance where soldiers are, of the many sittings at the wine taps in this "burg," noted for its vintage, would not fill the purposes of this paper.

Suffice that, as we retired, Sibley began his movement in advance, and shortly his horse and foot, artillery and supply trains were wellembarcked upon the journey, which once commenced could hardly be retreated from. Of this movement we are apprised, and in due time our forces retrace the march to Fort Craig, arriving there in the latter part of January, 1862, with a command made up of portions of the 5th and 7th U. S. Infantry, three companies of 3d U. S. Cavalry, a Light Battery of six guns, a section of twenty-four pound howitzers, two mountain howitzers adjusted to limbers, and horsed, singular as it may seem, by mules; two companies Colorado Volunteers, the 1st and 2d Regt. New Mexico Volunteers and a squadron of

native cavalry (independent), in all say about 2700 men. Of these two New Mexican Regiments too little cannot be said of their valor nor too much of their inefficiency. Before the insidious advances of the "tortilla" they were invincible; the red hot shot of chili colorado had no terrors for them, and against whole batteries of beans, *canistered beans*, Cæsar was nowhere. *But*, for anything indigestible, as grape, unfermented, they retired with respectful celerity, while the demoralization of a single six-pound shot precipitated a stampede equaled only by a break of terrified buffalo. This little tribute to our Mexican allies, though premature here, I cannot defer the pleasure of offering now, that there may be no mistake as to the romantic notion that very much of the valiant blood of the *Hidalgos* flows in the veins of the average New Mexican. One old comrade, "Kit" Carson, or more properly, Col. Christopher Carson, the commander of one of these native regiments, being forsaken by his command at an early moment in our first fight, dismembered, as it were, the legs having departed, then and there performed the role of Sir Richard Dumps of British ballad lore, who, "when his legs were stricken off, he fought upon the stumps"; that is, "Kit" went in single-handed and fought the fight out. "Kit" then being a Colonel without a command, for his regiment never collected, was, in the original providence of the Government, possibly to prevent anomalies, made Brigadier General, in which uniform the writer last saw him.

Exception to this unfavorable criticism of the New Mexican volunteers must be made as regards an independent organization of native troops, a squadron of cavalry sanctioned by the commanding officer of the Department, and enlisted by one Capt. Pat Gorman, an ex-non-commissioned officer of the 2d Dragoons, a somewhat remarkable

character in many ways. There were several singular features connected with this organization worth mentioning, and the first is in the form of enlistment. Discarding all prescribed forms, Pat, by "hook and crook," collected say a hundred and twenty of the hardest cases he could find, the "ladrones" of the country—the bigger the scamp the higher the qualification. These being secured the ceremony of swearing-in commenced. Pat at all times carried, adjusted to his saddle-bow, a little battle flag of silk, upon the blue field of which was worked the semblance of the Holy Cross, an image to the Mexican heart most sanctified. On their knees, then, the mustering men swearing by the "*Jesus Christo y et Santa Maria*" to serve the Government generally and Pat Gorman particularly, the little cross was kissed and the thing was done.

Capt. Gorman had rather a summary way of disposing of such cases as insubordination, desertion and the like, which, although possibly necessary considering the make-up of the troop, would hardly have been considered among the civilized usages of war. To illustrate: While we lay in waiting at Fort Craig—Gorman camped a mile or two above on the river—two of his men turned up missing at roll-call. Desertion suspected, *trailers*—and there are none better than half-breed Mexicans—were put upon the trail, in the meantime a detail of the command being on special duty digging two graves. As was quite certain the fugitives were returned before night-fall. The court was assembled, the *singularity* of which consisted in its organization. Capt. Gorman was president, he was middle member, he was judge advocate. With such a unanimous court the issue was not doubtful, and before the evening sun declined behind the mountains, the whole astronomy of Juan Savedra and Pedro Gallisteo was totally eclipsed. Naturally you would suppose that this little

episode would involve a change in muster-rolls. You don't appreciate Gorman; he was a man for emergencies. The vacancies must be filled, and the nearest habitation—be it ranch or town—only where two men of the right stripe could be found, is levied upon. And be they baptized to christian or unchristian names, they soon become, under the transformation of muster, Juan Savedra and Pedro Gallisteo. The complement is again full and the muster roll unmutilated. Parenthetically you may remark that Pat took unkindly to clerical work. This command did us valuable service,—in the times of inaction as scouts, ever ready, day and night, never-tiring centaurs—half man and more horse, available, from the stampeding of the enemy's herd to the burning of the supply train. While in fights restless and impossible of restraint, his little battle flag was seen everywhere; now harrassing upon one flank, now charging impetuously upon the other; this command was a terror to the enemy, and, to acknowledge it, sometimes to ourselves.

To return from this long digression.

In the composition of armies, as we all knew them later, the little body representing the protecting force of our soil in New Mexico was hardly a full brigade, taking it all together, but yet it was our all. No resources to call on, the issues as presented to us were potent, and we comprehended the necessity of what we had to do with what we had to do with. The forces under Sibley were fully double ours, made up of very different material, largely.

It was on the morning of the 14th of February, 1862, that the enemy's forces were reported in view from the fort. For some days we had known of the approach by slow marches, and the garrison awoke from its almost lethargy to a *quiver* of excitement, when from the south-east angle of the wall, from the very roof of that holy of

holies to pent-up garrisoned humanity, *the sutler's store*, we saw the parks of artillery, towns of shelter tents, grazing horses, lounging men, curling smoke, all framed within the disc of field glasses—a picture more suggestive of pastoral peace than the preparation of bloody war. How many fellows went to bed that night to dream of strange deeds and martial glory, to awake to a presence of sterner things than dreams? From that date (the 14th) to the evening of the 20th, the constant movement of the respective forces was for advantage; to secure the prestige of the successful blow. We parried like prize fighters; we used the strategy of wrestlers for the under grip. On the morning of the 19th, Sibley having the night before crossed his troops from the east to the west bank of the river; the broad plains on that side presenting doubtless a more inviting and accessible ground for attack upon our forces and post than was offered by approach from any other direction, we find his forces marshaled and advancing in line of battle, and our troops drawn up to meet him. Here we figured for the most of that day—more like a dress parade or daily drill than as two armies preparing for battle—the only dispelling event being skirmish firing and incipient cavalry movements. Apparently the situation was regarded by Sibley as unfavorable, and as the evening advanced his forces were withdrawn to the east side of the river, to a point near his old camp, where his fires were seen through the night, and the dark figures of his troopers as they passed to and fro cast magnified silhouettes.

Just at this time the restless, impatient disposition of our friend Gorman was made known. This marching and counter-marching was not to his taste. His ideas of war involved more precipitancy and aggressiveness. The careful methods of our General commanding were not his



methods. His Celtic blood rebelled against the restrictions which prevented the cudgeling every and any stray head—a privilege dear to every Irishman's heart. With Sibley's herd lying within view of the fort, the idea of stampeding the whole was no sooner conceived than Pat suggested it to the General, who, nothing loath, consented. The night would be dark, furthering the project, which was nothing more nor less than equipping a mule with a pack saddle, upon which should be arranged such a display of fire works, when set going, unusual to this region, and intended to be astounding—startling to all horsekind. All this equipment prepared, Pat and his solitary mule stole out into the darkness. Passing over the few miles to the rebel camp, penetrating the line of the sentries, he found himself in the midst of grazing cattle. Now was the time for action, the accomplishment of the grand “coup” the unrestrainable Irishman had evolved. The mule was stationed, the infernal machine all ready, the match applied which was to set going the spitting, fizzing, buzzing mass of explosives. Unfortunately for the success of this enterprise, Gorman's education in pyrotechny had been neglected, and rockets, Roman candles, blue devils and grasshoppers burst all together, blowing the ever patient and self-sacrificing mule into that everlasting eternity, where it is doubtful if two ribs were ever collected, and Pat, philosophizing upon the uncertainty of all human calculations, as he crawled through the darkness outside the armed camp, footed it home, crest-fallen and vanquished.

The morning of the 20th of February displayed the Texan column moving up the east bank of the river over the high mesas which bound the stream at this point, while their batteries were already posted on the table lands commanding the crossings of the river. Again our

forces were marshaled, and crossed over the river under the fire of the batteries before referred to, and formed for attack. The nature of the ground, however, broken into abrupt arroyas, wash-outs by the drainage from the table lands, made a further advance impossible, and we returned to the Post after a few hours to await events. The movement of Sibley's command to reach the upper country, and which, upon our part, it would be a duty to prevent, if possible, made it apparent that decided action should soon be had.

Daybreak reveille on the morning of Feb. 21, 1862, broke the sleep of all those who, in anticipation of the coming events of the day, were content to sleep. Quietly, but hurriedly, preparations to move were made, and long before the sun had cast his first rays over the sand hills, the first column, under the command of Col. B. S. Roberts, moved out of the Post, consisting of say two hundred and fifty cavalry, following which, after a short interval, moved McRae's Light Battery and then the infantry columns, northward to the valley of the river. But a mile or two and the river bottom widens to the extent of many miles, a fruitful and verdant stretch of country appropriately named "Val Verde," and where the first battle on New Mexican soil was to be fought, afterwards known as the "Battle of Val Verde," where we hoped to stop the march of the Texan army north. At about six o'clock A. M., while the main body of troops was leisurely making way along the river bottom, firing in front warned us of the opening of the day's affairs. Columns closed up, girths tightened, loose ends collected and individuals shook themselves together for a struggle of some kind. A mounted aid from the front sent us along at a gallop with the Light Battery into position on the west bank of the river, on the opposite bank of which was already estab-

lished a battery by the enemy in a grove of heavy timber, distant about four hundred yards.

All of you, with the active experiences of war, have seen, doubtless, the hurried charge of a battery into position—its heavy, rattling rush carries with it a pretentious presence of work. It has not the dash of a cavalry charge nor yet the magnificence of movement of an infantry battle line, but, including all that is ominous upon a field, troops hesitate and thrill with assured waiting for what will happen when the brazen mouths are open. Down through the opened ranks, to make a way, the battery plunges—obstacles scatter like chaff; or leaped, in the impetus of the moment, through the timber, and saplings bow before the crushing weight, fallen trees are struck to be bounded over; the most extraordinary performance of the acrobatic ring is a baby's cradle in comparison. And yet the gunners hang, toe and finger nail; nothing slackens; horses steaming, flanks heaving, men rigid in their seats upon the tossing limbers and rolling caissons. The trumpet sound "In battery," and what was apparent disorder becomes order, as each gun whirls into position, limbers find their places, caissons form line as evenly as at parade inspection, cannoniers answer to their numbers in position, ammunition boxes are open, guns trained and shotted, and in less time than I am telling it, round shot and shrapnel pour out of the smoke enveloping us. The ground shakes and trembles, the roar shuts out all sounds beyond, and shells go shrieking into the woods to cut trees short off, to mow great swaths in the undergrowth, to hurl and scatter and mangle men. One would think a fiery tornado was howling through the valley, and yet men stand up before it, cheering and encouraging with their shouts. The distance is so close, the duel of the batteries grows so deadly, that, covering the ground among the enemy's

guns, we see the killing precision of our fire, while with us in the exposed position of our battery, the ground was not maintained without considerable loss both to men and horses, which however seemed rather to inspire to greater efforts and enthusiasm. And so the fight goes on. The prominence taken by the Light Battery early in the day was its destiny during the balance of the fight, and concentrated upon it the attention as well as the earnest efforts of the enemy. Under the personal supervision of Col. Roberts the operations of the battery were carried on until mid-day without change of position, while all of the cavalry and infantry, our whole force, had in the meantime passed the river, which at this season is hardly wider than a full-grown eastern creek, which passage was rendered easy by the now silenced battery in our front, and its withdrawal (what was left of it) with its supports.

The lodgment of our troops upon the east side of the river enabled us to follow, which we did, taking position again, our battery a hundred yards or so from the bank. The "wear and tear" (and be it said that there was considerably more "tear" than "wear") of the morning required repair, both in men and horses, while the now emptied ammunition boxes had to be filled, and the short respite after crossing was used in that way. In this second position the part taken by the battery was confined to occasional firing upon the enemy's cavalry and lancers, massed some distance away.

Up to this time the fight had almost been wholly concentrated in and around McRae's battery, but now the infantry are beginning to move, which at the outset met resistance. The Texan infantry, massed in the woods, rendered progress slow, but resolutely the old troops pressed forward.

Something is occurring just over to our right and front.

Here Selden of the 5th, and Plympton of the 7th, have formed their lines, occupying a position from which the enemy's infantry had been driven. In their front the Texan lancers, which had been moved forward, were forming for a charge; gay in gaudy trappings and the little flag pendent from their arms. The preparation is observed, and the ever self-complaisant Selden issues his orders. The right and left wings of his command are thrown forward as regularly as the nature of the ground, timber and undergrowth will permit, making in the whole a formation like a great V, the center holding fast, the wings extending toward the advancing squadron. Just as the formation had been perfected, down upon the infantry charged the lancers, riding in the wild abandon of the movement. We saw it all. Just to our right, scarce two hundred yards away. We waited for the volleys of our troops; but steadfast and stern they stood, not a gun fired, until it seemed as if, *possibly*, our fellows would be ridden down by the impetus of the horses upon them. Not a movement, not a sound, save the yells of the advancing lancers, till the head of the charging column had almost reached the apex of the V. Now Selden woke and his men woke too, pouring their withering fire into the faces—horse and man—of the charging troop. *Down, down* they went, like grain before the reaper's scythe; great swaths are mowed among their ranks, and from where we stood they seemed to melt and disappear into the ground. Out of that gay and gallant squadron that rode so bravely down, scarce a fourth rode back to tell the doleful story of that charge.

Up to this time all movements upon our side had been successful.

At this time, about three o'clock, the arrival of Gen. Canby upon the field relieved Col. Roberts of operations in

command, while a partial re-arrangement of position was made which advanced McRae's battery to the front, and extreme left of the line of battle, with its supports, two companies of the 5th and 7th Infantry, two companies of the 2d Colorado Vol., with the 1st Regiment New Mexico Vol., Col. Carson, in reserve. In this third and last position the lay of the ground was such as to place our forces most disadvantageously for its free operations—crowded and hampered, a change of front, should the occasion arrive, being almost impossible. The good service of McRae's battery for eight hours had so annoyed the Texans that they resolved to take it at all hazards, and to that end made a demonstration upon the right, resulting in driving away a portion of the battery supports. Hardly had we taken position when, under orders from Gen. Canby (who made his headquarters with us for the rest of the day), firing was commenced upon our side, which discovered two *masked* batteries of the enemy, posted in an old bed of the river and enclosing our position, and distant about one hundred yards. The formation of this old river bed gave ample protection to their guns and gunners, while their enfilading fire on our entirely exposed command was most destructive to men and horses. This terrific fire of canister swept through us for some time (our supports meantime lying protected behind us), when a body of the enemy, numbering some ten hundred men, rose from behind the old river bank and charged us. To describe this charge would be to tell of many similar ones during the war, in which wild ardor and determination were the main features.

On they came, without order, each man for himself and the "devil for the vanquished," in true ranger style, down almost to the muzzles of our guns. Our New Mexican allies had, upon the first fire of the rebel batteries, fled to

a more secure position on the west bank of the river; nor did they rest there, but continued flight to more distant quarters, leaving the gallant Kit Carson to do independent service in the battery. The remaining handful of the battery supports, adding their efforts to ours, drove the enemy back to cover. Then again the Texan batteries opened with the same unsavory diet of canister, we replying in kind, preparing for the next onslaught which was soon to come. They and we are firing grape and canister as rapidly as guns can be loaded and discharged. The second charge is preparing; men gather for the rush, and at us they come, and again, with double-shotted guns, we drive them back. In the first and second charge and the canister firing which preceded it, certainly one-half the men and two-thirds the horses were either killed or *hors de combat*. The charging party of the enemy regaining cover in the old river bed, we were treated to another and more continuous fire from their batteries, which was but an introduction to another charge from their reinforced members. We hadn't long to wait for the *coup de main*. Through the smoke we see a swarm of men. It is not a battle line, but a mob desperate enough to bathe their bayonets in the flame of guns. Onward, rushing through the fire poured upon them, with maddened determination. The guns leap from the ground almost as they are depressed on the foe. On they came—no hesitation before the sweeping fire poured into them—the discharge which picks live men from off their feet and hurls them back bleeding and dead. With us the ground is cumbered, cannon wheels are blocked by bodies jammed in between the spokes; horses are down; McRae and Meachler killed; Bell thrice wounded; our non-commissioned officers gone to a man, and the enemy are among our guns in a hand-to-hand conflict for possession. Speaking of McRae, I quote Col. Rosen-

baugh: "This officer refused to surrender, but resting upon a gun, coolly emptied his pistols until, covered with wounds, he died at his post. In the Confederate reports of the battle is borne voluntary testimony to the heroism of McRae and his command." Battery men, supports, commanding general, enemy, all a raging, struggling, contending mass. Simultaneous with this third charge, a column of the enemy's cavalry moved upon our left flank, demanding the attention largely of the troops supporting us. At this juncture, when the battle was going hard with us, our reserve cavalry, a small squadron under the command of Lieut. Lord, was ordered, as the most available force, to charge into and occupy the battery until a portion of the 5th Infantry could be brought from another part of the field. This movement was not a success, as it was found impossible for the cavalry to do anything amid the mass of struggling men without riding down friend and foe alike, and having ridden close to the battery, changed direction to the rear. This retrograde movement, though made with the best intentions, seemed to change the whole spirit of the fight from energetic determination to disappointment, on the one side, and from wavering efforts to renewed exertions on the other. At this sorry period, with large numbers of our men killed and wounded, horses dead and disabled, supports badly thinned and the enemy massing their forces in our front and left, Gen. Canby gave the order to fall back. It was not possible to carry the whole of the battery with us, and but two guns and three caissons were taken over the river, under the fire that poured into us from the east bank of the stream. Thence our troops fell back to Fort Craig and were put into shape to resist any attack that might be made upon the fort. Thus ended the battle of Val Verde—a hard-fought day—opening so full of promise to our arms, resulting in a mis-



fortune, amply redeemed in the after days of the campaign.

Gen. Sibley having succeeded in getting between Fort Craig and its supplies, and having demanded the surrender of the fort, which, however, was courteously declined, and fearing a failure to take it by siege or assault, proceeded up the river, there being no troops to oppose him, with all haste, and took possession of Santa Fe about the middle of March. Meantime, replying to the earnest solicitations of Gen. Canby, the governor of Colorado had organized a regiment of infantry, and with an appreciation of the precarious condition of affairs with us, had hurried them forward by long forced marches and landed them at Fort Union about the time that Sibley had reached Santa Fe. On the 23d or 24th of March the Texas column moved on its advance on Fort Union, the route for the most part through a mountainous country, but over an excellent road, meeting his first repulse at Pigeon's Ranch, which engagement, though indifferent as to mortality, lost him his baggage supply and ammunition train, that had been reached by a long detour to his rear and burned by a detachment of the 5th U. S. infantry, commanded by Maj. Lewis. Still advancing, on the 27th inst. the Union forces, under the command of Col. Slough, 1st. Col. Vol., were met at a point on the mountains known as Gloriato, where after a general engagement Sibley found his first pronounced defeat, and returned precipitately upon Santa Fe.

While all this had been transpiring in the upper country, the troops at Fort Craig had been occupied in the repair of damage resulting from the battle of Val Verde; the re-organization of commands, re-establishing of field batteries, care of our wounded and disposition of the dead; and on the 1st of April we moved with the regular forces along toward the upper country.

At Albuquerque, a town on the east bank of the Rio Grande, and some seventy miles south of Santa Fe, was first encountered a portion of the rebel forces. Reaching the place shortly after mid-day, immediate demonstrations were made by infantry along the river bank from the south, the batteries upon the right and the cavalry, under command of Major Duncan. Meantime, a portion of the forces under command of Col. Paul had marched from Fort Union on the east, and were on their way to a point of rendezvous in the mountains east of Albuquerque, and with this force it was our plan to unite. During the evening of April 8, and during the night, demonstrations were continued, and on the 9th bodies of men went to work as if throwing up intrenchments. Immediately after nightfall on the 9th, the whole force was withdrawn and marched into the mountains, forming a junction with Col. Paul. Apprised by our runners that Sibley had, immediately upon our demonstration upon Albuquerque, withdrawn all his forces from Santa Fe, joining with those already at Albuquerque, and with the united forces under his command occupied the town of Peralta, some seventeen miles south of Albuquerque. The supposition upon the part of Gen. Sibley, as we subsequently learned, was that we had moved from the front of Albuquerque, designing to march over the longer, but unobstructed road, by way of Tejerres to Fort Union, and make sure of the security of that fort and depot of supplies by concentrating forces, and there await developments and such assistance as might be rendered, in more ready re-inforcements at that point; at all events to secure our base of supply.

Immediately, however, upon forming the junction with Col. Paul, the march of the command was directed south again, capturing and absorbing every man we met, that no information might be carried. We reached the valley,

at the foot of the mountains, on the evening of April 14. Marching the greater part of the night, we reached the town of Peralta about three o'clock in the morning of April 15. Without any suspicion of our approach, no out-posts having been encountered, not even a vidette; quietly, unmolested, the whole command with cautionary silence took position within a few hundred yards of the place, the infantry and heavy field battery on the north, my light battery and the mounted troops on the east. No fires were lighted, no noise to apprise the enemy of our presence; and troops quietly lay down in their tracks for a little much-needed sleep before the morning's work. Under a saddle blanket the writer sought the samerepose, when orders from the General commanding demanded his presence. Received orders to muffle the wheels of the guns and haul them by hand to a near-by acaquia or water course, and there establish battery, with pieces shotted, the reveille trumpet in the town to be the signal for opening the fight. As has been said, the enemy was unaware of our near presence. The sounds of the fandango carried into the morning hours were heard; the melody of music in the measure of a waltz; the hilarious shout of some over-excited participant. All was merry as a feast within the dark outline of the town, just growing visible in the gloomy light of approaching day. There we lay in the restrained excitement of the situation, till the blast of the reveille announced the moment of commencement; then *boom! boom! boom!* and three great guns hurled their iron surprise into the midst of the revellers; then three more guns, with short-fused shell and round shot, ploughed the ground into furrows that just before was smooth with dancing feet. The rattle of musketry upon the north announced that the fight had opened there, and the ominous roar of heavy ordnance rung deep bass to the

tenor of small arms. We can imagine the hurrying to and fro in that little Mexican town, the terror of the quick transition from the hilarities of the night to the sternness of the day, from ardent arms to the colder embraces of a more constant suitor, from the feast of life to the orgie of death; and yet the infernal din goes on.

My battery, firing continuously by half battery, was able to prevent any establishment of guns to oppose us, notwithstanding many efforts, while the advantage of position afforded ample protection against musketry, the cavalry having been posted behind an adjacent rise of ground. On the north of the town the fight waxed "fast and furious," and the din, inside and out, mingled into one confusion. Towards mid-day, orders received directed the Light Battery and its support to join and operate with the main body of troops on the north, which was done by sections, the remaining pieces doing increased duty to cover the movement. This was all very well till the last section limbered up, when, taking advantage of the vacancy in their front, the enemy planted four guns to give us the parting salvos. Section and support had a run for it; guns hurriedly trained too high for close distance was our salvation, and we joined the balance of the battery but with few empty places from musketry. In the new position we at once found occupation near the left of the line of battle, which had as yet made little impression upon battery and infantry opposing. Our line of observation gave a view along the principal street, opening into the main plaza. In connection then with the general movement in which every man of the command was engaged, steady advances were made, foot by foot, slowly but surely. Sibley knowing that this stand, if lost, was his last; that, following defeat, must come complete disorganization of the forces under his command and a failure to the rebel gov-

ernment in the territory, his resistance became correspondingly stubborn. However, as has been tersely remarked by a great captain, that "Providence is on the side of the heaviest artillery," so may we credit the fact that before the afternoon was half spent, cavalry and infantry charged into the deserted plaza, followed by the racket of moving batteries, and the day was over and done, the Texan forces in hasty flight crossing the river, leaving behind much of the impedimenta of their army.

Entering the town the debris of the fight was scattered everywhere. Here lie dead men as they fell; there wounded soldiers demanding attention; here the shattered remains of a field piece; there a wheelless ambulance or broken wagon; on all sides sad evidences of destruction, of which, in the exultation of success, I fear we thought or cared but little. One evidence of the situation I must mention. Entering one of the principal houses on the main plaza, which had been in the range of our batteries, just under a window stood a small table upon which was a bottle of whisky (those present can to this day vouch that it was vile), a pitcher of water and three glasses half filled with spirits. Over the window a ragged hole told where a twelve pound shell had passed into and through the opposite wall. Can't you imagine the three thirsty soldiers (staff officers, may be), who, in the supposed security of the thick walled house, sat down to wash saltpeter from their throats; and how, just at the interesting period of conviviality, when palate watered to the prospects of a drink, the twelve pound shot came hurling through? There sat the glasses undisturbed and the bottle, too, improvidently left behind, telling how the noisy and unwelcomed interloper had hastened them away. We laughed and wondered how this thing could be so funny, but drank what they had left, and what they left behind.

With this fight ended practically the campaign of New Mexico. Down the river the retreating Texans fled, abandoning all that would delay their hasty march. Harassed and hurried by pursuing forces, their course was marked by deserted wounded and worn-out men, till in simple humanity our care of disabled soldiers became a severe tax upon our sparse medical and subsistence possibilities. Outfit of all descriptions was left; field pieces with broken trunnions, hospital ambulances, baggage wagons, broken-down horses with their equipment, arms; everything indicated the precipitancy of the retreat, which continued past Fort Craig, until they were driven back dismantled to the place of beginning, stripped of the well-appointed equipment and gorgeous display with which the expedition started but a few months before.

Briefly you have had an account of the affairs that transpired in New Mexico in the early period of the war—its beginning and conclusion. Had the result been different we are left to conjecture what the effect would have been, resulting from the then already meditated plan of the French towards old Mexico and its finale, or the conclusions arising out of the early, uncertain times of California, had the stars and bars floated victorious over the valley of the Rio Grande, instead of the banner of Union and Liberty—the Stars and Stripes.

## THE VOLUNTEER SOLDIER IN RELATION TO THE PROGRESS OF CIVILIZATION.

BY SURGEON WALTER KEMPSTER, U. S. V.

[Read October 5, 1887.]

WAR, with its frightful concomitants, naturally fills every humane breast with terror. Not the terror which may be defined as the slavish fear of death, but a deeper, a more potent terror, a dread of disastrous consequences lurking in the wake of war after peace has commanded silence, and the soldier, filled with martial zeal, returns to the quieter pursuits of civil life.

From the dawn of historic times, from the days when Gauls, Celts, Kymrians and Iberians, invaded each other's domain and developed a taste for conquest, the return of an army, either flushed with victory, or maddened by defeat, has been regarded as little less than a calamity. When Hamilcar defeated the hordes besieging Carthage, they turned upon each other, and the routes to their respective countries were marked by a succession of horrors, by fire and by bloodshed. Through succeeding ages, the passions of men, engendered by years of warfare, have manifested themselves not infrequently upon the innocent and unoffending; it is the common history that a spirit of lawlessness follows the disbanding of an army, and an increase of crime soils the white wings of peace. The restless spirit, the search for adventure bred by active campaigning, pursues the soldier into his home and fills his mind with a desire to engage in exciting acts, and he experiences difficulty in adjusting himself to the monotony of civil life. Nor has our own country been free from this

spirit of restlessness, after cessation of hostilities. The desire for adventure, bred during the revolutionary war, gave itself vent in Shay's rebellion and other disturbances; and after the settlement of our Mexican difficulties, the same restlessness manifested itself in the Central American and Canadian fiascos; and the wildest ideas led astray susceptible people, and lured hundreds to untimely and ignominious death. It was not without foundation, therefore, that the return of the volunteers after the close of the rebellion, was looked forward to with apprehension akin to alarm. More than one million men were to be turned upon the country, who for years had been disciplined to secure possession of an objective point at any cost of life. The argument ran thus: These men have been trained to get what they want by killing people, they consider human life nothing, and it is but natural that when thrown suddenly upon their own resources, unrestrained by military discipline, they will be quick to assert themselves, and cut down opposition. Grave and reverend men anticipated an era of crime which would involve our common country in sorrow and distress, while idleness and vagabondage were the milder results expected to follow the evils of war.

Without entering at length upon a statement of the uneasiness then disturbing the public mind, it is sufficient to say that there was a feeling of nervousness, not to say dread, which had found lodgment in the minds of many people at the prospect of having such an immense army turned loose in the country.

That the soldiers did their duty in the field, the results attained are sufficient attest. How have the men who did the work then, deported themselves since?

"The 'havior of his visage" was seemly then; what has it been since?

In short, where does the volunteer soldier stand in re-



lation to the progress of civilization? To begin, let us see where he commenced his work. It will repeat a thrice-told tale to say that the soldier began his work of civilization while engaged in active hostilities. No sooner were the implements of war protected after hard march, or harder fighting, than the "thinking bayonet," now dipped in ink, portrayed in prose or song, the deeds of valor, and the incidents of camp life with vigorous precision; and the stirring articles dated from camp, and written on the knee, had no little effect in determining the march of events at home, while at the same time they were effective recruiting agents, in enlisting the "Three Hundred Thousand More" who marched in freedom's van to victory.

It would be too great a task to attempt quotations from, or even to name the multitudes of writers who sent contributions from the front; but as an indication of the value of such contributions, the editor of the *Rebellion Record* told me not long since that a more perfect history of the war of the rebellion could be written from the illustrations of camp and field life thus given, than from any other source, coming, as they did, fresh from the incidents described, before excess of caution nipped the truth, or diplomacy had tricked out the statement in such fantastic garb that the scene or the actors could scarce be recognized. But it is not with the stories of camp life that we are now particularly interested; they are cited merely to illustrate the fact, that in the very heat of the war our soldiers found time to cultivate a taste for literary work, which increased as time progressed; and, to-day, many a man reads over the work done then with pleasure and profit. Not only did the boys cultivate a taste for graphic descriptions, but they turned their attention into those channels of thought which were full of interest, in all departments of human progressiveness; and so well did they

use the thinking power, so thorough were the thoughts evolved, that to-day the soldiers are as far to the front in matters pertaining to civil life, as they were then in life military. Take up any pursuit you please; scientific, professional, practical or æsthetic; from the artisan to the philosopher, from the bread winner to the professor, and among the foremost stands the volunteer soldier; as keenly alive to all that pertains to his position now, as he was then. The marches he has made in civil life, in shaping the progress of human events, have been almost as important, almost as vital to the stability of our institutions, as was the march from Bull Run to Gettysburg, in securing the perpetuity of the Union. I am aware that carping criticism has snapped itching fingers in the face of the boys in blue, and in gleeful cadence informed us that the soldier had no influence now, that the work they had performed was a thing of the past; that new issues, new ideas now claimed the attention of the people. It is this affected indifference toward those whose acts made it possible for all to enjoy the benefits of a Nation, spelled with a big "N," that has led me to look into the facts. It is not difficult to demonstrate the truth of the assertions I make; the embarrassment is in the selection. Let us examine. The temptation is strong for me to dwell upon one to whose memory we all bow with reverence, who gave expression to ideas rarely equaled, and never surpassed, for purity, force, and pathos; whose utterances have become proverbs which will last while the world endures; whose great act stands, only fourth in number, perhaps first, in importance, of all the mighty acts of men. Such a one was our great commander-in-chief, Abraham Lincoln. I mention that name, because the causes which brought into existence our armies, gave him the leadership. What is the influence of the author of the Emanci-

pation Proclamation, even to-day? Where does he stand in relation to the progress of civilization?

But let us particularize somewhat; who among our volunteers have given impetus to thought, and enlarged the scope of civilization? First come those whose names are as household words: Grant, Garfield, Hayes and Arthur. Then our worthy Postmaster General Vilas, the lamented Logan, and Miller, Harrison and Hawley, Ingalls and Plumb, Manderson and Van Wyck, Blair and Sewell, Miller and Mitchell, and Wisconsin's son, Spooner, all of the senate. In the present congress there are upwards of eighty-seven men whose names are to be found among those who went forth, at the call of their country, to defend the Union, to preserve undimmed the glory of the flag.

Do you ask me to define what these men have done? To do so would be to read the history of our country for more than twenty years. It is sufficient to say of them that wherever humanity demanded greater scope, or progress wanted leadership, there these men were found; not lagging, not following meekly in the wake of events, but well to the front, on the picket line, pushing forward into greater activity the forces of progress, and battling down the enemies of right. Wherever you look, whether in the pulpit, on the bench, at the bar, in the ranks of the learned professions, in the busy marts of commerce, or in the quieter walks of science, there, in each and all of them, you will find, well at the front, the volunteer soldier, still pushing, still striving for the mastery. If we turn to the list of those who silently determine the channels of thought, the bookmakers, what an array presents itself.

No sooner does the versatile Sherman lay down his sword, than his brain sets pen and ink to work, with results known to you all.

Without attempting anything like chronological order,

I mention names selected at random and from memory and without attempting search. We find Judge Tourgee, Admiral Porter, General Cox and C. C. Cox, F. A. Walker and Wilkeson, Doubleday, Hunt, McClellan, Bracket, Brown, Force, Palfrey, Cist, Humphrey, Dodge, Badeau and Hazen, and then we have brave, generous Logan, who involuntarily drew the picture of himself in his "Volunteer Soldier," manly, full of energy, abounding in those generous qualities of mind and heart which characterize true American manhood, and typify the volunteer. Alas, that his voice is stilled! Then examine for a moment the writing of one whose purely imaginative work stands conspicuously before the world, and stamps the author as a man of refined taste and great fertility of genius; whose masterful word-painting has enchanted thousands, and will continue to enchant thousands more; whose principal subject, indeed, is a conception far from warlike, being the central figure of all that speaks of "Peace on earth and good will to man." I refer to General Lew Wallace's "Tale of Christ," admittedly the best piece of imaginative work ever written upon the subject.

In the department of science, and in engineering, both during the war and since, most valuable contributions have been made, in astronomy, in anthropology, geology and metallurgy, while in the department of medicine and surgery, the greatest work ever issued on the subject was prepared from contributions made by the medical staff of the volunteer army, which has exercised and still exercises a potent influence for good in the healing art. Name what subject you choose, go where you will, wherever progress is found, and in which department of the affairs of life is it not found in this country? and scratch the citizen's cloth away, and underneath you will find the untarnished blue of the volunteer soldier.

It is not my purpose to reflect in any manner upon the work done by the regular army, *on the contrary*; but the impulse given to thought and work in all departments was marked and decided after the vigorous activity of the ambitious volunteer lent his impetus to army life.

It is not an uncommon circumstance in great national crises, to find some man who gives voice to the *concensus* of opinion, and thus guides the nation's policy; but it has not often fallen to the lot of a victorious General, in the flush of excitement following upon a most important series of battles, and while yet in the saddle, to give utterance to sentiments upon which peace is to be made more certain and secure; and yet, it was the central figure in our galaxy of brave officers who did this. You will recall the wild excitement which followed the defeat of Lee at Gettysburg, and the capitulation of Vicksburg; a period in the tide of our affairs when words of moderation might not be expected. But, to illustrate more perfectly my meaning, bear with me while I quote a phrase taken from a letter written by General Grant, which expresses, in terse manner, the thoughts then uppermost in his mind. In explaining the reasons actuating him in making the terms of surrender as he did, he says: "The men (confederates) had behaved so well that I did not want to humiliate them. I believed that consideration for their feelings would make them less dangerous foes during the continuance of hostilities, and better citizens after the war was over."

The temptation is great to dwell upon the career of this man, as the best illustration with which to embellish my argument. When we contemplate his career, his character impresses itself upon one whether it is viewed in the light of citizen, soldier, author or friend. What more perfect illustration have we to demonstrate the full mean-

ing of the words, a typical American, than Ulysses S. Grant? Quiet, self contained, energetic, possessing indomitable will and unshaken purpose to succeed, careful of the rights of others, maintaining his own with dignity.

Had I the skill of an artist, I would sketch before you that well-known figure; his friends look suspiciously upon him, for a wretch had attempted to defile him. He is pale; a sycophant seduced him, and he is pauperized. Death has struck him, and he is sorely wounded; he is waiting to strike again. In agony of mind, in pain-racked body he looks the grim destroyer calmly in the face and says: "I will not surrender yet."

With supreme patience, with undaunted purpose, he holds at bay the common enemy, while he gives to the world a classic, to his family a fortune, to his friends and companions undoubted proof of his Spartan honesty, and then, and not till then, like his great prototype on Nebo, he made his first, his only surrender, to his God.

It is related of Justinian's greatest general, a man who always led troops to victory, who thrice saved an imperiled country from destruction, but who was shorn of wealth and honor by jealousy and treachery, that in his advancing years, impoverished, discarded, he sat by the gates of the city and asked for alms.

Belisarius was a true patriot and a successful general, but when overthrown by misfortune, he sat down and begged. Now mark the contrast. Grant's highest qualities of mind and heart are developed by the very wounds that crushed Belisarius; Grant was triumphant where Belisarius failed. What say you of the influence of General Grant?

In an humbler way there are hosts of the boys working out a quiet destiny, and moulding public thought and opinion. Book shelves are very heavy with volumes from

their pens. Scientific investigations are reinforced by their labors, commerce is moved along its natural channels briskly by the helping, industrious hand of the old soldier.

Periodical literature is made interesting and instructive by their historic reminiscences from which the true record is yet to be written. The press, the great brain of the Nation, teems with thoughts supplied by the soldiers, and the columns of the papers bear silent testimony to the truth of the assertion that they are invariably on the side of good, honest government, and a proper enforcement of the laws. Again, in the exercise of the greatest of all Christian virtues, the old soldier is not wanting. He gladly, yea, warmly welcomes back to the old home in the Nation, the brother who smote him sorely, and gives him freely of his substance whenever calamity has overtaken him. Recently, in Charleston, money contributed by ex-soldiers poured in upon those who were in distress in such amounts that the authorities there cried halt, we have enough. Aside from this charitable act, aside from those deeds done by the right hand, which the left is not permitted to know, the old veterans have extended both hands and distributed to the needy during the past year in dollars, "Three Hundred Thousand More." Here is a lesson in charity that needs no comment. And just here let me say, *en passant*, that while it is true that the volunteer has, by his efforts, lifted our civilization to a higher plane, while he has increased the material as well as the moral wealth of the country, there are those among the millions of volunteers who are to-day struggling bravely against adversity, in pain and distress; and it is equally certain that this contingent must increase in the near future. For, of all the sons of freedom who braved death in a hundred ways, where is there one who is bold enough to say, "I escaped unharmed"?

As the locks whiten on the brow, as the burden of increasing years bends downward the once erect and agile frame, old scars will again redden, and old pains return to torture the body, and make his pillow, soft though it be, a mockery of rest.

It is for this class that we ask of the government, whose very existence was made possible by reason of the wounds and suffering, that generous response to promises made when the boys stepped forth in the fullness of manhood's strength. Not as an alms do they ask the pension promised, but in the name of truth, in the name of honor, and as a mark of distinction, a badge of patriotism and loyalty to the Nation's flag.

Do you demand further illustration to demonstrate the fact that the volunteer soldier has been of great aid in the progress of civilization? Then let me say, "*Si monumentum requiris circumspice.*" This commandery is not distinguished by any particular circumstance above its compeers. It is neither greater nor less than they. What have we done, what are we doing toward the betterment of mankind, toward the progress of civilization? What say you, what says the world, of the influence of that genial, whole-souled gentleman, whose pen was always used to defend the right and suppress the wrong, our late commander, Col. Charles D. Robinson? Of the graceful, courteous scholar, Garth W. James? Their record is closed. Is there a doubt as to what it is? Where is the influence of our distinguished Governor, Jeremiah Rusk, who dares to do his duty in the face of commotion, despite a public clamor? Where the influence of our eminent companion, Associate Justice Lyon; of that worthy descendant of a nation's statesman, Judge C. A. Hamilton? Of the straightforward common sense and clear judgment of Gen. Charles S. Hamilton; of our distinguished comman-



der, Judge Burnell; of the polished diplomat, Gen. Fairchild; of the enthusiastic Bell; of jolly Hathaway; of that monument of endurance and Christian fortitude, Ferguson?

Where is the influence of Chaplain Sanderson; of our talented literary companion, Col. Charles King? And then come the members of the press. Where is the influence of the soldiers' friend and advocate, Watrous; of the man who "admits that he put down the rebellion," Geo. Peck; of Ginty; of that fearless and quick-brained lawyer and editor, Charles W. Felker?

If we turn to the busy marts of commerce and the industrial pursuits, where shall we find a better example to further illustrate our point than that energetic, undaunted, phoenix-like business man, who shakes the ashes of a burned city from his wings like dewdrops, and plumes himself for higher flights in commerce and history, Lieut. Will. H. Upham?

What shall I say of Collins and Robinson, and Heaford and Bean? But halt! Give me the roster and let me read all the names, and as each stands forth representing some department in the universal progress, where is the man who will say that such an one does not fully represent his class; whose influence is not for good? who is there in this community to gainsay the statement that they are all in the van, that they have moulded public sentiment for good, that they have advanced the public weal?

The rank and file of our soldiers have everywhere filled conspicuous positions in every department of learning, of art, literature, science, commerce and artizanship. There is no department of life that does not contain deep thinkers and honest workers. Instead of disorder, of increased crime, of slothfulness and vagabondage over-run-

ning the country, there has been the most unexampled career of prosperity in every direction that has ever been chronicled of any nation in the same space of time. Ignorance and crime have decreased, learning and prosperity advanced, until our nation, one and indivisible, stands before the world to-day the exponent of all that is honorable, progressive and charitable. With these reasons for these gigantic strides we are not now concerned, but they are plainly discernible.

In view of the facts stated, are we not warranted in concluding that the soldier element is not a dying one, but a distinct, living, moving force, no less to-day than it was twenty-four years ago; nay, more; then we wielded force in one direction only; to-day in all directions; then his roused passions carried him to triumph; to-day, his cool, calm intellect challenges competition and defies defeat; then, he was found only in the field, at the front; now in every walk of life, and, in each, his step keeps time as the advance is sounded by the genius of our age.

Twenty-two years ago two millions of men responded to the call to arms; their mission, to save the Union.

The far famed legions of Xerxes, the hordes of Attila and Timour were outnumbered by the boys in blue, who fought four long years, as men have rarely fought, to defend the Nation from dismemberment. And then, when the work was done, they quietly returned to the avocations of peace and gave momentum to the most glorious career that ever blessed a country's domain.

Where, then, does the volunteer soldier stand in relation to the progress of civilization? He stands now, as he always stood, at the front. He has dignified and still dignifies, with the touch of a master, every relation he sustains in life; and those of us who have been spared,

are permitted to enjoy the full realization of the Nation's glory that its fathers hoped for not in vain.

O, Nation great, state linked to state, in bonds that none can break,  
From ocean unto ocean, from gulf to northern lake;  
State linked to state, fate linked to fate, in mart and mint and mine,  
In rolling plain of golden grain, in toss of plummy pine.  
State linked to state, in goodly fate, that sounds the swift advance,  
Where banners that have wooed the world, before our legions dance:  
This is the dream that crowns our years, and when our heads are low,  
Float out, float on, O Union flag, as twenty years ago.

ASSAULT ON THE LINES OF PETERSBURG,  
APRIL 2, 1865.

BY BVT. MAJOR CHARLES H. ANSON, U. S. V.

(Read November 7, 1888.)

FOR nine long months, during the years 1864 and 1865, the Army of the Potomac had invested the city of Petersburg, Virginia, constantly reaching out its left arm in attempts to turn the Confederate right, its objective, the capture of Lee's army and the city of Richmond. Both armies had passed the winter behind substantial breastworks, planned by experienced engineers; at intervals, and on advantageous points, forts and redans were built, where heavy ordnance was placed, sweeping the entire field between the contending armies.

The right of the Union line rested on the Appomatox, east of the city; its left, near Hatcher's Run, southwest of and distant about eight miles from the city. The distance between the contending lines varied from a few hundred yards to two miles; at Forts Fisher and Welch, along the center of the line, they were distant about one mile.

The Confederate line in general corresponded with that of the Union army.

In the early part of March, 1865, Gen. Lee proposed a conference with Gen. Grant, with a view to "an adjustment of the present difficulties." The proposition was referred to President Lincoln, who directed Gen. Grant "to hold no conference with Lee except for the surrender of his army."

Early in the morning of March 25th, Fort Steadman,

a stronghold near the right of the Union line, was surprised, captured, and held for a time by the Confederates under command of Gen. Gordon. Their success, however, was of short duration; death-dealing shot and shell from batteries on either side of the fort made sad havoc in their forces, while columns of infantry, rapidly concentrating from right and left, cut off their retreat, capturing about 2,000 prisoners. Thus ended a strong demonstration on the Union right; Lee hoping it would induce Gen. Meade to withdraw his left, thereby giving *his* army a clear and unobstructed line of retreat to the south, to unite with Johnston's army, a movement which had been decided upon. It was thought that this attack might have been a feint, or the initial step to the evacuation of the Confederate line, so the 6th Corps was directed to make a demonstration from their front, to develop the strength of the enemy, and determine, if possible, their intentions.

By reason of the firing on the right in the morning, expecting any moment to be called upon, the 6th Corps stood under arms until about nine o'clock. Soon after noon, orders were received to break camp and make ready for battle. About four o'clock the lines of blue filed over and to the front of their works, on the left of Fort Fisher, and formed line of battle, under a heavy artillery fire from the Confederate line, as well as from their entrenched picket line about midway between the armies, which was strongly manned. The capture of this entrenched line was preliminary to, and in preparation for, the assault soon to occur, as will be observed in the position taken for the grand charge, the night of April 1st.

A flag waving from Fort Fisher was the signal to charge. Forward they went on the run, not a man flinching, yet, it may be, many a heart trembling while facing

that hail storm of shot and shell and musket ball; ere the charge was finished, many a heart ceased to beat, many a comrade had given his life, many a home was made sad for some loved one that had fallen.

A grand charge had been made, a victory won; the entrenched picket line of the enemy had been taken, a thousand prisoners captured; the position was held by the captors.

Three days later, March 28, a remarkable conference was held at City Point. The Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, the peerless Grant, the distinguished Sherman, the gallant Sheridan, the thoughtful, capable Meade were in consultation. Just what their conversation was has not been made public, but it is known that General Grant's plan of operations was approved.

The following day, March 29, was the appointed time for the grand movement. The 2d and 5th Corps moved by the left flank to the southwest; the 24th Corps moved into the position thus vacated. Sheridan, with his cavalry, moved to Dinwiddie Court House. March 30th the lines were advanced in a torrent of rain, lasting throughout the day and night, rendering the country as near bottomless as it was possible to imagine. March 31st the lines of the 2d and 5th Corps were extended to the left, bringing on a spirited engagement, resulting in the repulse of the enemy. At this time the left of the Union line rested near the junction of the Claiborne and the White Oak roads; its entire length, in its varying course, was about fifteen miles. The positions of the Corps from right to left were in the following order: the 9th, 6th, 24th, 2d, 5th, with Sheridan to their left and rear.

Thus briefly outlined were the positions of the Union forces March 29th, 30th and 31st, opposed by the Confederates under command of their most distinguished

leader. The time had arrived when all, from Generals Grant and Meade to those of the rank and file, were conscious that the final struggle was near.

To prevent the success of these movements, Gen. Lee moved heavy columns of infantry and cavalry to his right, resulting in the Battle of Five Forks, April 1st, where Sheridan took them in, not in detail, but in mass. The success at Five Forks was consummated by the co-operation of the 5th Corps, under command of one of the most conscientious, meritorious, capable and loyal soldiers that the silver stars ever honored, Gen. G. K. Warren.

While these important events were transpiring on the left, preparations were being made for the grand assault, by the corps on the right and center. The duty assigned to the 6th Corps, occupying the center, was to form in mass, by divisions in echelon, strike a mighty blow and cut the Confederate army in two. A point had been carefully selected in front of Fort Welch, and just in rear of the intrenched picket line captured one week previous. From this point was a slight ravine running directly to the enemy's works, a distance of about six hundred yards. The ravine was previously covered with timber, which had been cut for fuel during the winter, the stumps and brush remaining, with more or less water in the lower places. At a point where the ravine passed through, there was an opening in the Confederate works of about fifty feet, at either side of which, on the rise of ground, were placed heavy guns, fully manned and well supported. Gen. Wright had great confidence in the success of the assault, having expressed the opinion that he would "make fur fly," when he got the word.

When Gen. Grant was informed of the success of Sheridan at Five Forks, a bombardment of the enemy's

line was ordered along the 9th Corps on the right. Long will that night be remembered by those who, anxiously and prayerfully, were waiting the command for action.

In the 6th Corps, in the 2d Division, in the 2d Brigade, was a regiment bearing a yellow flag, distinctive in its beauty; printed on its silken folds were the memorable words, "Freedom and Unity."\* This flag has been borne a fitting companion to the national banner during many a hard-fought day; though soiled and pierced with bullet holes, not a man but loved it truly and well; second only to the stars and stripes was it held in admiration. With your permission, we will follow this regiment into the battle, and try to tell you something of the experience, impressions and thoughts of one of its younger officers.

The night of April 1st was dark, damp, chilly and gloomy; all was quiet along the line of the Corps, although preparations were quietly going on; tents were struck, personal effects which had accumulated, were assorted, the greater part of which were cast aside; ammunition served, knapsacks packed and left on the ground to be taken in charge by the Quartermaster, haversacks filled, muskets loaded, but uncapped, bayonets fixed; the special orders read to each company, after which the commander reported that all was in readiness. At about eleven o'clock this regiment, with others of the Brigade, moved by the left flank to a point between Forts Fisher and Welch; passing over the breastworks, they silently moved to the position selected just in rear of the captured picket line, closed in mass, with their left resting on the right of the ravine before mentioned, the 1st and 3d Brigades taking position on its right while the 1st Division was placed on their right and rear, the 3d Division on their

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\* First Vermont Heavy Artillery, serving as infantry.



left and rear. Every officer was cautioned to observe the utmost silence, all orders were given in a whisper and passed along the line from one to another. After getting into position all were required to lie down and obtain as much rest as possible. While some of the troops on the right were moving into position, for some unknown cause the picket line in front commenced firing, thus drawing the fire of the enemy, and for a short time quite a fire from musketry was kept up. During the firing the brigade commander was wounded in the head, a glancing shot cutting his felt hat, making a serious though not fatal wound. He was assisted from the field by an aid, the command falling upon the senior Colonel. Later in the day the General returned with head bandaged and assumed command.

For nearly four hours the troops lay upon their arms on the cold, damp ground, awaiting the time when the booming gun from Fort Fisher should signal them to charge, drive home that mighty wedge of humanity, strike to the very heart of the Confederacy and to the life blood of treason and rebellion. Who can adequately portray the suspense of those four long, waiting hours? the most trying of all to a soldier. Who can describe the dread of the coming morning light? Who can count the pulsations of those loyal hearts? Who can tell us of the longings to be spared to again meet loved ones? Whose kindly, listening ear, bent low to catch the fervent prayer? Even our Heavenly Father's, the commander of all battles.

Just before the first faint shadows of morning light appeared on the horizon, the startling roar of the signal gun on Fort Fisher announced that the time for action had come. A charge was to be made; a great blow was to be struck; as to the result great expectations were entertained by officers of high grade as well as the rank and file.

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A few brief moments, and 14,000 veteran soldiers, wearing the Greek cross, closed in mass, stood in readiness for the assault. So far as known, the general, field and staff officers of the 2d Division went into the fight on foot, as it was almost impossible to advance over this ground and the enemy's works while mounted. As yet the day had not come, darkness hung over them. The enemy, unconscious of danger, little realized that so soon would they be completely overwhelmed, captured or dispersed.

The 2d Brigade of the 2d Division had been selected to lead the charge; every man understood such to be the case; but few orders were given, and those in a whisper; guns were loaded, but uncapped, bayonets fixed. They quietly moved forward into the darkness, into the terrible fire, some into the shadow of death, many into the light of the coming day, and on, on to a grand and glorious victory, piercing the enemy's line, rolling them back on the left and on the right, with a power that was resistless. No word was spoken, as they came upon and passed over the entrenched picket line; no sound broke the stillness until the enemy's pickets, conscious of some power advancing upon them like a mighty ocean wave, with unbroken crest, delivered their fire and ran to cover in disorder. Then went up a shout from twenty-five hundred loyal hearts, taken up and repeated by the on-coming host. The charge was on! The leading brigade pressed forward on the line designated, unconsciously obliquing slightly to the left and into the ravine, not a man flinching, though many considered it a "forlorn hope." Consternation seized the Confederates within their intrenchments; rushing to their guns a terrible fire of shot and shell, grape and canister, was soon pouring into the advancing columns, especially from the forts located on the right and

left of the ravine. Thick and fast came the cannon shot, thicker and faster came the bullets, when, for a moment, perhaps two, possibly ten, the charging column wavered, seemed to hesitate, the cannons' flashes lit up the terrible scene, revealing the struggling mass as it swayed to the right and left, recovering from the first great shock of battle. Were they, of whom so much was expected, to fail? By one impulse every man sprang forward; the abatis along the front of the enemy's works was reached, passages quickly made, the ditch crossed, the parapet scaled, while yet their batteries were firing and their infantry line unbroken. While advancing, all formations were broken, each man seemed determined to be in the lead, and, not unlike other instances, many claimed to have been the first to grapple with a Johnny in a hand-to-hand conflict. It has been conceded, however, that the "yellow flag" was among the first borne on to and over the enemy's works. Again the boys renewed their love and admiration for their banner.

As the Union force passed over and into the enemy's works, a hand-to-hand struggle took place; most desperately did the enemy defend their position, dealing blow for blow, fighting for, and over each gun, using the bayonet freely. Many instances of personal daring might be recorded. One may be mentioned. Capt. Gould, of the 5th Vermont, gaining the parapet, the muzzle of a gun was placed against his breast, the weapon missed fire, when jumping into the works a bayonet was thrust through his face, for which the assailant received a wound, both falling to the ground, the Confederate killed, the Captain pulling the bayonet from the wound in his face; about this time a blow was dealt on his head with a sabre, and a bayonet pierced his back, making a severe wound. Feeling that he could do no more, and gaining the inner face of the parapet,

upon which his arms were placed, he had not strength to raise himself up out of the works. A sergeant of his company coming upon the works at this moment, seeing the helpless condition of the Captain, dropped his gun, grasped him by the arms to help him out of the works. A Confederate seeing this, caught the Captain from behind, when the sergeant seizing his musket dealt him a deadly blow, then lifting the Captain on to the works, both rolled into the ditch, where they were safe from bullets. How long this struggle continued it would be difficult to determine; it must have been of short duration, for the dawn of day found the enemy yielding this point, giving up that, being forced through and out of their camps. Finally, when resistance was useless, they broke, falling rapidly back a half mile, taking a position near the Boydton plank road. At this time all formations were broken throughout the division, yet with joyful hearts they pressed on, not waiting for the divisions on the right and left. After following a short distance a halt was ordered, that company and regimental formations might be made. One history informs us that Gen. A. P. Hill was killed near the Boydton plank road about this time, while riding from Gen. Lee's headquarters, accompanied only by an orderly, in search of his shattered command; while another states that he was killed later in the day, in front of the 9th Corps on the right. At this time and place, an aid-de-camp, on the staff of the Major General commanding the division, rode up to the young officer before mentioned, saying: "Gen. Getty orders you to report to him at once." "Sir?" exclaimed the officer. The aid replied, "Gen. Getty orders you to report to him at once." "Captain, for what?" but the aid was galloping away, while the officer stood amazed to be thus summoned. What could it mean? What had he done? Had any order been disobeyed?

Had he not conscientiously and faithfully performed his duty? Had he failed to do all that was expected of him? For some unknown cause was he to be censured? These questions with many more flashed upon his mind while he thus stood immovable on the spot; then, realizing that the order was imperative, and must be obeyed, the Colonel was sought and informed of the order. That officer exclaimed, "My God, I cannot spare you." "Colonel, the order must be obeyed," was the reply. As the officer's tearful eyes glanced along the partly formed line, never before had the old regiment seemed so dear to him, little did he realize that his last duty with it had been performed, that the companionship of nearly three years was severed.

With a heavy heart he obeyed the most unwelcome order received during the service. While passing to the rear in search of the General, a hundred questions crowded upon his mind, uppermost of which, was he, for some unknown cause to himself, to be censured? sent to the rear in disgrace? How vividly came before his mind the awful scenes through which he had passed, the assembling and anxious waiting, the silent advance, the mighty hurrah! followed by the charge; the terrible fire, the wavering line, the onward rush, scaling the works, the hand-to-hand struggle, the victory! Could it be possible that he had failed in the performance of his duties? Oh, no, that could not be; yet the thought was the burden on his heart. Was the sword he had taken so much pride in wearing, and which had been his companion at Spottsylvania, through the trying ordeal at Cold Harbor, at Winchester, Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek, to be taken from him in dishonor and disgrace on the battle field? These questions were unanswered as the General was approached. The officer halted, saluted, saying: "General, I was ordered to report to you." The General returned the salute, then

said: "You are appointed as aid upon my staff." The officer was amazed, and for some moments could not believe his senses, or realize the object for which he had been summoned; strangely, perhaps, such a thought had not entered his mind. As self-possession returned to him, it would be impossible to express the feelings of the heart, or acknowledge in fitting terms his thankfulness for the honor thus conferred. It seemed to him that he could jump out of his long legged boots, charge upon a battery or capture a regiment. How long he thus remained staring, not he, but other members of the staff might tell. The first words spoken were, "General, the horses are not yet brought up;" one of the orderlies was dismounted and the horse given to the officer, until his own should be received. Swinging into the saddle astride a strange horse the officer was ready for a new line of duty, though from the uniform he would hardly have been taken for an aid on the staff of a Major General.

A line of battle was formed at right angles with the Confederate works that had been carried by the assault; advancing to the left, capturing or dispersing everything before them. The enemy reversed their cannon in the intrenchments, pouring a heavy fire into the advancing line. It was most difficult to keep the line formed; the troops in their enthusiasm would break away in bodies of from ten to fifty, heedless of commands, charging this point or that, wherever the enemy attempted to make a stand. On the right a Captain, with twenty or thirty men following, charged upon a body of the enemy defending two field pieces, capturing the guns, ten officers, and sixty-two men. At another point a gun was captured, wheeled about, and the shot designed to check our advance went plunging into the ranks of those who a moment before had been its masters. A Major and Lieutenant with a few men

captured two guns, wheeled them about to fire but no primers could be found. The pieces were discharged by firing their muskets into the vent. These instances are historical facts. Thus the disorganized troops drove the enemy four miles until Hatcher's Run was reached, when there were no more Confederates to capture or disperse, no more guns to take.

It was now about ten o'clock. Regiments and companies were re-formed, the victorious troops commenced their march towards Petersburg in parallel columns, passing along just behind the enemy's works that had been a dread so many months. As the exultant veterans advanced along the works, passing the Red House, near where they had broken through in the early morning, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. When within about three miles of the city a heavy force of Confederates was seen forming to contest the further advance of the Federals. The 6th Corps was deployed, the 2d Division on the left with its right resting on the Boydton plank road. Batteries went into position on its right, replying to a heavy fire from the Confederate artillery. The troops of the division were partly protected from this fire by lying down just over the crest of a ridge. This artillery duel lasted for a short time, when the General ordered a charge. The newly-appointed aid was entrusted with the orders to the three Brigade commanders. To ride along the line amid that terrible storm of shot and shell seemed an impossibility, and live. He was now mounted on his own, faithful, fearless, sure-footed horse, so with a tight grasp on the rein, and a touch of the spur, horse and rider went on its mission. Arriving on the left it was found that a Brigade of the 1st Division was in line, with its left thrown back. At a glance it was apparent that the Brigade should move in conformity with the 2d Division,

but no orders had been given, no time should be lost; should he take the responsibility? The decision was quickly formed, and riding up to the commanding officer the order was given: "General, you will see that the 2d Division is to make a charge. Gen. Getty directs that you move your brigade in conformity with their movements." Observing that the officer's dress was not that of a staff officer, he replied, "who in h—l are you?" When informed, and seeing the necessity for prompt action, he gave the necessary orders for the advance. The charge was successful, the enemy was driven from his position, many prisoners taken as well as the battery in position near the Turnbull House, where had been Gen. Lee's headquarters but a short time before. From this position the line was advanced with but slight opposition to within a mile of the city, when the weary, hungry troops sought the rest so much needed, having been under arms for twenty, and engaged in battle sixteen hours. Many brave men had fallen, many were suffering, many had shed their life's blood in this last great battle of the war. It was a grand victory, and those who took part will ever remember with just pride the assault on the lines of Petersburg, April 2d, 1865.

As to the importance of the part taken by the 6th Corps, Gen. Grant wrote: "Gen. Wright penetrated the lines with his whole corps, sweeping everything before him, and to his left towards Hatcher's Run, capturing many guns and several thousand prisoners." In a speech to the 6th Corps, April 17th, 1865, when the Confederate flags, captured by the corps, were delivered to him, Gen. Meade said: "I do not wish to make any invidious distinction between your own and the other corps of this army, but candor compels me to say that, in my opinion, the decisive movement of this campaign which resulted in



the capture of the army of Northern Virginia was the gallant and successful charge of the 6th Corps on the morning of April 2d." Said Gen. Humphrey, commander of the 2d Corps: "When the Confederate intrenchments were carried by the 6th Corps on the morning of the 2d, Gen. Lee at once notified Mr. Jefferson Davis that he would be compelled to abandon his lines during the following night." Gen. Wright in his report states: "The Corps had fought well, but never better than in the assault at Petersburg." It is claimed that thirty-one guns, nine battle flags and twenty-one hundred prisoners were captured during the day by Getty's Division. The loss of the corps was eleven hundred killed and wounded. What need for men to do more, what more could they accomplish? Weary and worn, they welcomed slumber's quiet rest. The fight was over, the victory won. Lee had given the final orders for retreat. Jeff Davis was fleeing from Richmond. As the shadows of night fall upon the scene, among the thousands of weary veterans encircling the captured city, was the young officer, little dreaming that his brigade commander had decided to compliment him with the rank of Brevet Captain, unconscious that his Division commander was to confer upon him the honor of Brevet Major.

## NOTHING TO SAY.

BY CAPT. JOSEPH W. SANDERSON, U. S. V.

[Read November 5, 1884.]

L IKE "Miss Flora McFlimsey of Madison Square, who had dresses in plenty, but nothing to wear," so seems it when out of a whole wealth of experiences—a whole wardrobe of incidents during the war, one is asked to dress up something for the hour that may in some way suggest to some one else something that happened in his corps on that certain campaign.

So seems it when one is asked to recall the past—a past now almost as a dream when one awaketh. Were you ever in the dentist's chair or under the surgeon's hand, when every nerve tingled with minute sensations of most precise import? So was it then in that strange, abnormal life (four years long in one way and forty in another)—every day was a drama, sometimes a farce, more often a tragedy. There were moving scenes by field and flood, real actors, sensations, spectacular movements, heroes and applause and all that, but to recount them, or attempt to recall them in the same sharp outline once witnessed, is like escaping from the surgeon—you know what "the vanishing point" is in the perspective—you don't remember so precisely.

I have come to believe that that old soldier in Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* was a tramp. You know how he beguiled the good old parson to sit up all night as he "shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won—wept over his wounds and talked the night away," and all that. Now we may have told some war story so often

as to believe it ourselves. It won't do. There has got to be a board of survey or council of administration to take up these beliefs and put on cold scrutiny and sharp probing, and sternly analyse these old soldier stories—then, after moralizing on the infirmity and credulity that has crept over us during these stale years of peace, muster the stories out, or relegate them to some fellow who has been trying to clean out a cog with his thumb in a mowing machine; to some one who was with Grant “in Illinois *before the war.*”

According to this preaching I have nothing to say.

True, there are memories and faces and associations and events that once might have whiled away an hour like this—but what a wardrobe the whole presents just now. There is a dim, misty period that now and then interjects its shape and color and interrupts the placid life of a preacher. Sometimes in the solemn moments of a church service comes a memory of days when I was less like a preacher than any man at the sutler's on pay-day playing chuck-a-luck for champagne. Sometimes there is a dialect that would lead to a scene in Presbytery if grace had not been so mighty in my case, should the same strong vernacular come to the front again. Sometimes the thought of narrow escape of downright reckless folly comes in like a suggestion of God's mercy. But I find I am violating the proprieties of this occasion and playing at dreams—personifying the old soldier.

I may give you, if I can, the crude etching of that period—an etching wherein the acid of memory has traced out a common-place story that began to be dated the day the news from Fort Sumter was received, and ended late in the autumn of 1865.

Having had somewhat of a martial, or rather militia spirit in time of peace, it would have been absurd to have

been a citizen in time of war. Howbeit, I would protest a sense of downright duty made me a private in the Commonwealth Artillery, a battery of young society chaps in the Quaker city, of whom, to their honor be it said, twenty were commissioned in the regular service. Some have fallen asleep under fire, while a few sacredly preserve the organization at an annual shad dinner at the Fish House, each recurring April.

While yet the transport of patriotism possessed us, we were taken in a transport to Fort Delaware to the unhesitating disgust of the old barnacle who commanded there. We soon learned all that Scott and Casey laid down, and a heap beside. Because I was a youngster, some of you will pardon my vanity, at the time when the regular army offered no attraction, I was persuaded to apply for a commission in the Marine Corps, then promising to be the *crème de la crème* of the service. Good old Gideon Welles—I can see him now in that upper room of Willard's Hotel; hear his promise, and see the wag of his patriarchal beard and the gleam of his goggles. Well, he fooled me—but special orders sometime on—three years later, when I was ordered to report to Admiral Lee for duty in the advance picket division of the James River Squadron, I had my coveted relationship with the navy (though not as a marine), and most pleasant it was. Commander Nichols, now Admiral and Assistant Secretary of the Navy, then commanding the *Mendota*, gave me the most solid and abundant hospitality one could give or receive. His reasons were, that having a contempt for the jealous rivalry he once witnessed between the two arms of the service, he then and there resolved that should he ever capture an army officer he would do what could be done to disabuse *his* mind of any nonsense of formality or ill-feeling—and I was the lucky man to be so encountered. He took me in

his cabin and made me his guest all the time the good ship was my headquarters, until the crowded quarters of my men suggested a camp on shore, in a deep canyon above and opposite Dutch Gap, and quite secure from the enemy's fire, which hurtled over us.

But in this record about nothing to say in particular, to return. While waiting for Uncle Gideon and his marine affair, I was assigned to duty and passed through the Peninsula campaign, until, after Malvern Hill, the Chickahominy sought to make a swamp out of my bowels, and lodged in me enough malaria to stock a regiment; and to this day, when I consider the long service on the James River, under the most bilious conditions, how any of it ever escaped me, or could be to-day free from me, can only be accounted for on good nursing, sparing mercy, quinine and plenty of "commissary." We drew a gill per day for every man; I mean of "commissary." Grace was like grace, never measured but poured out. After Harrison's Landing came sixty days sick leave, with a commission to raise a battery, with all the experiences of enlistment, country flirtations, a jolly good time, when I took down a mixed multitude to Virginia, out of whom to make good soldiers, and a motley crew it was. Forty of them were old shell-backs—sailors from under every flag of Europe—stout country boys, good and true. First Longstreet tried for twenty days to take us in, and exchange the dismal swamp for still more dismal Andersonville, but without avail. But why all this? The thing gets confused. There is a galaxy of faces—a mingling of scenes—first at Estby's Station, then at Eastville, then here, and at last, as I have said, doing marine duty, while holding to the scarlet insignia of artillery.

Shall I describe the torpedo fever? It is hard to diagnose; but put yourself on board a transport of one or two

hundred men, pushing up the James River in search of the end, if it took all summer—if it landed us at Richmond. How each bend of the river produced a fever and each floating log superinduced a chill. At last we found the advance ship and reported for our unknown work. It was late in the afternoon; away up just this side of Drury's Bluff and Fort Darling, within about six miles as a crow flies from the seat of satan. My first experience on board of a man of war was on the deck of the Mendota; the ship was "beat to quarters"—the guns run out, and all was expectancy—but no enemy in sight. I gave my message, along with written instructions, that the advance squadron might drop down or hold the ground, as the Commander saw fit. Whilst he was thinking, suddenly it was the old story of "cannon to the right, cannon to the left, volleyed and thundered." Those miserable rebels had quietly scooped in Butler's advance, which we were supposed to protect on the flank. A New Jersey brigade was taken in out of the wet, and then all day was occupied in repairing or preparing, and at or near sundown they "socked it" into the gunboat, as the boys termed it.

And that gallant old sailor, who now is in his well-earned honors, Capt. Nichols, was just stubborn enough not to retire under that stiff fire. Howbeit, my horse-marines were as uneasy as you could imagine, cooped up on a transport, and not amusement enough offered to keep them happy. Of course, it had one compensation: we all forgot the torpedos in the music overhead. "Return fire," was the signal, and then those eleven inch pivots did crack and roar for all that was out. This business lasted until the Admiral was signalled and arrived along side. I was honored by an invitation to go in the launch, and was tickled by the faint imitation I was making (in passing from ship to ship under fire) to old Perry on Lake Erie,

passing from the Niagara. It was only the faintest resemblance I assure you; but we were highly imaginative then, though three years of stern war ought to have knocked any nonsense out of us. The Admiral said, "drop down," and the helter-skelter to get out of that nasty tangled river was a marvel of "neatness and dispatch," as the cobbler said of the job of half-soleing and heel-tap.

That night we had our first real torpedo scare. We lay at Deep Bottom—no, it was abreast of Dutch Gap, before the canal was dug. It was about midnight, a full moon made it bright as day, though the shadows were, per contrast, deep and dark. Suddenly I saw a stealthy object move out from the shadows of the bend, then another on the surface until half a dozen floated along in echelon right in the current to take the ship that lay moored. Of course they were torpedos. My night-glass swore to it, and my "goose-fleshy" skin just persuaded me, if I needed any such confirmation. *Mendota, ahoy! Aye, aye sir! Torpedos in the river coming down!* Instantly all was alarm. The ship was beat to quarters. The cable was slipped. When suddenly we on shore were astounded by the word shouted at us through the trumpet, *Pull out for them!* This was a go, sure enough. But the cutter's crew were on the beach and tumbled in, and we were to meet these hideous, horrible mysteries within about two minutes by the watch. As we neared the silent floaters, I ran to the bow to clutch them, make fast and do something, I didn't exactly know what. Well I grabbed the first and it resisted, then I was absolutely certain that under me was an infernal machine and that, as the quaint humor rose in my mind, within about an instant I would be going up in mid-air, half angel, half balloon; but the headway of the boat made me relinquish my unwelcome prize without an explosion, but the master's mate in the

stern sheets, gave the strange thing a side wipe and lifted it—it was only a sabot, an eleven-inch sabot, the wooden support for a shell that had dropped from the muzzle of our guns in our afternoon episode up the river. The torpedo fever passed with this experience, and wisdom came in, and impunity, though we never ceased from a wholesome respect for this implement of war.

Here I find, companions, that I have been spinning a dog watch yarn, though I protested having nothing to say. The remainder of my experiences were in the Pontoon work, a relief from the former service because of our losses. Then came the taking of Richmond—the bridge-building; then the passage of all the armies over that thoroughfare, on to Washington, to have a grand review before the Nation's applause, whilst we were taken to Fortress Monroe to guard that old antediluvian Jeff. Davis and some of his miserable confreres, one John Mitchell for instance, a renegade Irish patriot so called, and then in November the blast of war no longer blew in our ears. No longer was fair nature disguised with hard-favored rage. Peace came in, as God's sunlight in the eastern windows, and nothing more was left to be said.



## PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR.

BY LIEUT. COL. JOHN W. BARLOW, CORPS OF ENGINEERS, U. S. A.

[Read February 4, 1885.]

I HAVE listened on several previous occasions with so much interest and pleasure to the recital of personal reminiscences by other companions, that I have become convinced that this custom should be followed until every member of the Order shall have given us an outline, at least, of his own military experiences.

This is the excuse I offer for my paper to-night. By means of these sketches we are permitted to know each other more thoroughly than is possible in any other way, and I doubt not that they will always be received in the same friendly and fraternal spirit that would attend their recital in the privacy of our own family circles.

To go back to the early years of my military life seems almost like searching ancient history, and I find the events of those days have become, in the lapse of time, so blended together that it is difficult to unravel them and select any that are of sufficient interest to lay before you.

Looking back through a period of thirty years, I see myself a boy going to school in a neighboring county of this state, and receiving an appointment which admitted me as a cadet to the U. S. Military Academy in June, 1856. This appointment was obtained by the late Hon. C. C. Washburn, then a Member of Congress, afterwards a Major General, and Governor of the state.

Since that date it has not been my fortune to see much of Wisconsin until a recent assignment placed me here in your beautiful city.

On reaching West Point I was given a room on the fourth floor of barracks with Emory Upton of New York, afterwards Gen. Upton, the author of our present tactics. We were subjected to the usual course of deviling, known at other colleges as hazing, which, in my opinion, is by no means an unmixed evil. These practical jokes, if not carried too far, serve a good purpose; they sharpen the wits of the dull boy, take the starch out of the stiff one, and help largely to mould all into the one general form which constitutes in a brief period the full-fledged cadet. One of the first incidents of this kind occurred to us on the evening of our arrival. We were in our room just after supper, about eight o'clock. A cadet sentinel entered and hurriedly commanded us to put out our light and go to bed, or direful punishment would follow. He then disappeared, and we discussed the matter. I raised objections; but Upton, who had been diligently searching the regulations, stated that a sentinel should always be treated with the greatest respect. That settled it, and we went to bed. Our bed consisted of one pair of blankets and one coverlet. We could lie on either, with the other over us, we could lie on both with nothing over us, or we could lie on nothing with both over us. We averaged by getting between. O what a bed for boys who had perhaps slept on nothing harder than feathers!

A few moments, and a sharp rap at the door was followed by the quick entrance of the cadet officer in charge, who, with well-feigned rage, demanded by what authority we had presumed to put out our light and retire, before the proper hour. We then had to stand at attention in our scanty attire, to re-light the gas, and dress ourselves at once; and then we were admonished to be careful how, in the future, we violated any of the rules of the Military Academy. In spite of my terror and mortification,

I detected an effort on the part of our tormentor to suppress a smile. This only increased the murderous feelings which had taken possession of me.

But more favorable opportunities for deviling a plebe were found in camp. The most convenient and satisfactory method was to quietly visit his tent at the silent midnight hour, when he was sweetly dreaming of the many comforts he had left at home. Then, carefully seizing the corners of his under blanket, a dexterous movement landed the slumberer in the middle of the company street, to awaken entirely alone, wondering how he got there.

In my class were several who have since achieved distinction. There was Adelbert Ames, a modest boy from Maine, who became a Major General, a United States Senator, and a Governor of Mississippi; Kilpatrick, of cavalry fame; Babcock, the favorite aid and private secretary of Gen. Grant. And upon the Southern side was Rosser, who distinguished himself as a dashing cavalry leader, and, since the war, has met success and fortune on our Northern railways.

Among those who gave their lives in defence of the Union were Cross, Kingsbury, Kirby, Hazlett, and McQuesten; Patterson and Pelham were killed on the other side. I am glad to state, that, with one or two exceptions, all repeatedly risked their lives on the battle fields of the war, and nearly four-fifths in defence of the old flag.

At our urgent request, we were graduated about two months in advance of the usual time, and without the customary ceremonies of that occasion.

The oath of allegiance was administered in the most *solemn* and *impressive* manner, and, on the 6th of May, we became Lieutenants in the army.

Passing through New York, we there procured certain military necessities, swords, pistols, new clothing, and

uniforms, previously ordered. Nearly all of us, probably about thirty, took the next evening's train for our destination.

On reaching Philadelphia, about midnight, an incident somewhat dramatic occurred. Passengers for Washington then crossed the river by ferry; and while on board we were directed by one or two persons, who seemed to have our interests in view, to remain until the boat should reach the second landing. Of course we obeyed. All other passengers went ashore at the first landing, leaving us alone with our officious guides.

It should be remembered that we were all young, active and strong, and most of us animated by a desire to distinguish ourselves. We were, moreover, generally provided with pistols and swords; though fortunately, in view of what happened, these weapons were either among our baggage, or so wrapped up as to render their sudden use impossible. We had reached the second landing and were debarking. I was descending the plank when, just ahead of me, I saw one of my class-mates struggling with a stranger. My first thought was, we have fallen among traitors and have been ambuscaded. I rushed to my friend's assistance, caught the other man by the collar and whirled him off into the darkness, from which a voice called out, "*Seize that man! he is a desperate character.*" I think this man was one of those who directed us about landing. What became of him I don't know; but his cry from the darkness to seize me as a desperate character sounded more funny than anything I had ever heard.

Before I could think twice, two policemen in uniform, who looked as large as the goddess of liberty on our court house, had me in a grip of iron. Further resistance was of course useless. I just then caught a glimpse of two long lines of the city police reaching up the street, which

suddenly closed in on us, and we were all prisoners. There was a good deal of loud talk, and some bad talk, I fear; but we were at once escorted to the central police station, where we learned that our arrest had been ordered by the Mayor, on information received from Jersey City to the effect that a number of rebels were purchasing arms, etc. for the Confederacy, and would pass through Philadelphia that night. When matters were explained we were treated with great courtesy, offered the freedom of the Continental Hotel, and, our train being delayed for us, we proceeded on our journey.

While waiting for the dispersion of a mob which had gathered outside the police station, on a report that a capture of rebels had been made, we, at the request of one of the officers, gave a number of policemen some experience in *squad drill*; and, by the methods we had learned as plebes, were able somewhat to gratify our revenge by putting our captors through some of the liveliest movements they had ever experienced.

On reaching Washington, and after a presentation to the veteran General Scott, we were all assigned as instructors among the volunteer regiments which had come and were still coming to the defense of the Capital.

I was first assigned, with several others, to the 12th New York, Col. Daniel Butterfield, the men of which were nearly all recruits, but in a very short time, owing to their intelligence and our strict discipline and careful instruction, became so perfect in drill and parade that their Colonel was rewarded soon afterwards with a General's star. I was also on duty with two or three other regiments, one of which, the 19th New York, desired to make me their Colonel, but the War Department would not entertain the idea. I came near being assigned at that time as Gen. Rufus King's assistant in organizing the troops of this

state. The Secretary of War gave consent, but the Adjutant General objecting, I was again disappointed in my efforts to serve with the volunteers. Later on, to my great regret, I was prevented by official red tape, on other occasions, from accepting tempting offers of promotion in the volunteers.

The actual invasion of Virginia, by Gen. McDowell, found me attached to a regular battery of the 2d Artillery. We camped a few days at Alexandria, preparing for service the battery, which had just come from a southern station, and was without horses.

We started July 17th for Bull Run. This was a very hard march, as all first marches are. Our horses were raw, our men mostly recruits, and the dust and heat terrible. On this march we found little of the pomp and circumstance of glorious war; it was all hard work, the marches being short and hurried, the delays long and tedious.

Two days were consumed in reaching Centreville. During the 21st, the day of the battle, my battery was stationed on the left, near Blackburn's Ford, to help meet an expected counter-attack from that quarter. Beauregard's intended movement there was not made, so we were nearly idle most of the day, listening to the varying fortunes of the battle on our right, and fancying that our forces were gaining a victory.

Later, we were called up to help form a new line in rear of Bull Run, where we bivouacked for the night, and as a part of the rear guard started for Washington towards morning. Picket duty and drills occupied our attention during the several succeeding months, varied by one movement of the army, which resulted in the advance to a new line, resting on Upton's and Munson's Hills, a few miles west of Arlington.

On this line our battery remained in camp, *observing*

the enemy, until late in the fall, when we were transferred to the camps east of the Capital to be organized into horse artillery. By this change we were made very mobile, being provided with the lightest guns then issued, 3-inch rifles, and every man, including cannoneers, mounted on horseback; the object being to have us operate with cavalry.

By spring we were in thorough condition, and with its six guns and caissons, its 100 men and 200 horses, this battery presented on drill or parade a most magnificent picture. The spring campaign opened by the forward movement of the Army of the Potomac towards Manassas, the enemy falling back with little resistance. The change of base to Fort Monroe followed, and we were soon before the fortifications of Yorktown. Here there was but little work for cavalry and horse artillery, and with others I was detailed to superintend the construction of our heavy earth works, from which we hoped to bombard and drive the enemy from Yorktown.

On the evening of May 3d we were ready, and the army slept that night to the music of the most terrific cannonading from the rebel forts that we had yet received. This was their farewell serenade; the next morning their lines were deserted. The light troops hurried in pursuit, our battery with the leading cavalry. As we passed by Yorktown several buried shells exploded under our feet, which had been carefully planted in the road by the rebels. That afternoon we overtook the enemy near Williamsburg, and had a lively skirmish with his rear guard.

A little affair, exciting to a beginner, occurred to me on this occasion. I was senior Lieutenant, commanding the first section, temporarily detached with a squadron of cavalry to explore one of the by-roads of that region. Moving cautiously through the woods, the cavalry some-

what in advance, I was suddenly startled by a terrific uproar in front. Shouts and shots filled the air, and then a perfect whirlwind of cavalry came pouring through the battery, sweeping away all my mounted cannoneers, and tangling up the horses of the guns and caissons in the utmost confusion, the enemy coming on in full pursuit. It was a trying moment. Personally, I was not carried away except in my feelings, which were pretty strong and somewhat varied. I can remember that I was very mad, and dismounted from my horse in the hope of doing something on foot, and was conscious of shouting for cannoneers to help me. One man responded, with the face of a ghost. I recognized him as a recruit who had joined only a day or two before. He said in a pretty firm voice, "Lieutenant, I'll stand by you." I yelled, "Bring a charge of canister!" which order he obeyed in a flash. We two unlimbered, loaded and discharged the gun just as the enemy reached us. About this time my Captain came up with the remainder of the battery. We sent several rounds after the retreating enemy, and followed them through the woods, bivouacking for the night in an open field, beyond which the last of the rebels in our front had been driven.

Next day occurred the battle of Williamsburg. My chief remembrance of this day was occupying a piece of woods with the battery, near Fort Magruder, constantly under fire, and not being able to return a shot. Gen. Hooker came by and ordered us to go in and attack Fort Magruder. We were about to obey when Gen. Emory, our immediate commander, objected; and another battery which happened along at this moment, with heavier guns and a less number of horses, was sent in instead. In a few moments nearly all the officers and men were disabled, the horses killed, and the guns abandoned among the stumps. We considered ourselves lucky.



Operations on the Chickahominy followed, in which we shared the comforts and discomforts of that swampy region with the rest of the army. May 27th the battle of Hanover Court House occurred, in which our battery had the honor of the advance, starting at 3 A. M. in a drizzling rain.

This fight was the result of McClellan's attempt to open the way for McDowell to come down from Fredericksburg and reinforce the right of our army.

On reaching the field of operations, it so happened that I was sent to the skirmish line with one gun of my battery, and there had the satisfaction of driving back what appeared to be an entire regiment, just on the point of charging our line. My gun was at the foot of a slope, upon the crest of which the regiment suddenly appeared, and saluted me with a volley of musketry, which, though knocking over some of my men and horses, was promptly returned by a double charge of canister. There were over two hundred bullets in those canisters, and the charge of that regiment was postponed. A battery of four guns now opened on me from the same crest, but was immediately engaged by the other guns of my own battery from the ridge behind, and the attention of the rebels was sufficiently occupied.

Finding myself between two fires, and not being able to see the rebel guns concealed behind the crest, I took my gun back to the others, where we had a real comfortable artillery duel; comfortable, because we were their superior in number of guns, quality of ammunition and marksmanship. We thoroughly demoralized that battery; one gun being so disabled that it was left on the field, and was afterward picked up and carried home by the 17th New York Infantry as a trophy.

The battle of Hanover Court House was a success at

all points, the railroad and supplies were captured and destroyed, and the way made clear for McDowell.

But McDowell did not come; and after several weeks of waiting, during which Fair Oaks occurred, Stonewall Jackson appeared where we had been looking for re-inforcements, and on the 26th of June began at Mechanicsville the series of battles known as the Seven Days fight, resulting in the change of base to the James River.

It was a hard week, fighting by day and marching by night; the two armies often so mixed up that friend and foe frequently camped side by side in the darkness, enjoying unwittingly a few peaceful hours in each other's company. But, when either side discovered this fact, he assumed that the other party had a prior claim, and with an Arab's courtesy disturbed not his sleeping enemy, but, under cover of the night, stole quietly away.

One of the most serious hardships during this period was the lack of sleep. A nap in the saddle, a few winks under a tree during a short halt, must answer until our goal was reached.

Malvern Hills, near the James River, where we arrived after four days, gave us no rest. Here we must fight two days more before the object of the movement was attained. This was a severe, and to those in front seemed a decisive battle. Our army was concentrated, and the enemy had brought against us all his available troops. It was like other great battles; the roar of artillery and musketry was incessant, the stream of ordnance wagons bringing up ammunition uninterrupted, and the ambulances and field hospitals were taxed to their utmost.

It seemed as though great results must follow; but, notwithstanding the fact that we had beaten the enemy at all points, had repulsed again and again his most reckless and determined charges, we were to retire from the field as we had been doing for the past week.

Our battery, which was in action near the left of the line, at the close of the second day's fight bivouacked on the field; the men sleeping like logs, in spite of the groans of the wounded who were being gathered up by relief parties.

About midnight orders came to fall back towards Harrison's Landing. I was directed to remain on the field with my section and follow with the rear guard, and to save my guns, if possible. I had no difficulty whatever in doing so, as before daylight we discovered that the rebs had fled as well as ourselves. The pickets of both armies alone confronted each other.

Gen. McClellan has been much criticised for not following up his victory at Malvern. We, at the time, thought the whole movement one of a strategic nature, and presumed that this apparent retreat was but a part of the same wise policy which would enable him to secure a better base and line of operations for gaining his objective, Richmond. We had an abundant faith, and I heard no surprise nor dissatisfaction expressed with our General.

Many dreary weeks of inaction followed, homesickness and fevers prevailed, and I think the army suffered more during this time than it would have done from another seven days' series of battles. Skirmishing and picket duty went on, of course, and occasional expeditions in the country. In one of these my Captain received a wound in a fight on the old battlefield of Malvern, from which he soon afterward died.

An interesting incident of our encampment at Harrison's Landing was the shelling which the rebels gave us one night from the opposite side of the river. While it lasted, the display was one of the handsomest pyrotechnic exhibitions I had ever seen. Our batteries soon silenced the rebs, and the experiment was not repeated.

Upon the death of my Captain the command of the battery fell to me, but I did not long retain it, as sometime before I had been transferred to the Engineer branch of the army, in which I have since served. I probably should not have consented to this transfer could I have foreseen that I would so soon have command of this splendid battery. As it was, I left with many regrets a service which combined all the most agreeable elements of the military profession.

I was afterwards, throughout the war, only an Engineer, engaged on reconnoitering duty, building bridges, roads, and making maps of the country as far in advance of our line as it was prudent to explore.

As an Engineer officer, I served during the Gettysburg campaign in command of a company of the Engineer battalion, engaged on the various duties belonging to that arm of the service, reconnoitering, scouting, and other staff duty, and in the subsequent advances of the Army of the Potomac I frequently built pontoon bridges across the Rappahannock and Rapidan Rivers.

The most notable movement during that season was the advance to and return from Mine Run in November, during which occurred a good deal of skirmishing, and much suffering from the severity of the weather.

I left our comfortable quarters at Brandy Station late in February, '64, for a few months' tour of duty at West Point, and next spring was transferred to the West, joining Gen. Sherman's armies near Marietta, Georgia.

I served on Gen. McPherson's staff until July 20th, when I was assigned, as Engineer of the 17th Corps, to the staff of Gen. Frank Blair. On the 22d occurred the battle of Atlanta, one of the sharpest of the war, in which the 17th Corps covered itself with glory by repulsing five different charges of the enemy from both front and

rear. These reckless charges, in which, it was said, whiskey furnished a part of the inspiration, cost the rebels 2,000 men killed on the slope of Bald Hill, afterwards called Leggett's Hill, in honor of the Division commander who held the crest.

In the beginning of this fight the gallant McPherson met a soldier's death, falling in the full tide of his splendid career, after having reached the topmost limit of military glory, and before the voice of envy or calumny had raised a note which could tarnish the brightness of his fame.

The Army of the Tennessee had lost its leader, but had gained fresh laurels; and the work in its present position having been accomplished, it was again put in march under Gen. Logan, and making a long detour to the extreme right on the opposite side of Atlanta, at Ezra Church it again encountered the weight of Hood's forces on the 28th. This was the third time that Hood had gallantly tried, by leaving the trenches filled with militia and throwing his massed veterans upon a fraction of our line, to gain an important advantage. But the desperate bravery of his men was each time unavailing. Here, as on the 22d, his losses were enormous. In front of one of our regiments armed with Spencer rifles, I saw, after the enemy fell back, almost an entire regiment of dead, including the colonel. So near together and in such good line were the bodies, that a person could have walked its whole length without touching ground. The utmost courage, pushed even to desperation, was unable to break the steady lines of those western soldiers, who had never known defeat.

A sick leave of absence took me north just before the capture of Atlanta, and prevented my accompanying the army in its march to the sea. On attempting to return I was cut off at Chattanooga, and was soon afterward

assigned to duty at Nashville, and placed in charge as Engineer of the defences of that city. Soon followed Hood's advance into Tennessee, culminating in the battles of Franklin and Nashville. The decisive results of these battles, the thoroughness with which Hood was followed up and his army dispersed, did much, as is well known, to bring about the final collapse of the Confederacy.

With this campaign ended my active service in the rebellion, and soon after I took up the more peaceful, if not more pleasant, duties of my profession.

## THE MINE RUN MOVEMENT.

BY BVT. LIEUT. COL. JOHN L. HATHAWAY, U. S. V.

[Read April 1, 1885.]

APOLOGIZING, and pleading want of time, study and preparation, my infliction upon you to-night relative to a projected battle not fought, you will find has one merit, that of brevity.

In the latter part of November, 1863, the 3d Corps of the Army of the Potomac was quietly resting in its camps in Virginia, about twenty miles from the Rapidan, with no thought of immediate further offensive military operations. Our beds of poles, crotched sticks and barrel staves, covered with boughs of pine and balsam, supplemented with blankets, were marvels of luxury, and our Quartermaster and Commissary Departments were all that could be desired.

Weary of the marchings and counter-marchings of previous campaigns, as well as the spring baths of Virginia mud, our constitutions seemed to be able, without impairment, to stand a long season of rest and quiet camp life, to dream of home, and perchance a flying leave to visit our Mecca, Washington, and listen to the comments of the "stay-at-homes" upon that superb and superbly abused body, the Army of the Potomac, and smile at the query so frequently put, "why didn't it do something?"

But the end was not yet. About the 25th of November orders came to break camp and prepare to move. The following morning, with ten days' marching rations, we moved out, and with high hopes, buoyant spirits and clear skies, took up our march towards the Rapidan.

The clamors of the North, and the seemingly favorable opportunity for a strategic movement and successful issue, moved Gen. Meade, then in command of the Army of the Potomac, to develop a plan by which, advancing upon Lee's army, now lying along the Rapidan, he hoped to be able to cross the river, turn the defenses of the rebel army on the little stream known as Mine Run, and thus interposing between Ewell's and Hill's Corps, by celerity of movement, whip them in detail before Gen. Lee might divine our purpose, or intervene to prevent. And thus was initiated what is known as the "Mine Run Movement."

The 1st, 2d, 5th and 6th Corps were likewise in motion, making for the lower fords of the river, crossing and marching as nearly as might be by parallel lines, converging near Robertson's Tavern and Parker's Store. Reaching the Rapidan at Jacobs' Mill Ford, if my memory serves me correctly, we bivouacked along its banks, and on the following morning, on pontoons already in position, crossed the river, and with toil and trouble climbed the precipitous banks on the farther side, and were soon again upon the march for our objective point. And here allow me to digress a little. It is well known to all of us that in marches, battles and campaigns, we, of regiments, brigades, divisions, and even corps, know very little, at the time, of the plans, objects or movements we are called to execute or participate in, or what is being done by other than our immediate commands. I trust, therefore, I may not be accused of plagiarism if, in attempting to give a partial account of the movement, I draw upon approved history for the facts relating to commands other than that to which I was attached.

In again taking up our line of march, by misdirection our Corps took a wrong road, and soon unwittingly came upon a force of the enemy; but not being loaded for bears,



after severe skirmishing we withdrew, and changing direction somewhat, resumed the march, and shortly thereafter ascertaining as to our position with reference to the other Corps, and that we were on the right track, went into bivouac, and thus ended the second day.

The next morning we were again upon the move, and in a few hours the rebel defenses on Mine Run, to which the enemy had retired on our approach, opened up before us.

Gen. Lee, divining our intentions, had not been idle, and the sound of the axe and the falling of trees constantly heard from the rebel lines gave evidence of rapid work, and the defenses of the enemy, already formidable, were growing in strength hour by hour, while our army quietly rested, or marched into positions in accordance with the dispositions being made for a combined general assault upon the entire line of the rebel works.

Gen. Warren had taken position upon our left, and opposite the enemy's right, and making a reconnoissance in force, felt of the enemy and ascertained, so far as practicable, its strength and position. Sedgwick held our right, Sykes, Newton, and our own 3d Corps holding the center.

Our position along the crest of a hill, with a line of timber on our right, looked down upon a beautiful valley, of from a quarter to half mile in width, through which meandered the little stream known as Mine Run, with its grassy and marshy banks, while beyond the valley, and upon the ridge of the opposite slope, loomed up the formidable earth-works of the enemy; and thus passed the third day.

On the next morning all was ready, and we only awaited the preconcerted signal gun from Warren's position to attempt the assault, by a heavy fire of artillery, covering a double quick of the infantry down the hill, across the valley and stream, up the slope, and a dash upon the enemy's works.

But no signal gun was heard. With anxious hearts, and with a full realization of the dangers of the movements, our command rested upon its arms, calmly awaiting whatever might come to it.

After a time, report came through an aid from Gen. Warren, that, upon a reconnoissance early in the morning, he had found the enemy's right greatly strengthened since the preceding day, and now too strong to attack. All honor to Gen. Warren. With the great responsibility resting upon him, the command ready and willing to do or die, the vituperation of the rash, uninitiated people of the North sure to fall upon him, he took no thought for himself, and with the courage born of greatness, by his action, approved by his commander, saved the army from what, it could hardly otherwise be concluded, would have been to us a most disastrous movement.

Brilliant in conception, practical and possible of execution, the plan was worthy of the General commanding, but the unexpected and vexatious delays in execution, when everything depended upon suddenness and celerity of action, thwarted the movement, and rendered impossible what might otherwise have been most successful.

Nothing now remained for us but rapid retreat, if possible, before the enemy could be aware of the movement, and obstruct or prevent our re-crossing of the Rapidan. Pickets were thrown out to cover our movements, with orders to withdraw at midnight, and follow by direct and shortest roads, and our army awaited the friendly shades of night.

Near the position on Mine Run, occupied by the Brigade and Division to which I was attached, stood an old frame Virginia farm house, the home of a then lonely female, of doubtful age, with Southern proclivities and scornful mien; she hated the Yankees, and was "right smart" with her tongue in so declaring.

Toothsome looking turkeys were strutting about the apology for a yard, and negotiations were opened with the old lady for one or two for our mess. Would she sell them? Yes! reckoned they was worth about \$10 a piece, preferred confederate scrip, "but if we hadn't nuthin' else, *would* take Yankee money." There was too much gall in this for us. Turkey graced our board, and I am of the opinion that the mess is still indebted for it.

This was retribution sufficient. Judge then of the shock and dismay, as, while in line, waiting for the cover of complete darkness, we looked back, to see flames suddenly burst from doors, windows and roof of the cabin, lighting up the heavens and exposing to rebel view our shining barrels and preparations for retreat. A few short minutes served to consume the old structure, and render homeless the poor, lone woman, whose man had gone to fight the Yanks. Such is War.

As the shades of evening deepened, we were on the move. Marching rapidly and silently to the rear, with scarcely what might be called a halt, morning found us nearing the banks of the Rapidan, reaching which, we crossed on the pontoons, which had remained during our forward movement, as rapidly as possible, and climbing the banks were once more across the river.

Posting guns on the crest of the banks, opening fire across the river and shelling the woods in our rear, through which we had just passed, to check the enemy should he pursue, our command, weary and exhausted, sank upon the ground, and, under the very guns, slept away the toils and fatigues of this vividly remembered night's march.

After a few hours of rest, we continued our march to the rear, and at sundown again halted until about 9 o'clock at night—then resuming our way, sunrise found us on our old welcome camp sites, and the Mine Run Movement was over.

## THE EAGLES AND STARS—WISCONSIN.

BY CAPT. J. A. WATROUS, U. S. V.

(Read Nov. 3, 1886, and corrected up to 1891.)

**T**HE Colonels of Wisconsin regiments, commands which helped to make the grandest volunteer army modern times knows anything about—officers who led brave men in the great war of the Rebellion—who were they? Where are they? What is the record of the survivors? Without waste of speech, I will endeavor to answer the questions. The reader may ask, why select the regimental commanders? Why not choose the line officers, or the men in the ranks? For the reason that it is possible to speak of the regimental commanders who attained the rank of Colonel in a paper to be read before this Commandery. To mention the line officers would be out of the question in the space allowed, and twenty books, of 500 pages each, would be required to suitably speak of the noble men who filled the ranks of Wisconsin's heroic regiments. That there were, in the ranks, men who would have made just as competent regimental commanders as those who were commissioned to lead our state's troops, there is no room for doubt. There was no lack of bravery in our Wisconsin regiments, nor were brains wanting. It is safe to say that no regiment left the state in which there were not hundreds of men who would have made as successful Colonels as the officers who did wear eagles and command them, if we except the few who had seen service in a previous war, or who had graduated from military schools. But I must enter upon the task chosen.

The Colonels of the 1st Infantry were John C. Stark-

weather and George B. Bingham. Starkweather became a Brigadier General in 1863. For some years after the war he resided in Oconomowoc, near which beautiful spot he had a large farm, and later was postmaster. For many years he was a lawyer and pension agent in Washington. He died last year, and sleeps in beautiful Forest Home, Milwaukee. Col. Bingham made Milwaukee his home for a number of years after his term of service, then went to Kansas, where he followed farming. He is now residing at Westboro, Massachusetts, owns a farm and is in comfortable circumstances.

The Colonels of the 2d Infantry were S. Park Coon, who resigned in 1861, then lived in Chicago for some years, and died in Milwaukee six or seven years ago; Edgar O'Connor, who was promoted from a Captain in the regular army, and was killed at Gainesville, Va., Aug. 28th, 1862; Lucius Fairchild, who lost an arm at Gettysburg, was made a Brigadier General, secretary of state, governor three times, consul to Liverpool, consul-general to Paris and minister to Spain, and now lives at Madison, honored and respected by all; was Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R. and three times Commander of Wisconsin Commandery, Military Order of the Loyal Legion; and John Mansfield, who lives at Los Angeles, California, and has been lieutenant-governor of that state. Fairchild and Mansfield entered the army with the rank of Captain. Gen. Fairchild was a Captain in the 16th Regulars for a time.

The 3d Infantry had for Colonels Charles S. Hamilton, Thomas H. Ruger and William Hawley. Col. Hamilton was made a Brigadier General in 1861 and a Major General in 1862, having commanded a regiment, brigade, division, corps and army. Col. Ruger won the stars of a Brigadier General, and was brevetted a Major General; he

is now a Brigadier General in the regular army. Col. Hawley entered the regular army after the war, and died in 1869. Gen. Hamilton was an honored citizen of Milwaukee for a long time, dying last spring.

The 4th Infantry became a cavalry regiment. I will speak of it under another head.

The 5th had Amasa Cobb and Thos. S. Allen. Col. Cobb was elected to congress in 1862, and resigned in 1863 to take his seat. He remained in congress eight years, and soon after retiring removed to Lincoln, Nebraska, where he now resides, and is a justice of the Supreme Court, and Commander of the Commandery of Nebraska, Military Order of the Loyal Legion. In 1864 he was made Colonel of the 43d Wisconsin. Lieut. Col. Thomas S. Allen, who went into the service as a Captain of the 2d, succeeded Cobb with the 5th, and was also Colonel of the reorganized regiment in 1864. He was brevetted a Brigadier General, was secretary of state from January 1, 1866, to January 1, 1870, and for a dozen years was one of the editors and publishers of the Oshkosh Northwestern. He is now connected with the Oshkosh Telegraph.

The Colonels of the 6th were Lysander Cutler, Edward S. Bragg, Rufus R. Dawes and John A. Kellogg. Bragg and Dawes were Captains at first, and Kellogg a Lieutenant. Cutler was made a Brigadier in 1862, and later was made a Brevet Major General. He died in Milwaukee a few years after the war. Edward S. Bragg became a Brigadier General in 1864, has served six years in congress, been minister to Mexico, and still resides at Fond du Lac, where he located in 1851. Rufus R. Dawes was brevetted a Brigadier General, and resides at Marietta, Ohio; he has been a member of congress. John A. Kellogg, who was brevetted a Brigadier General, served as U. S. pension

agent and state senator. He practiced law at Wausau for some years, dying in 1883.

The 7th had for Colonels Joseph Van Dor, W. W. Robinson, Mark Finnicum and Hollon Richardson. Van Dor remained but a short time. He died a few years ago. Col. Robinson resigned in 1864, and was for some years consul to Madagascar. Col. Finnicum resides at Pulaski, Ky. Richardson became a Brevet Brigadier General, and is a leading criminal lawyer, residing at Chippewa Falls.

Robert C. Murphy, George W. Robbins, John W. Jefferson and W. B. Britton were Colonels of the 8th. Murphy is at Washington. Robbins is south. Jefferson is a cotton broker and resides at Memphis, Tennessee, and Britton is at Janesville, where he is a prosperous business man, and has served in the assembly.

Frederick Salomon, Chas. E. Salomon and Arthur Jacobi were Colonels of the 9th. Frederick was made a Brigadier General, and brevetted a Major General, and is a resident of St. Louis. Charles E. was brevetted a Brigadier, served as clerk of the court for Cook County, Ill., and died ten years ago. Jacobi's home was at Green Bay. He is dead. Col. Jacobi published a German paper at Green Bay before the war.

Alfred C. Chapin, John G. McMynn and Duncan McKercher were Colonels of the 10th. Chapin resigned in January, 1863, and died many years ago. Col. McMynn resigned in June of the same year. He has since been superintendent of public instruction, and the equal of any the state ever had. He is now a resident of Madison. Col. McKercher resides in Kansas.

Charles L. Harris is the only Colonel the 11th ever had. He returned with the regiment at the end of three years, and was brevetted a Brigadier General. He lives at Myra, Nebraska, and has served several terms in the state senate.

George E. Bryant and James K. Proudfit were Colonels of the 12th. Both were brevetted Brigadiers. Gen. Bryant has been county judge of Dane, served four years in the senate, been secretary of the State Agricultural Association and quartermaster general of the State, and is now postmaster at Madison. Gen. Proudfit has been surveyor general of New Mexico, and at present is a resident of Wyandotte, Kansas. He also served a term in our state senate.

Maurice Maloney, W. P. Lyon and Augustus H. Kummil were Colonels of the 13th. Col. Maloney remained but a short time, when he was recalled to his position in the regular army. He was for many years a resident of Green Bay, a retired officer. W. P. Lyon has been circuit judge and is now one of the Supreme Court judges. Kummil died in Kansas a few years ago.

David E. Wood, John Hancock and Lyman M. Ward were Colonels of the 14th. Wood was a Fond du Lac lawyer and died in June, 1862. Hancock has resided most of the time, since the war, at Oshkosh, but has an extensive cranberry marsh near City Point, Jackson county, where he has made his home a portion of the time the last ten years. He entered the army a Lieutenant in the 2d. Ward, who was brevetted a Brigadier General, has resided at Benton Harbor, Mich., near which he has a large fruit farm. He has served several years in the Michigan legislature, and is now postmaster. Ward went out a Captain.

Colonels Hans C. Heg and Ole C. Johnson Shipnes commanded the 15th. Col. Heg was mortally wounded at the battle of Chicamauga. He was state's prison commissioner previous to the war. Col. Ole Johnson Shipnes was a successful business man at Beloit; has served in the assembly, been sergeant-at-arms of the assembly, state immigration commissioner, and owned a bank at Water-



town, Dakota, and thousands of acres of land. He died about five years ago.

Benjamin Allen and Cassius Fairchild were Colonels of the 16th. Col. Allen resigned in 1863, and died some years since. Col. Fairchild, who was a brother of our honored ex-governor, was brevetted a Brigadier General. He was United States marshal at the time of his death, more than twenty years ago.

Col. John L. Doran held his commission in the 17th but two or three weeks, when he was succeeded by Adam G. Malloy, who was brevetted a Brigadier General. He has resided in Texas for a long time, and at present holds a government office at Galveston. Col. Doran is practicing law in Chicago.

James S. Alban, Gabriel Bouck and Charles H. Jackson were Colonels of the 18th. Col. Alban was killed at the battle of Shiloh. Col. Bouck has served four years in congress and is a rich lawyer of Oshkosh. He was first a Captain in the 2d. Col. Jackson, who was a Captain at first, now resides at Minneapolis.

Horace T. Saunders and Samuel K. Vaughn were Colonels of the 19th. Col. Saunders left the service a Brevet Brigadier General in April, 1865, and died soon after. Col. Vaughn entered the service a Captain. He died at Portage ten years ago.

Bertine Pinkney, of Peabody, Kas., who had been Major of the 3d, and Henry Bertram, then of Watertown, who went out as Adjutant of the 3d, were Colonels of the 20th. Bertram won a brevet star. He died at Juneau fourteen years ago.

Benjamin J. Sweet, Harrison C. Hobart and M. H. Fitch were Colonels of the 21st. Gen. Sweet was for a time in command of the Confederate prisoners at Camp Douglas, Chicago, and discovered the plot of the rebels to

release the prisoners and burn the city, and took prompt measures which prevented the calamities. He entered the service while a statesenator from Calumet and Manitowoc counties, as Major of the 6th. After the war he was pension agent at Chicago, and at the time of his death he was deputy commissioner of internal revenue. Gen. Hobart, who had served in both branches of the legislature, been speaker of the assembly and twice ran for governor, entered the army as a Captain in the 4th. He is now a much respected resident of Milwaukee. M. H. Fitch was commissioned Colonel, but did not muster. He was first a private, then Sergeant Major, and then a First Lieutenant in the 6th Wisconsin. He is a prominent and much respected citizen of Pueblo, Col.

W. L. Utley, who had been a state senator, and was adjutant general of the State in 1861, and Edward Bloodgood, were Colonels of the 22d. Col. Utley was for a long time editor of the Racine Journal and postmaster after the war. He died three years ago. Col. Bloodgood resides in Milwaukee, and is highly esteemed.

Joshua J. Guppey was Colonel of the 23d, and was for many years county judge of Columbia. He resides at Portage.

Charles H. Larrabee, Theodore S. West and Arthur McArthur, Jr., were Colonels of the 24th. Larrabee had been a circuit judge and congressman previous to the war. He went into the army from Horicon as Major of the 5th. He was killed in a railroad accident eight years ago. Col. West went out as Adjutant of the 5th. He died at Washington three years ago. Col. McArthur left the state as Adjutant of the regiment of which he became Colonel, and was only 21 years of age when he reached the latter rank. He is now a Major in the regular army.

Milton Montgomery, of the 25th, who lost an arm

and became a Brevet Brigadier General, is now a much esteemed citizen and lawyer of Lincoln, Neb., where he has lived for nearly eighteen years. While a resident of Sparta, after the war, he was an unsuccessful candidate for attorney general, circuit judge and secretary of state. He has been a candidate for attorney general since going to Nebraska, and is now a circuit judge. Lieut. Col. Jeremiah M. Rusk, of the 25th, who commanded the regiment much of the time, and a brigade for some months, was brevetted a Brigadier. He has served Wisconsin in the assembly, as bank comptroller, in congress, and seven years as governor, and is a member of President Harrison's cabinet.

William H. Jacobs and Fred. C. Winkler, both of Milwaukee, were Colonels of the 26th. Col. Jacobs served in the state senate, and was a wealthy banker and lumberman. He died in 1882. Winkler, who is one of the foremost lawyers of the state, entered the 26th as a Captain and came home a Brevet Brigadier General. He has served in the assembly and been twice the republican candidate for congress in the Milwaukee district. He is still practicing law in Milwaukee.

Conrad Krez was Colonel of the 27th. He is a lawyer, an author of note, and has been district attorney several terms, and was collector of customs under Cleveland. He resides in Milwaukee. He was brevetted a Brigadier General.

Dr. James M. Lewis and E. B. Gray were Colonels of the 28th. Col. Lewis was Surgeon of the 2d, and made prisoner at the first Bull Run. Col. E. B. Gray resides in Marshfield, and is Assistant Adjutant General of the Grand Army of the Republic for Wisconsin. Lewis was first appointed Surgeon of the 28th, but was made Colonel before the regiment left the state. His is the only case, so

far as Wisconsin troops are concerned, where the Surgeon stepped to the head of the command.

Charles R. Gill, William A. Green and Bradford Hancock were Colonels of the 29th. Col. Gill was attorney general for four years, assistant U. S. district attorney and commissioner of pensions, which latter office he held but a brief time in consequence of failing health. He died at Madison six years ago. Col. Green died ten years ago. Col. Hancock was a lawyer at Chicago, where he died four years ago.

Daniel J. Dill was Colonel of the 30th. He went out as a Captain of the 6th, and is now a merchant at Prescott, this state, and has served two terms in the assembly.

Isaac E. Messmore, F. H. West and George D. Rogers were Colonels of the 31st. Messmore was Lieutenant Colonel of the 14th a short time, and remained Colonel of the 31st but a few months. He has been a Michigan editor for several years. West went out as Lieutenant Colonel, and was brevetted a Brigadier General. He lives in Milwaukee, and has served as United States marshal.

James H. Howe and Charles H. DeGrote were Colonels of the 32d. Howe was a Green Bay lawyer and had been attorney general. Since the war he has been prominently connected with railroads. His residence is St. Paul. DeGrote entered the regiment as Captain, and came home a Brevet Brigadier General. He has served as county clerk in Fond du Lac county, and is now a prominent manufacturer in Fond du Lac.

Jonathan B. Moore served three years as Colonel of the 33d, and was brevetted Brigadier General. He died at Muscoda, Grant county, a few years since.

Fritz Anneke, who was Colonel of the 34th, has been dead many years.

Henry Orff, who had been Lieutenant Colonel of the

34th, was made Colonel of the 35th. He is a resident of Milwaukee. He was succeeded by George H. Walthers, who was first a Captain in the 7th, then Major of the 34th, and afterwards Major and Lieutenant Colonel in the 35th. Col. Walthers resides in Milwaukee, where he is a very popular gentleman. He has been deputy collector of customs, and is now a justice of the peace.

F. A. Haskell, John A. Savage, Jr., Harvey M. Brown and C. E. Warner were Colonels of the 36th. Haskell had been Adjutant of the 6th, Captain and Assistant Adjutant General on Gen. Gibbon's staff, and was killed at Cold Harbor, just as he was to be promoted. Savage was mortally wounded in front of Petersburg in 1864. Brown was badly wounded. He resides in Columbus, this state. Warner lost an arm. He served in the senate in 1867-8, and has served in the assembly from Dane county, where he is a farmer.

The Colonels of the 37th were Samuel Harriman and John Green. Harriman was first a Captain in the 30th. He came home with a twinkling star on his shoulder, and is a business man at Somerset, St. Croix county. Col. Green went out as Captain. He served in the assembly in 1867.

The Colonels of the 38th were James Bintliff, now of Darlington, and Colwert K. Pier, a Milwaukee lawyer. Bintliff went out a Captain in the 22d, and Pier as a private in the 1st, being the first man to enlist in his county. Bintliff was brevetted a Brigadier.

E. L. Buttrick, now of West Virginia, was Colonel of the 39th.

W. A. Ray, who was Colonel of the 40th, is a resident of Chicago.

George B. Goodwin, a prominent Milwaukee lawyer for many years, was Colonel of the 41st. He died in 1886.

Ezra T. Sprague, who was Colonel of the 42d, was first

Adjutant of the 8th. Since the war he has been judge of the Green Bay circuit, and was a prominent citizen of Salt Lake City, Utah, at the time of his death.

As already stated, Amasa Cobb was Colonel of the 43d.

George G. Symes, who was a private in the 2d, Adjutant and later Captain in the 25th, was Colonel of the 44th. He has been an associate justice in Montana, and is now a rich lawyer in Denver, having served four years in congress.

Henry F. Belitz, who was a Captain in the 9th, was Colonel of the 45th. He died at Kiel a few years ago.

F. S. Lovell, who served some time as Lieutenant Colonel of the 33d, was Colonel of the 46th. He is dead.

George C. Ginty, a prominent newspaper man in this state for thirty years, and editor and publisher of the Chippewa Herald twenty years, was Colonel of the 47th. Previously he was Major of the 39th. He was brevetted Brigadier General. Gen. Ginty served four years in the state senate and was United States marshal for the western district at his death, in December, 1890.

Uri B. Pearsall, who was first a private in the 4th Wisconsin, became Colonel of the 48th. Previous to his promotion in this regiment he was Lieutenant Colonel of a colored regiment. He lives in Kansas.

The first Colonel of the 49th was Samuel Fallows, who entered the service as Chaplain and left it a Brevet Brigadier General. Since the war he has held the office of superintendent of public instruction, has been president of an Illinois college, and is now a bishop in the Reformed Episcopal church and resides in Chicago. The second Colonel was Edward Colman, who was First Lieutenant in the 18th, and badly wounded at Shiloh. Since the war he has been a bank official, sheriff of Fond du Lac county,

and a senator from the same county. He still resides at Fond du Lac.

Col. C. D. Robinson, of the Green Bay Advocate, repeatedly declined commissions in Wisconsin regiments, early in the war, being Captain and Assistant Quartermaster on Gen. Rufus King's staff. He finally said to the governor, "I will accept the Colonelcy of the 50th," little thinking that the number of Wisconsin regiments would reach that high figure. When it was decided to organize the 50th, he was tendered the appointment, but owing to poor health, he reluctantly declined, and John G. Clark, who had been Quartermaster of the 5th, was made Colonel. He is a judge in Oklahoma.

Leonard Martin, son of Morgan L. Martin, of Green Bay, was Colonel of the 51st. He was an officer in the regular army, and had previously declined a commission as Lieutenant Colonel of the 46th. He is dead.

William C. Webb was commissioned Colonel of the 52d, and had been Quartermaster of the 37th. He went from Wautoma. Had been prominent in politics, serving once as speaker. He has been a resident of Kansas the past twenty years, having served in the Kansas legislature and been a circuit judge. He did not muster as Colonel.

Ole C. Johnson Shipnes, whose term had expired in the 15th, was commissioned Colonel of the 53d, but did not muster.

The state had four Cavalry regiments. Edward Daniels and O. H. LaGrange were Colonels of the 1st. Daniels had been state geologist. He resigned in February, 1863, and has resided in Virginia most of the time since the war. Oscar H. LaGrange went out as Captain of the 4th, and was promoted Major in the 1st Cavalry, and won his way by hard fighting to the rank of Colonel and Brevet Brigadier General. Since the war he has spent much of

his time in California, and was for several years superintendent of the mint at San Francisco. He is at present deeply interested in mines in Arizona, but resides in New York City. Lieut. Col. Henry Harnden, a most gallant soldier, was brevetted Brigadier General.

The 2d Cavalry had for Colonels Cadwallader C. Washburn, Thomas Stevens and Nicholas H. Dale. Washburn became a Major General, and since the war served four years in congress and had been governor. He died in 1883. Col. Stevens has been dead many years, and Col. Dale, who went into the service as Captain, died about ten years since.

Ex-Gov. Wm. A. Barstow was Colonel of the 3d for more than three years, and died in December, 1865. Thomas Derry was commissioned Colonel in March, 1865. He was a surgeon in the English army and was through the Crimean war. Entering the service as Captain he won his way to the head of the regiment. His present residence is Napa, Cal.

The 4th went out as infantry, but became a cavalry regiment. Its Colonels were Halbert E. Paine, Sidney A. Bean, Fred. A. Boardman, Joseph Bailey, Webster P. Moore and Nelson F. Craigue. Paine became a Brigadier General and lost a leg at Port Hudson. He served six years in congress from the Milwaukee district, has been commissioner of patents, and is at present practicing law at Washington. Col. Bean, who went out as Lieutenant Colonel, and was a brother of Capt. I. M. Bean, was killed in the battle of Port Hudson, May 29, 1863. Col. Boardman, who was Major when the regiment went south, was killed in action near Baton Rouge, May 3d, 1864. Joseph Bailey was made a Brigadier General and brevetted Major General. He moved to Missouri after the war, and while sheriff in charge of some prisoners was shot dead



by one of them. Moore is a resident of Chicago, and Col. Craigue is in the Lake Superior mining regions.

C. C. Messervey, who was a Lieutenant in the 2d Infantry, an old La Crosse newspaper man, became Colonel of the 1st Wisconsin Heavy Artillery. For some years he was city editor of the Milwaukee Wisconsin, but for a dozen years, or more, was in business in New York. He is dead.

No state in the Union sent an equal number of better, more intelligent, and braver regimental commanders to the field.

Rufus King was the first Brigadier General appointed from Wisconsin. He was a graduate of West Point; was for many years editor of the Milwaukee Sentinel, organized the Iron Brigade, and afterwards commanded a division. He died at New York. He declined an appointment as Minister to Rome, to tender his services as a soldier.

Carl Schurz was appointed a Major General from civil life, but did not long remain in the army. He has served in the U. S. senate, been a cabinet minister, and resides in New York.

Among other Wisconsin men who did not become Colonels of regiments, and were made Brigadier Generals by brevet, may be named Major William H. Morgan, who was Assistant Adjutant General; Lieut. Col. Theodore Read, who was an Assistant Adjutant General; William E. Strong, who was a Captain in the 2d Infantry, Major and Lieutenant Colonel in the 12th, and was much of the time on staff duty. Generals Strong and Read are dead. Among Wisconsin officers who were commissioned Colonel by brevet are, Dennis B. Daly, who was a private, sergeant, Lieutenant and Captain of the 2d Infantry and Major of the 6th Infantry. He has been a resident of

Council Bluffs, Iowa, since 1865, where he is practicing law; Lieut. Col. M. H. Fitch, 21st Wisconsin; Lieut. Col. Thomas Reynolds, 16th Wisconsin; Lieut. Col. Roswell M. Sawyer, Assistant Adjutant General; Lieut. Col. George W. Stevenson, 3d Wisconsin Infantry; Lieut. Col. Luther H. Whittlesey, 11th Wisconsin.

Lieut. Col. Thomas Kerr, who was a private, corporal, sergeant, Lieutenant, Captain, Major and Lieutenant Colonel of the 6th Wisconsin, and has resided in Milwaukee ever since the war, is now a government store-keeper in the department of the Collector of Customs, was offered a commission as Brevet Colonel, but said he did not care for it.

## THE NATIONAL HOME.

BY COL. JOHN L. MITCHELL, 1ST LIEUT. 24TH WIS. VOL. INFANTRY.

[Read April 1, 1891.]

THE subject which I have chosen does not lend itself to glowing description, like the stories of battle and bivouac that your meetings are accustomed to. It consists in a prosy and altogether pathetic array of facts and figures. By an act of congress, approved March 3, 1865, the "National Military and Naval Asylum for the totally disabled officers and men of the volunteer forces of the United States" was incorporated. The year following a bill was passed granting admission to the National Home of "all honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who served in the war of the rebellion, and the volunteer soldiers and sailors of the Mexican war and of the war of 1812, not otherwise provided for, who are disabled by age, disease, or otherwise, and by reason of such disability are incapable of earning a living, provided that such disability was not incurred in service against the United States." An act of congress in 1884 directs the admission to the home of "all United States soldiers of any war who are incapable of earning a living, whether the incapability resulted from the service or not."

These several acts provide, in substance: First, that the President of the United States, Secretary of War, Chief Justice of the United States, with such other persons as may from time to time be joined with them, shall be incorporated as the Board of Managers of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers. The number of managers, in addition to those ex-officio, is eleven. Sec-

ond, that the managers shall be appointed for specified terms by joint resolution of congress, and shall, as managers, receive no compensation; their necessary expenses, however, being paid. The term of the office of the managers is six years. Third, that the board have power to establish homes as they may be required, subject to appropriations by congress for this purpose. Fourth, that these homes, or branches, as they are called officially, be maintained by funds appropriated by congress. Fifth, that the managers have power to admit to the home, under rules prescribed by themselves, all disabled, honorably discharged officers, soldiers and sailors of the classes defined by the act of congress. Sixth, that all members of the home shall be subject to the rules and articles of war, and liable to be governed thereby in the same manner as if they were in the army of the United States. Under this authority the Board of Managers has established seven branches of the National Home.

The oldest is the Eastern branch, located at Togus, some five miles from Augusta, the capital of Maine. This branch was originally intended for New England soldiers exclusively. The first installment of members was received at Togus in November, 1866. This marks the beginning of government care-taking of its defenders. The property of this branch comprises about 1000 acres, situated in the midst of a scene of tangled thicket, scattered bowlders and barren hills. It was a health resort, called Togus Springs, before its purchase by the United States. The summer hotel has since been destroyed by fire and the spring of healing waters has disappeared. The number present at the Eastern branch on March 20th, 1891, was 1,738. In the year 1867 two other branches were started—the Central and the Northwestern. The Central branch is located in the Miami valley, on a fertile plateau overlooking the

city of Dayton, Ohio. To borrow the description of an enthusiast: "We enter at the north gate of the Home, or, we will say at the front door of the residence. We pass into an enclosure of 600 acres in extent, beautifully gardened and graded, crossed by broad avenues, and shaded by forest trees. To our right stands the hospital. Just before us are the ivy-grown chapel, memorial hall and the hotel, and beyond lie gardens and lakes, the pretty homes of the officers, and then a vanishing perspective of brick barracks. The Home is really a miniature city, and for the maintenance of its family is needed, not one large building nor twenty, but whole streets of them, branching out in all directions and crowning the hill like a diadem. The Central branch harbors nearly as many members as the other six branches collectively. It cares for as many inmates as the famed Hotel des Invalides at Paris." To give some idea of the magnitude of the operations here, at a single meal for 4300 men there is consumed over 2,000 pounds of beef; of bread, 2,700 pounds; sugar, 240 pounds; potatoes, 50 bushels; coffee, 1,200 gallons, and 900 pies. Forty sheep are taken from the slaughter houses to the range on each day that mutton potpie is served, and eighteen barrels of flour are baked into bread and consumed every twenty-four hours. On March 20th, 1891, the number at the Central branch was 4,891.

The Northwestern branch is located close to the city limits of Milwaukee. The land, 440 acres, was purchased for \$100,000, a sum raised and donated to the board by the ladies of Milwaukee. Here a pleasing landscape of hill and dale and lofty forest trees presents itself. The main building is an imposing structure 300 feet long, with a tower 180 feet high. As a dwelling, for its cost, it is not considered a success. The small barrack or pavilion plan is at present adopted in all additions to the branches.

The climate in winter is severe, in the spring trying; otherwise its park-like grounds, its proximity to a large city, with its many diversions and the cheapness of the local market make it the most favored of all the branches. The number cared for at the Northwestern branch on March 20th, 1891, was 2,083.

About three years later the Southern branch, at Hampton, Va., was established, a mild climate for certain cases being thought desirable. This branch is built on a stretch of sand fronting on Hampton roads, having a charming view seaward. Fortress Monroe is about two miles distant. The average temperature here is 74 degrees in summer and 44 in winter. The main building of this branch was originally an educational institution, and used as such until the encroachment of hostilities compelled its desertion. Remaining intact after fire and cannon had demolished its surroundings, it was appropriated as a Union hospital, while its bullet-scarred walls offered shelter alike to the wearers of the blue and the gray, as they were deposited, wounded and dying, under its roof, soon to be borne thence, in common brotherhood, at last, to the national cemetery hard by. Drainage is the knotty problem at the Southern branch. There were present here on March 20th, 1891, 2,665 members.

The increasing number of applicants and the overcrowded condition of the branches made it necessary to start a new branch west of the Mississippi. In 1884 the construction of the Western branch two miles from Leavenworth, Kas., was begun. The city of Leavenworth donated 640 acres of land and \$50,000 for the embellishment of the grounds. The older branches had been put up in a patchwork way, without system or symmetry. The Western branch has been constructed from the beginning on a plan susceptible of indefinite expansion without

marring its unity. Detached barracks are distributed in "echelon" on the top of an elevated table-land overlooking the valley of the Missouri. The central building is the dining hall, having a seating capacity of 2,000. The second story is devoted to entertainments and meetings. This branch is surrounded by beautiful scenery. In its appointments it offers a model retreat to the old soldier. There were present at the Western branch on March 20th, 1891, 2,224 men.

In 1887 congress directed the establishment of a branch west of the Rocky mountains. After a careful examination of many proposed sites the Board of Managers selected a spot in the neighborhood of Los Angeles, in Southern California. It is situated in the Santa Monica valley, a valley extending from Los Angeles to the Pacific ocean, eighteen miles distant. The village of Santa Monica, a picturesque collection of villas, cottages and shops, embowered in luxuriant growths of semi-tropical trees and plants, occupies the bluffs facing the bay at the lower end of the wide valley, and is connected with Los Angeles by a branch of the Southern Pacific railway. Three miles to the east of the village, up the valley and on its northern slopes, the growing home enjoys a landscape of incomparable beauty. A quadrant of its horizon rests upon the ocean, and includes within its scope St. Nicholas and Santa Barbara islands, thirty miles to seaward, and at evening it is filled with ever-varying and enchanting sunset splendors. Behind the home run mountain ranges filling the sky to the northward with bold serrated lines. The foot hills in the spring time are covered with a brilliant mantle of flowers, and at all seasons their warm and changing tints enhance the grandeur of the Sierra Nevada chain behind them. Upon Mount Wilson, which towers in easy vision 8,000 feet above the sea, is an observatory in which

will be used the largest telescope yet made. Above and beyond, in the faint sky-line, may be seen the snowy summit of "Old Baldy" and other peaks over seventy miles eastward. Between the sea and the mountains to the southeast stretches a broad valley teeming with towns and haciendas of beautiful names bestowed by adventurous Spanish priests in days almost ancient, long before this dormant coast was awakened by the mighty energy of American development. In its landscape the grandest dimensions of nature are presented at once to the eye in inspiring contrasts. The soil is marvelously fertile, and "the climate seems to one who has endured the rigors of the north, like a golden and azure enchantment." The Pacific branch occupies 570 acres of land, donated by the citizens of Los Angeles county. The first plan of the home embraced the design of building twenty-five pavilion barracks to accommodate 100 men each. Four of the barracks have been completed and occupied. Others will be added when required. The water supply comes from a cañon five miles distant, in the Sierra Madre range. The water is piped to a reservoir on an eminence a mile to the rear of the home. On March 20th, 1891, 635 men were being cared for at the Pacific branch.

The Marion branch, in Indiana, is the last one established. It was opened for the reception of members in April, 1890. It is situated three miles south of the city of Marion and occupies 220 acres of land. The landscape is gently rolling, diversified with fine woodlands and cultivated farms, through which the winding Mississinewa river finds its way and lends the most pleasing feature to the surroundings of the home, bounding its grounds on the south side. The plan contemplates twelve barracks, a hospital, dining hall, and other buildings essential to a soldiers' home. A supply of natural gas is the peculiar



advantage here. At the Marion branch, on March 20, 1891, there were present 660 men.

To sum up. There were present at the seven branches of the National Home: officers, non-commissioned officers and members, 14,459; men at post awaiting formal admission, 237; total cared for March 20, 1891, 14,696.

On December 31, 1890, there were in the branches of the Home: members, 14,493; men awaiting admission, 370; total, 14,863. At that date there were on duty, with and without pay, 3,870 men; receiving medical treatment at sick call and convalescent companies, 8,201; in hospital, 2,739. There were 217 men sleeping on the floor, showing that the accommodations are not adequate. The deaths during the year 1889 were 793; for 1890, 847, an increase of 7 per cent. In each year the maximum number is usually reached in December; in July, the minimum. For some years the increase each year over the preceeding one has been from 10 to 12 per cent. It is expected that in five or six years the tide will turn and the members gradually decrease.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1890, the total number cared for was 19,372. Of these 8,294 were native born and 11,078 foreign born. Of the latter, Germany contributed 4,958 and Ireland 4,004.

The whole number cared for since the organization of the home is 53,528, at a cost, exclusive of construction, of \$18,742,694.58. The average cost per capita for eleven years, ending June 30, 1890, was \$135.85. The average cost per capita for the year ending June 30, 1890, was \$141.07. The total amount expended by the board, including aid to state homes, during the year ending June 30, 1890, was \$2,567,476.61.

To secure admission to the home, a blank application must be filled out, giving, first, a personal description of

the applicant; second, his military history; third, the nature of his disability; fourth, a statement that he is unable, on account of his disability, to earn a living by manual labor and is without other means of support; fifth, the amount of the pension, if he receives one; a statement that he has in no way aided the rebellion; that he has never been a member of the National Home; that he will obey the rules of the home and perform all the duties required of him; sixth, a formal transfer to the home of his pension; seventh, a certificate of identification from some state or local officer; eighth, a surgeon's certificate, executed and sworn to. Any one of the Board of Managers has the authority to admit. The rules require that the applicant be sent to the branch nearest his place of residence. His transportation is paid for. The Board of Managers, as a body, controls the home. It appoints all the commissioned officers and lays down general rules for their guidance. It meets once each year in Washington to decide on an annual budget to be presented to congress. It meets, also, at least once every three months to vote the quarterly appropriations for theseveral branches. The law requires that at least once in every year it shall visit as a body each branch of the home, to inspect its members, examine its accounts, and listen to any complaints that the old soldiers have to make.

When the board is not in session, its president, Gen. W. B. Franklin (who is also treasurer), has executive powers. Gen. Franklin is a thorough soldier, accomplished scholar, and correct business man. He has every detail of the home at his fingers' ends. He is not given to dress-parade, nor personal politics. In him are happily blended soldier-like discipline and the humanities.

An act of congress approved March 2d, 1889, appropriated \$100 per capita per annum for each male in-

mate of a state or territorial soldiers' home. It authorized the National Board to make the expenditure. Gen. W. W. Averell was appointed inspector of state homes. He reports the following homes eligible under the act, and in 1890 caring for the number of men given below: Erie, Pa., 420; Quincy, Ill., 915; Grand Island, Neb., 60; Marshalltown, Ia., 375; Minneapolis, Minn., 144; Waupaca (females not counted), 85; Grand Rapids, Mich., 623; Sandusky, O., 622; Bath, N. Y., 1189; Kearney, N. J., 354; Noroton, Conn., 225; Bennington, Vt., 63; Yountville, Cal., 223; total, 5,298. So that there are at present in National Homes 14,696; State homes, 5,298; total, 19,994. The figures show what assistance the nation and the states are giving to the invalid and impoverished veterans, who "lag superfluous on the stage." The average age of members cared for during the year ending June 30th, 1890, was 57.32; the average age of members dying, same year, 59.79.

## OLD MEMORIES.

BY BVT. MAJ. CHARLES H. ROSS, U. S. V.

[Read January 7, 1885.]

**I**T was an old uniform—jacket and pantaloons, so faded and worn that none but a mother would have folded it away and kept it so carefully. It was sky blue once, and never intended for wear in “Uncle Sam’s” army, but in the haste of “muster in” and starting for the front, it was forced into service. I well remember the first day I wore it in the presence of the enemy. It was the morning of the 11th of July, 1861. We were on the march to get in their rear at Rich Mountain. I was Adjutant of the regiment and rode with the Colonel, feeling all that importance a boy will feel when endowed with a little authority, even though it is reflected. No doubt I showed it, for as we passed the 3d Ohio, which was encamped by the roadside, a Captain from my own town sang out: “Look out, my little blue bird, you don’t get your feathers plucked before you get back.” I paid no attention to the remark, feeling sure it was prompted by jealousy.

Ah! how the sight of that old uniform revives old memories. It carries me back to the evening of July 4th, 1861, when we left Indianapolis to join the forces then operating under McClellan in Western Virginia. What a picnic that trip by rail was. In what immense crowds the people turned out to feed and cheer us; how the girls did smile on us, and snub the young fellows left behind. We were all heroes. We were one of the first three years’ regiments to leave the state, and not a man of us but felt

to him the North would owe its success. Cake was hardly good enough for us at that time.

I follow the regiment to Clarksburg, Va.; see it debark from the cars, and with its twenty-two wagons (in two years from that time we were glad to get one), take up its line of march. I see it bivouacked at Middle Fork bridge, where we have our first alarm and form our first line of battle. How Tom Halpin did beat the long roll that night! Tom had been a drummer in the regular army, and was looked up to by the other drummers as a kind of superior being. I have always thought he started that alarm, just to show them the importance of being a good drummer, should the enemy come upon us unawares.

Once more I see the Captain of Company "A" rushing up and down his company street crying, "To arms! to arms!" and again I hear Capt. Clinton, after having formed his company, say: "Men, are you all right?" and the answer of old Dutch Henry, "Yah, Captain, ich bin all recht, aber my gun und cartridge box, und somebody got 'em."

Then comes our march to Rich Mountain. You all know how Gen. Rosecrans found a guide who could conduct him by mountain paths to a position in the rear of the enemy. It was a terrible march for green troops. Most of the time the command was in one rank and the path so steep that we had to hang on by our horse's head or tail, as the case might be, and how it did rain! We felt that rain, for in our ardor (and greenness) we had left our overcoats and blankets behind, and as we trudged along over those mountain paths, chilled through and through, many a one looked back with longing to his militia days, when marching was only done in fair weather.

How "Old Rosey" did scare me that morning! I stopped to pass an order to the Captains; after the last

Captain had been seen I started to regain the head of the column; as soon as my horse caught sight of the others he began snorting, neighing and making all the noise possible. "Old Rosey," who happened to be riding with the Colonel, enraged at the noise (for we had been ordered to move with as little noise as possible), shouted out, "Cut his head off, Adjutant, cut his head off! D——n these stallions, I always did hate 'em, anyway." That was the first time I had ever been addressed by a general officer, and I have never forgotten it.

How the incidents of that march and fight now rise before me. Once more I see that first solid shot flying over our heads, cutting off the tops of the trees, and looking as big as a meeting house; again I see the regiment halted on top of the mountain, formed in close column of divisions, with the Colonel and myself trying to figure out how we can change direction, as ordered, with a big ravine on one side and an immense brush heap on the other. Our experience was limited then. Again I see Gen. Rosecrans riding around bare-headed, and as he stops to speak to this or that officer, excitedly opening and shutting a small spy-glass. Finally he rides up and orders us to charge. How deliberately we dismounted and tied our horses to the trees, with never a thought but we would find them all right after we had attended to that little business. If any old soldier saw us, how he must have laughed at such an idiotic performance. We make the charge. Once more I am beside our Major, as he rushes along in his long-tailed grey overcoat (the only man in the regiment who had sense enough to bring such garment along), and hear him shouting "give 'em the yell, boys, give 'em the yell!" and we did it. It was close quarters; but we got them started. I can see one of our men, failing to overtake a fleeing rebel, throw his gun at him—the bayonet pierces him, and he

falls pinned to the ground. And there is that coal mine, some of them run into, and not coming out when ordered, we fired into it, killing most of them; and there is that gun at the bend of the road, in the direction of the rebel camp. We start to get it (the Major and I), but are met by the Powhattan rifles; they try to haul it away, but the Major gives his well-known yell, and Company G files across the road, pouring in a volley which almost wipes that rebel company out. Their Captain is killed and Lieut. Dorset captured.

(After our arrival at Beverly, upon giving his parole to return, Dorset was furnished with an ambulance, and allowed to take the remains of his Captain to Richmond. He returned in about two weeks, and was then sent to Fortress Monroe for exchange. I think this was the only case of the kind during the war.)

What a time we had after the fight trying to get more ammunition. (We had started with only 40 rounds.) How we searched the cap pouches and cartridge boxes of the dead, that the living might be able to fire eight or ten rounds should we have to cut our way through to McClellan. We felt blue, very blue, that night, and once more we longed for our militia days. I can never forget some of the dead and dying on that field. I can see lying in the ditch by the roadside that man of the Powhattan rifles, who, wounded and fearful of falling into our hands alive, hastened his death by stabbing himself in several places with his own knife. Again I see that rebel boy (only sixteen years of age), with his leg amputated, and can hear his sad, sad wish that he could see his mother once more. Poor mother, she never saw him again, for we buried him, not in the big ditch with the others, but in a grave by himself near the Hart house.

What a miserable night we passed after the fight; wet,

cold, hungry,—we had had nothing to eat since daylight that morning; no fire, for no sooner would we get one started than bang would go the pickets, out would go our fire, and we would try to form in line of battle. I remember after putting out our fire for the fifteenth or sixteenth time, frozen and shivering, our Major (and a braver man never lived—he rose to the rank of Major General) turned to me, who, having no overcoat, was shivering still worse, and said, “Good lord, Adjutant, if anyone was to see us now they’d think we were the d—dest cowards in the regiment.” Well, I wouldn’t have cared what they thought could I only have sat by a good fire and got warm.

We worried through the night, and the next morning after a short march, and much to our surprise, took possession of the enemy’s camp (Garnet) without firing a shot. They had silently stolen away, but not like the Arabs, for they had left their tents and everything else behind them. It was their flitting forms that had caused our pickets to annoy us so.

The tents were left standing; the horses remained tied to the wagons, and as we marched in we expected every minute to see the rebels come swarming out of the tents; but they were swarming in another direction, only to be hived in a day or two.

No such camp was ever captured before nor since. It was the fancy military companies of Virginia that made that camp. The Powhattan Rifles, the Brunswick Blues, Richmond Greys, Hampden Sidney boys; the princes of the blood. Every tent contained five or six knapsacks, and every knapsack a nice uniform of cadet gray cloth, together with bibles, testaments and other little mementoes placed there by the loving hands of wife, sister or sweetheart. And then there was any quantity of those



terrible knives fashioned from old scythes and wagon tires, which old Henry A. Wise said, "placed in the hands of our gallant soldiers will find the heart of many a Yankee." Well, they didn't find any hearts in that fight, and I never heard of them being used in any other.

What nice wall and Sibley tents they had. Over each door the "girls they left behind them" had worked some favorite motto. On the one we took for headquarters was beautifully worked in silk, "May guardian angels hover over and guard thee." We did it.

Those fellows lived high. Their wagons, in addition to the usual supply of hard tack and bacon, were filled with hams, jellies, preserves and dainties of all kinds, together with several barrels of nice "apple jack." It makes my "mouth water" now to think of it.

With the exception of a few sick, the only rebel we found in camp was a big, fat Quartermaster. I remember his salutation: "Colonel, I am forced to surrender, sir, because the d—d fools took a bridle path across the mountains. Had they gone by the road, sir, like gentlemen, so I could have used my buggy, I should have accompanied them."

While we occupied this camp, a regular battery (I think Howe's) passed through tricked out in full uniform. It was the first and only time during the war I saw such a sight.

Under directions of the General, I made an inventory of all captured property, and it was turned over to Capt. Golding. I thought it was all turned over, but one morning (soon after reaching Huttensville), as I stepped out in front of my tent, my first thought was I must be in a rebel regiment, for almost everyone wore a suit of gray. An order was issued forbidding its use. We soon left Camp Garnet, and moved to Beverly. After our arrival

there we lived in daily expectations of being ordered home, for, in orders, Gen. McClellan had told us the "back bone of the rebellion was broken."

One day, seeing quite a commotion at general headquarters, the Colonel rode over to see what was the matter. Matter enough! Information had just been received that we had been badly whipped at Bull Run. That was bad enough of itself; but, when added to the fact that we would now have to remain away from home at least two months longer, it became disheartening. It was three years and eight months before I got home.

While at Beverly, Gen. Rosecrans used to dine with us quite often. When our cook would see him coming he would put an extra basket of crackers on the table, for the General would always give us a lesson on out-post or picket duty, using the crackers to illustrate it with. When he had illustrated one point, instead of using the same crackers to illustrate another, he would sweep them off the table and take a fresh supply.

Rosecrans is ordered to the Kanawha, leaving Gen. J. J. Reynolds in command, and again I call to mind our campaigns at Elkwater and Cheat Mountain, where Lee was outgeneraled. I can see our regiment marching from Elkwater to the fortifications at Cheat Mountain, with drums beating and colors flying, welcomed by the cheers of the garrison; then returning by a concealed route to Elkwater, where it is noisily welcomed by the command there, only to march back to Cheat Mountain, thus fooling Lee into the belief that Reynolds is receiving reinforcements.

Later on, again camped at Cheat Mountain pass, orders are received that the enemy is between us and Cheat Mountain Summit, and we must cut our way through to Kimball. We start up that narrow mountain road, so

steep on one side and precipitous on the other that deployment was impossible. Everyone is on the alert, for we know if the enemy is there it will be a fight against fearful odds. When within about three-fourths of a mile of the summit, we came across an overturned wagon and the dead body of a teamster, and a little further on, the ground was literally covered with knapsacks, guns, haversacks, etc., etc., evidently thrown away by rebels. We move on with redoubled vigilance, and in a short time enter the fortifications without firing a shot or seeing an enemy. Sometime after, we learned that the rebels under Col. Rust had reached the road, the very point for which they started; but the attack of a small party sent out to meet us, and the firing of a detachment on another road had so alarmed and confused them that they retreated in great disorder, throwing away everything in their haste to get away.

Col. Rust states in his report of the affair, that there were some men in his command he would prefer not to have along on a similar expedition.

After Lee left our front, the guerillas, becoming very troublesome, bushwhacking soldiers, killing Union men and running off their cattle, our regiment was sent to try to root them out. We were gone nine days, and in that time marched over 200 miles, most of the time by bridle paths through the mountains. After the first day it rained incessantly, so that ours was no holiday excursion.

Once, when completely tired out following those narrow, slippery paths, our guide informed us that we would soon reach the pike. Visions of nice, broad roads danced through our minds, and made the paths less difficult to tread. At last we reached it, or he said we had, but we failed to find anything but a narrow path running through a large blackberry patch. Some years before the war, the

state of Virginia decided to give the citizens of the mountain district a turnpike, but as the appropriation ran out, they stopped work after grading ten miles. It had never been used by wheeled vehicles, for it began and ended on top the mountain range. Not being used, it had developed into an immense blackberry patch, ten miles long and about sixty feet wide. We followed the path which led through it, and when we came out at the other end, Fallstaff's army could not have been more ragged. Before starting on this scout, new, shoddy uniforms had been issued. When we returned another issue was necessary. Our scout was productive of great good, for apart from capturing and killing several of the guerillas, it infused new life into the Union men, who organized several companies, built Fort Pickens, where they could drive their cattle and rendezvous in time of need, and finally they drove Wat. Cool and his gang from that section of the country.

In November Reynolds moved his headquarters to Phillippi, leaving Milroy in command, who determined to capture about 2,500 rebels who were fortified on Allegheny Summit. First, to make assurance doubly sure, he engaged one of his spies to enter the fortifications on the night of the 12th, and spike the guns. Of course, they were not spiked. Then he divided his force. One detachment of 900 men was to make a wide detour over a difficult mountain road and attack on the left, while the other, about 800 strong, was to attack on the right. It was expected and planned that both would attack at the same time, but whoever heard of such a thing being done as planned? The expedition met the fate of all similar ones—was whipped in detail.

Our detachment, which was to attack on the right, left camp December 11, 1861, marched all day, bivouacking

at night; but it was so cold we could not sleep; marched all day and night of the 12th, and on the morning of the 13th attacked the enemy and got whipped. What else could we have expected? The men were exhausted, tired out. On the night of the 12th I saw men marching whom I am confident were sound asleep. As we approached the foot of the mountain it was still dark; our advance was feeling its way cautiously, and there was necessarily a great deal of halting; yet we dare not sit down, but must keep stirring to keep awake. It was terrible for a small detachment in such condition to attack the enemy.

About daylight, when we had reached the point where we were to leave the road to ascend the mountain, our advance surprised and captured a picket post of the enemy. One of our men raised his gun to fire, but the Captain said, "Adam, don't fire; you'll alarm the enemy on top of the mountain." Instantly bringing his gun to a charge, he replied, "Well, I kill 'em mit my bayonet; that makes no noise." Formed in line of battle, we moved up the side of the mountain. Just as we reached the top, the enemy rose right in our front—it seemed to me not twenty feet away—and gave us a volley, which so demoralized a portion of our command (it was their first appearance) that a portion of them left the field in disgust, never to return; the balance took to the trees, and it became a regular bushwhacking fight. Four times we drove the enemy, and were in return driven by them, across the top of that mountain. It was no use, and finding that all our ammunition was gone, we walked off the field as deliberately as on a fourth-of-July parade. The rebs seemed glad to see us go, for they did not follow us, and as I reached the road I glanced back and saw some of them standing on a jutting rock, watching us make our weary way back to our own camp. In this fight one of

our captains recognized his own brother in command of a rebel regiment.

This was a fortunate fight for the rebel Col. Johnson, in command, for having in his report (with that thorough knowledge of addition and subtraction so common to the other side) increased our force from 1,700 to 5,000, and decreased his own to 2,000, the rebel congress as a reward for his gallantry made him a Brigadier General.

Our campaign in West Virginia ended, we were ordered to Cumberland, Md., to open up the B. & O. Railway. Lander soon took command, retaining it until we reached Paw Paw tunnel, where he died. Gen. Jas. Shields then assumed command, and we began that campaign in the valley in which Stonewall Jackson was whipped for the first and only time.

When we entered Martinsburg the railroad shops and yards presented a sorry sight. Forty-six locomotives were standing there, completely ruined, and the tracks were filled with the remains of several hundred coal cars which had been destroyed by Stonewall Jackson. Citizens told us most of these cars were loaded with coal which Jackson set fire to and burned, rather than let citizens have it. During their occupancy the rebels, needing five or six locomotives on another railroad, hitched about forty horses to each one and hauled them over the pike to Winchester, and we found that nice broad road, "leading down from Martinsburg to Winchester town," rendered almost impassable for our artillery and trains.

Leaving Martinsburg, we soon reached Winchester, and went into camp on the north side of the town; but had hardly got comfortably settled before Ashby made his appearance, and we were hurried over to the south side to assist in driving him back. It seems that, upon our arrival at Winchester, Banks withdrew his command. The

enemy were deceived, and thinking only a small force was left, came back to drive it away and occupy the place, and as most of Ashby's men lived there they had sent word to the citizens to have supper ready.

I can see our regiment now, as it moves at double quick down the main street. The doors and windows of the houses we pass are filled with women and children tricked out in their best; their faces are smiling, and some hail us with shouts of derision; their husbands, fathers and brothers are with Ashby, and they will soon see them drive us away. Two days later and most of them are dressed in black, mourning for those who will never return. Certainly no single fight during the war caused so much mourning in one town. The battle of Winchester is fought and won, and we follow Jackson up the valley again. I laugh at the witty sayings of "Hamlet," Col. Patrick's colored servant. Whenever the regiment was engaged, Hamlet would get a gun and fight on his own hook. At the battle of Winchester, when roaming on the field, he picked up a shoe with a man's foot in it, evidently a shot had severed it at the ankle. It struck him as very strange, and he spoke of it to everyone he met. When following Jackson up the valley, we found every church and barn full of his wounded. As we were passing a church we saw Hamlet coming out of it as fast as his legs would carry him; he was in a hurry; his eyes seemed popping out of his head, and as he reached the Colonel he fairly yelled, "'Fore God, Colonel, I dun foun' de man what los' dat foot."

I follow the regiment to Fredericksburg, to join McDowell; back to Port Republic, to get whipped; and back to Bristow station, where Gen. Shields (and a braver soldier never lived) is relieved, the division broken up, and our brigade sent to reinforce McClellan at Harrison's

Landing. We reach there just as his army falls back from Malvern Hill. Soon orders come for me to report to Gen. Chas. Griffin for duty on his staff, and I bid good bye to the regiment forever. Orders are received to leave Harrison's Landing, and I follow the command to Newport News, thence to Acquia Creek, thence to the Rappahannock, where we join Pope and take part in the second battle of Bull Run; thence through Antietam to Warrenton Junction, where, with tearful eyes, we say good bye to Gen. McClellan. Burnside assumes command, and we were with him at Fredricksburg and on the mud march. What a march that was! Certainly, when we broke camp that 20th day of January, 1863, no day could have been finer or roads better, and after that single night's rain, no roads could have been worse. I saw a whole regiment tugging at one pontoon to haul it through the mud. Exhausted mules would drop in their tracks, and in a few minutes the mud would hide them from sight. It was something to be seen, not described. I laugh when I think of two incidents of that campaign.

Soon after going into camp the first night the flood-gates of heaven were opened and the rain descended. One of our Colonels had pitched his shelter-tent beside a brush heap. Hearing or seeing someone working away at his pile, he sung out: "What are you doing there?" and a voice replied from out the night: "Trying to find a position I can hold at all hazards."

I have forgotten the exact wording of Burnside's order, which was read to the army before starting on this famous march, but after exhorting every man to do his duty, etc., etc., it wound up by saying: "Now is the time to strike the mortal blow."

On the morning of the second day I stood by the roadside near our headquarters, listening to our provost-



guard chaff the men of other commands as they went by wading through the mud. This mud seemed knee deep, and a muddier, dirtier lot of men I never saw. Soon there came one who surpassed them all; he had evidently fallen down, for he was mud from head to foot; it was hard to tell what he was. Our men hailed him: "Hello, Billy; where you going?" He halted, struck an attitude, and gazing up to heaven, exclaimed in tragical voice: "Going to strike the mortal blow."

The mud march will never be forgotten. It showed the country what a powerful ally the rebels had in Virginia mud, and for a time, at least, answered the question, why don't the army move?

Burnside says farewell. Hooker assumes command. We have been with him at Chancellorsville, and once more the army is resting. It is St. Patrick's day and the Irish Brigade is celebrating in a fine style. They have built a mile track with hurdles and ditches. Every Irishman has a mule and is allowed perfect liberty. After the races a lot of us officers were sitting on our horses watching some of the general staff jump their horses over the broadest ditch. Happening to glance to my left, I saw certainly the ugliest Irishman on the ugliest mule I ever came across. As I moved it seemed to arouse him, for he looked up with a start and commenced backing his mule, exclaiming, as he did: "Get out of this, this is too high society for you."

Hooker is relieved, Mead assumes command, and with him we take part in the battle of Gettysburg.

On the second day, when our division was moving in to support Sickles' left, I noticed that our 3d Brigade, Col. Strong Vincent commanding, had left the column, and preceded by Gen. Warren was bearing off to the left. I informed Gen. Barnes, who was temporarily command-

ing the division, and at the same time volunteered to go and see what it meant. I had to go to Little Round Top. You all know the important part Gen. Warren and that brigade played in the second day's fight, and how, but for them, the battle of Gettysburg would have been a defeat instead of a victory. As for myself, I know that there and then I made up my mind that when I saw a brigade leaving the column I would not be so smart as to volunteer, but would remain where I was until ordered to ascertain the cause.

Gettysburg is won, and I follow the army to Virginia, where we race with Lee and fall back to Mine Run. Grant assumes command, and again we start for Richmond. I follow him through the Wilderness, Todd's Tavern, Spottsylvania to Bethesda Church, where I am "scooped," thus beating him to Richmond. I spend a few days in "Libby," and then go to Macon, Ga., where, I have no doubt, companion Collins, who had gone before, helped swell the chorus of "Fresh fish, fresh fish," which welcomed me as I entered the pen. From Macon I am sent to Savannah; thence to Charleston; thence to Columbia. From there—thanks to Gen. W. J. Hardie, whom I had known before the war, I was paroled, sent home, and once more became a citizen.

## THE NEGRO IN THE LATE WAR.

BY CAPT. GEORGE E. SUTHERLAND, U. S. V.

[Read April 4, 1888.]

THE cause of the late war was the Negro. Had it not been for the Negro and Negro slavery, we should have had no rebellion to put down.

The rebellion was nominally an effort at political revolution, and at first the government assumed that there was nothing involved except the restoration of political supremacy. Hence, at any time during the first eighteen months of the war, President Lincoln and Congress would have accepted any peace that restored the integrity of the Union, without reference to the condition of the Negro. But it was not a form of government the South were fighting for. It was an institution which they regarded as vital to their existence, and they fought with a determination, a heroism, and a devotion, that was lofty.

The armies of the North took the field with an exalted patriotism, but without the same consecration to a cause. Some would have inscribed upon our banner from the first, "Freedom to the Slave;" but the general disposition was to call the conflict simply a war to restore the authority of the government.

The Negroes themselves were wiser than we. They well knew that the South was fighting, and would fight to the bitter end to keep them in slavery, and it followed that if the South were defeated it must mean freedom. Further, it seemed to them that at last God's evangel had come. Had they not watched and prayed and waited? Had not the angel of the Lord appeared in night visions

and promised that they should be led up out of bondage? Had not their old men fallen asleep bidding them still wait, for the glorious morning of freedom would surely dawn?

There was not a cabin so removed from the outer world, not a hut so hidden in the mountain wilderness that its humble occupant did not know that "Massa Linkum's Sojers" were the harbingers of freedom. So, with the first appearance of our forces upon Southern soil, the slaves flocked to our camps in great numbers, not only anxious to be free, but also to become allies of the army of freedom.

Here was an army called from far away homes to put down a rebellion in a strange and hostile country, needing help, and especially needing reliable information of the country and the enemy before them. Here were trustworthy sources of information and allies anxious to help. It must follow that our wise and patriotic commanders will only too gladly welcome these swarthy sons and daughters of slavery. But no! nothing of the sort. The sentiment that the war must not interfere with slavery prevailed, and the slaves were repulsed.

When Gen. McClellan made his first advance he issued a proclamation religiously guarding the peculiar institution. In it he said: "Notwithstanding all that has been said by the traitors to induce you to believe that our advent among you will be signalized by interference with your slaves, understand one thing clearly; not only will we abstain from all such interference, but we will, on the contrary, with an iron hand, crush any attempt at insurrection on their part."

In August, 1861, Gen. Fremont, in Missouri, far in advance of public sentiment, so far as it was voiced at Washington, issued a proclamation declaring the slaves

of rebels free. President Lincoln at once requested him to recall it. This Fremont refused to do. Mr. Lincoln, as Commander-in-chief, by public order, modified Fremont's proclamation so as to make it apply only to slaves employed in the Southern army, thus destroying all its force.

Fremont was superseded by Gen. Halleck, and he at once announced that "it does not belong to the military to decide upon the relation of master and slave. Such questions must be settled by the civil courts. No fugitive slave will therefore be admitted within our lines or camps, except when especially ordered by the general commanding." General Dix, in Virginia, issued a similar order.

In February, 1862, Gen. Burnside, commanding on Roanoke Island, issued, conjointly with Commodore Goldsborough, a proclamation declaring that "in no way or manner does the government desire to interfere with your laws constitutionally established; your institutions of any kind whatever; your property of any sort; or your usages in any respect."

In March, 1862, Gen. Buell, commanding the Department of the Ohio, made a report in which he said: "It has come to my knowledge that slaves sometimes make their way improperly into our lines, and in some instances they may be enticed there, but I think the number has been magnified by report. Several applications have been made to me by persons whose servants have been found in our camps, and in every instance that I have known of, the master has secured his servant and taken him away."

Gen. Hooker, commanding on the upper Potomac, in the spring of 1862, gave a general roving commission to certain slave hunters to go about among our camps and reclaim fugitives, and any officer or soldier who should interfere with the work of these gentlemen was to be promptly reported to headquarters for military discipline.

Other commanders, like Gen. Williams, in the Department of the Gulf, issued orders to their subordinate officers to turn all fugitives "out beyond the limits of their guards and sentinels." But Wisconsin's gallant soldier, Col. Halbert E. Paine, refused to obey the order, saying it was a violation of law to turn the fugitives out of the lines for the purpose of returning them to the rebels. For this he was temporarily deprived of his command and placed in arrest.

As late as May, 1862, General Hunter, commanding at Hilton Head, issued a proclamation, that "inasmuch as martial law had been declared in South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, the persons heretofore held as slaves are therefore declared forever free." President Lincoln promptly revoked and annulled the order.

Individual cases occurred like the following: "On the banks of the Potomac, within sight of the stars and stripes floating from the dome of the capitol, a slave, in whose veins were commingled the blood of a Virginia gentleman and his colored bond woman, escaped to our lines. He informed us that his master was in armed league with the rebels against our government; that they had concealed a large quantity of guns and ammunition in a swamp, preparatory for a sudden attack upon our forces. An armed band, guided by the fugitive, was sent to the swamp, and the arms were found and captured. Soon after this the master rode into camp and demanded his property in accordance with the provisions of the fugitive slave law. The slave was delivered up. The master tied a rope about his neck and trotted off, dragging him upon the run eleven miles. Then, when the poor creature was almost dying from exhaustion, he tied him, to a tree that he might not fall down, and whipped him with the assistance of an overseer, three hours, until he was dead."

In contrast to all this was the happy conception of old Ben. Butler. Three slaves of Col. Mallory, a rebel in arms, escaped into the Union lines at Fortress Monroe. Col. Mallory, under a flag of truce, demanded the surrender of his slaves. "But," said Butler, "you hold, Col. Mallory, do you not, that Negro slaves are property, and that Virginia is no longer a part of the United States?" "I do, sir," replied the Colonel. "You are a lawyer, sir," Gen. Butler added, "and I ask you if you claim that the fugitive slave act of the United States is binding on a foreign nation, and if a foreign nation uses this kind of property to destroy the lives and property of citizens of the United States, if that species of property ought not to be regarded as contraband?"

Here was coined the word "contraband," which, subsequently applied to slaves, came into general use, and under the shelter of which some humanity was shown before the government awakened to the situation.

In view of the fact that many of these contrabands escaped from employment upon rebel fortifications and in rebel camps where they rendered direct aid to the enemy, it would not seem that Butler's ingenious argument and invention was needed to justify their reception within the Union lines. But, while Butler was thus right, most of our Generals were either willing slave catchers, or were compelled to do the work by orders from superiors.

An incident at Fortress Monroe finely illustrates the situation. A company of contrabands came within our lines. Gen. Ashley, member of congress from Ohio, was on the ground, and went out to the escaped slaves, who were surrounded by our soldiers. About the first thing they said was, "Massa, what's you gwine to do wid us?" Gen. Ashley replied: "I do not know, but we shall not hurt you." "Oh, we know dat; we know you's our

friends. What we want to know is whether you's gwine to send us back." Gen. Ashley said: "I have no authority over you, and no power to do anything, but I think it will be some time before your masters see you again."

Gen. Ashley afterwards said that he made the statement in a low, conversational voice, without noticing that the soldiers were eagerly listening, but no sooner had the words fallen from his lips than the whole number broke out into enthusiastic shouting and cheering, and cries of "*Good.*" This told the whole story. The oppressed bondsmen standing in humble attitude before their friends and eagerly saying, "What we want to know is whether you's gwine to send us back;" the rank and file of the army who would save the Union, if it was saved at all, wild over any indication of righting the wrongs of the slave; but President Lincoln and his advisers sticking in the constitutional burr, and declaring that if the Union could be saved and slavery left untouched, it should be done.

I have not time to stop and argue the constitutional question by which Mr. Lincoln felt himself bound, that having sworn to support the constitution, and the constitution protecting slavery, he must do so also. I simply say that if such was his duty under his oath of office, and perhaps it was, then Wendell Phillips was more than half right when, with his relentless rhetoric which cut like cold steel, he said: "The Constitution of the United States is a league with hell."

This state of things had not long existed before congress was aroused and moved faster than President Lincoln. There were stirring debates over the employment of army officers as slave catchers, and the result was an additional article of war, adopted in March, 1862, prohibiting "all officers or persons in the military service of



the United States from employing any of the forces under their commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor, who may have escaped from any persons to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due; and any officer who shall be found guilty by a court martial of violating this article, shall be dismissed from the service."

This rang out upon the Northern air with a clearness and force that was refreshing.

About this time congress also adopted a resolution favoring gradual emancipation of all slaves, and recommending the policy of compensating slave owners, and soon after abolished slavery in the District of Columbia. Then followed the Conscription act, which freed all slaves of persons thereafter engaged in the rebellion or aiding the rebellion, who might escape within the Union lines.

But the free Negro to President Lincoln was an incubus to be rid of, and he tried to promote a colonization scheme in Central America. He seriously thought the blacks and whites could not live together if the blacks were free. Accordingly he invited a company of representative colored men to meet him in the White House. There, in effect, he told them: "We have outrageously abused you in bringing you to America and enslaving you. We have trodden you and your rights under our feet; but if the war makes you free and you stay here, you will disturb our peace of mind. So, if in the progress of events you chance to get out of bondage, won't you go away quietly and cheerfully, and keep where we will not see you?"

The President's position failed to impress the colored men, or get any following in any quarter. There began to be a good many who believed the Negro had rights the white man was bound to respect, and the privilege of staying where he had been forced to come was one of those

rights. Although the general policy of the government had been to turn the Negro back into slavery, still this was not always done. As early as October, 1861, Gen. Wool issued an order that "all colored persons called contrabands must be furnished with subsistence and paid for such work as they are employed to do."

Under this order Gen. Steedman was the first to employ Negro teamsters. He put eighty of them into uniform and set them to work. Soon his example was followed by other commanders, and from that time until the close of the war, on every march and in every baggage and transportation train was witnessed the triumph of mind over matter in the magic mastery of the historic army mule by his sable driver. But this was all that the colored man was permitted to do.

When Gen. Sherman commanded at Port Royal, Secretary of War Cameron had directed him to accept the services of all loyal persons who desired to aid in suppressing the rebellion. When Gen. Hunter succeeded Gen. Sherman he found this order of the Secretary of War and proceeded to obey it. He organized a regiment of "loyal persons who desired to aid in suppressing the rebellion," and the organization promised well, but the authorities at Washington were profoundly shocked to learn that there was a regiment of U. S. soldiers in service in South Carolina whose skins were black. This would not answer. Better let the rebellion triumph than accept the aid of niggers in putting it down. Congress accordingly investigated, but Gen. Hunter coolly displayed the kind of metal there was in him. A resolution of inquiry concerning the "Regiment of Fugitive Slaves" was passed, and the matter referred to Gen. Hunter through the Secretary of War. Hunter reported, "No regiment of fugitive slaves has been or is being organized in this department. There is, however, a

fine regiment of persons whose late masters are fugitive rebels—men who everywhere fly before the appearance of the National flag, leaving their servants behind them to shift as best they can for themselves. In the absence of any Fugitive Master law, the deserted slaves would be wholly without remedy had not their crime of treason given the slaves the right to pursue, capture and bring back these persons of whose protection they have been so suddenly bereft.” Nevertheless Gen. Hunter was relieved of his command, and the regiment disbanded. A Negro might be permitted the exalted privilege of driving that contrariest of all earthly things, a mule team, but he must not carry a musket. Neither did it make any difference whether the Negro was a slave or a freeman. Nearly every city in the north had offered the President the services of colored regiments raised among free Negroes, who had volunteered with enthusiastic alacrity and patriotism, but always the President said “No.”

On August 4, 1862, two United States senators waited on Mr. Lincoln and urged him to accept at least the services of the free Negroes. He declined. On August 19, two weeks later, Horace Greeley wrote his famous open letter to President Lincoln, known as the “Prayer of Twenty Millions,” urging him to adopt emancipation. He said: “On the face of this wide earth, Mr. President, there is not one disinterested, determined, intelligent champion of the Union cause who does not feel that all attempts to put down the rebellion, and at the same time uphold its inciting cause, are preposterous and futile; that the rebellion if crushed out to-morrow would be renewed within a year if slavery were left in full vigor.”

Mr. Lincoln replied: “My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery.”

September 13th following, a deputation of Chicago

clergymen waited on the President, and urged the same thing that Mr. Greeley had done. He replied: "What good would a proclamation of emancipation from me do, especially as we are now situated? I do not want to issue a document that the whole world will see must necessarily be inoperative, like the Pope's bull against the comet."

But the mills of the Gods were no longer grinding slowly. Nine days after this, President Lincoln issued his first emancipation proclamation. The convention of the loyal Governors of the north, then in session at Altoona, Pa., at once declared with great enthusiasm that "the decision of the President to strike at the root of the rebellion will lend new vigor to our efforts, and new life and hope to the hearts of the people."

In all this hesitancy of President Lincoln, we must remember that he was born in Kentucky; that he believed the constitution protected slavery; that he was particularly anxious not to drive the border states into rebellion, and that in many senses the President of the United States cannot lead but must follow public opinion. Concerning the latter fact, he himself said: "I claim not to have controlled events, but confess plainly that events have controlled me."

I trust you will bear in mind that I am not attempting to portray the character of President Lincoln; I am considering him only as related to the Negro in the war. Mr. Lincoln, as a wise patriot, stands pre-eminent, and commands my warmest admiration. In handling the slave question he did what he thought best, and moved only as fast as he thought the country would sustain him. I think he was mistaken, and might have moved faster, but in so saying I would detract nothing from his deserved place in the fore-front of the world's great men.

Very soon after the first step was taken, the policy of

arming the blacks was adopted. The Secretary of War authorized Gen. Saxton, in South Carolina, to arm, uniform, equip and receive into the service five regiments of colored soldiers, and recruiting at once began among the recent slaves. At New Orleans Gen. Butler raised several regiments and batteries among the free Negroes of Louisiana, and similar recruiting began in the North.

The change in sentiment was surprising. Just in proportion as the certainty of a draft increased, did the prejudice against Negro soldiers decrease. It was discovered that Negroes were not only loyal persons and good mule drivers, but exceedingly competent to bear arms. In fact, there were a great many willing to sacrifice themselves by staying at home, and yield the whole field to colored troops. There was a current notion that down South bullets were flying uncomfortably thick in those days.

In January, 1863, recruiting of colored troops began in Massachusetts. Yet, when the first of these regiments marched to the front, New York City sent word to go around. "Do not agitate us by showing us a Negro in U. S. uniform." As late as July of that year, the Negroes of that city were hunted through the streets like wild beasts, their houses pillaged and burned and their families murdered in cold blood by an infuriated mob, but the following December, through these same streets triumphantly marched a New York regiment of colored soldiers following their country's flag, wearing their country's uniform, stepping proudly to their country's music. Surely, though John Brown's body lay mouldering in the grave, his soul was marching on.

The commissioned officers of these colored regiments were white men, and although the rebels had long before armed, equipped and put into the field regiments of colored troops on their side, yet, when it became known that we

were about to employ the same kind of troops, the Confederate congress coolly resolved that all colored soldiers taken prisoners should be sent into perpetual slavery, and all the white officers put to death. The officers who accepted the command of colored troops were old soldiers in almost every instance. Death in their country's service was what they had been facing for years, and this threat of the rebel congress added no terrors sufficient to restrain them.

The work of recruiting went grandly on, until there were in active service twice as many colored soldiers as Mr. Lincoln first summoned of white troops to put down the rebellion.

After the organization of Negroes into companies and regiments the question still remained, "can they fight?" This was answered by the battle of Port Hudson on May 27th, 1863. Two regiments of colored troops on that field made several desperate and well-sustained charges on the rebel batteries. These batteries commanded the entire plain over which the charges were made, and the rebel grape and canister made fearful havoc among the advancing ranks. Yet they closed up in good order as their comrades fell, and with a desperation and determination truly heroic, grandly struggled against fearful odds. Col. Nelson, commanding the colored troops, sent word to Gen. Dwight that it was a physical impossibility to capture the batteries. Dwight replied, "Tell Col. Nelson I shall consider he has accomplished nothing unless he takes those guns." So these depleted regiments were again marched into the jaws of death, only to come out with still lessened numbers, but crowned with the glory of a well-sustained defeat.

It was in this last charge that Color Sergeant Plancainois fell. The Colonel, on giving the colors into the

hands of the color guard, had said: "Color guard, protect, defend, die for, but do not surrender these flags."

Sergeant Planciancois, as he took the flags, replied: "Colonel, I will bring back these colors to you in honor, or report to God the reason why." As his regiment made its last advance over the field, crimson with blood, and filled with ghastly death, a shell struck the flag staff, cut it in two, and instantly killed the sergeant. Corporal Heath caught up the flag, but he had no sooner raised it than a bullet pierced his brain and he fell dead upon the body of the sergeant. Another corporal seized it and bore it through the fight. Sergeant Planciancois reported to his Maker, but he had no "reason why" to give. The colors came back in honor, sanctified by the baptism of blood.

In the same battle an officer met a colored soldier hobbling along toward the front. The officer stopped a moment to look at him. He said: "Is'e been shot bad in de leg, Cap'n, and dey wanted me to go to de hosp't'l, but I guess I can gib 'em some mo' yet."

General Banks, in his official report of this engagement, said of the colored forces: "No troops could be more determined or more daring. The highest commendation is bestowed upon them by all the officers in command." Soon after, at Milliken's Bend, the bravery of colored troops was again demonstrated. The rebel commander had said he would take the nigger camp or wade in blood to his knees. He did neither. It was here that the rebels resorted to that curious breastwork—a line of live mules, driven in front of the advancing forces. The colored sharp-shooters readily disposed of the four-legged allies, and then began the real work. The rebels broke, and the colored troops, no longer to be restrained, leaped their breastworks and pursued their late masters with

deadly fury. To be whipped by niggers in a hand to hand fight was the last disgrace, but they had to drink the cup and yield the victory to their late slaves.

A most gallant charge was made upon Fort Wagner in July, 1863, by the 54th Massachusetts, a colored regiment. It was in this conflict that the brave and talented Col. Shaw "was saluted by Death, and kissed by Immortality," while leading his regiment in the thickest of the fight.

The bravery of the colored troops is well illustrated by the following account of Sergeant Carney, taken from an official report: "When the sergeant arrived within about one hundred yards of the fort, he received the regimental colors, pressed forward to the front rank near the Colonel, who was leading the men over the ditch. He says, as they ascended the wall of the fort, the ranks were full, but as soon as they reached the top they melted away before the enemy's fire almost instantly. He received a severe wound in the thigh, but fell only upon his knees. He planted the flag upon the parapet, lay down upon the outer slope that he might get as much shelter as possible. There he remained for over half an hour, till the second brigade came up. He kept the colors flying until the second conflict was ended. When our forces retired he followed, creeping on one knee, still holding up the flag. It was thus that Sergeant Carney came from the field, having held the emblem of liberty over the walls of Fort Wagner during the sanguinary conflict of two brigades, and having received two very severe wounds, one in the thigh and one in the head. Still he refused to give up his sacred trust until he found an officer of his regiment. When he entered the field hospital, where his wounded comrades were being brought in, they cheered him and the colors. Though nearly exhausted with the loss of blood, he said: 'Boys, the old flag never touched the ground.'"



Then followed the battles of Wilson's Wharf, Petersburg, Deep Bottom, Chapin's Farm, Fair Oaks, Hatcher's Run, and some two hundred other battles and skirmishes in which the Negro soldiers demonstrated beyond a doubt that they could fight. Of the colored troops at Petersburg, Secretary Stanton said: "The hardest fighting was done by the black troops. The forts they stormed were the worst of all. After the affair was over, Gen. Smith went to thank them and tell them he was proud of their courage and dash. He says they cannot be excelled as soldiers, and that hereafter he will send them in a difficult place as readily as the best white troops."

There is one view of the Negro in the late war I would gladly pass over in silence, and will only allude to it so that you may not forget there was such a side, when you are disposed to bring forth the purple robe and give the highest seat to the rebels. Had the South carried out the resolve of the Confederate Congress, and sent all captured Negro troops into slavery, and put the white officers to a military death, it would have been black enough. But when they became so devilish in their rage that they butchered Negro children, bayoneted prisoners of war, mutilated the dead, locked the doors of a temporary hospital and burned it and its wounded inmates, crucified, even as the Saviour of the world was crucified, gallant officers, and ended their misery by consuming fire, we feel that it would make even Philip of Spain or Bloody Mary blush. After that many a rebel soldier upon the bloody battle field has bitten the dust with the cry ringing in his ears, "Remember Fort Pillow," and I doubt not, through all eternity will still hear the same cry, "Remember Fort Pillow."

Politicians may forget it, a forgiving North may let the waters of oblivion wash it from memory, even God

himself may close the record in silence, but those who did those barbarous deeds can never forget! Wheresoever they turn they will see written all over their hopeless sky, and hear sounding from unseen lips on every hand, "Remember Fort Pillow."

But I do not say that the colored soldiers were like the "boys in blue" who went from our own homes. They were very different. In some respects they were better, and in other ways inferior. There was less drunkenness, less profanity, and less obscenity than among an equal number of white troops. Very seldom was a black soldier drunk, very seldom would you hear anything from his lips to shock the moral sense of anyone. There was also less insubordination, with great devotion to duty. Col. Higginson's black regiment faithfully served this government of ours, that boasts upon the housetops of its justice, as well as of its greatness, for eighteen long months of cruel war without one cent of pay. And for a long time those who did get pay, only received seven dollars a month instead of thirteen dollars, which was paid to white troops. The gallant 54th Massachusetts justly refused all pay unless they could be treated as other troops. One man, Major Sturgis, worthy son of the old Bay State, himself made up to every wounded and disabled soldier of that regiment his pay in full until the government came to its senses.

The Massachusetts legislature voted that money should be taken to the colored troops in South Carolina, so as to make up the full amount to the men. The agent of Massachusetts carried the money to them, adding, in offering it, that Gov. Andrew was anxious they should accept it. The soldiers replied, thanking Gov. Andrew and the State of Massachusetts, but declining to accept the money. They did not consider themselves troops of Massachusetts; they

were U. S. soldiers, and they would not take any money, though their families were suffering for it, until they could have what was justly due them; meantime they meant to do their duty just as well as if paid. In telling this story, James Freeman Clarke says: "If this had been done by Greeks or Romans, an account of it would have been put in all our school books, and our children would have been taught to read it as an example of heroism."

Because of his natural love for music and quick ear for time and tune, the colored soldier caught the rhythm of military movements with great readiness. He was eager to learn, and very proud of his showy uniform and shining musket. He was imitative, and what he saw done he quickly learned to do; but he did not stand the strain of daily duty and discipline with its attendant privations and hardships as well as the white soldiers. He had no experience in change of situation or in the form of roughing it common to the soldier's lot. He was very susceptible to diseases which come from exposure and without skill in the care of himself. His love for the old plantation and his little cabin home was exceeding great, and no white soldier ever longed more for his sweetheart than the colored soldier to see his "lubly Dinah." So, under ordinary privations, he was apt to become disabled, give up in homesickness and despair and quickly sink to the grave. In long marches and severe labor the same lack of endurance was manifest. He would start in with great vigor, but soon give out.

The colored soldier did not bring to difficult duty the intelligence of the white. He had courage, but it lacked the patient and persistent quality. He rushed into a charge with terrible fierceness, but his impetuosity was apt to yield in long continued struggles. As a United States soldier he was exceeding proud. Lifted out of a

state of servitude into freedom, given arms with which to fight for his own and his country's rights, instead of resting in abject subjection, given a uniform to wear, a flag to follow, a country to defend, and it is no wonder that he was a prince.

I would that I were a painter, and could make the canvas speak and glow with life. You should see a thousand swarthy men keeping step to martial music as they march through the streets of a haughty Southern city, where but yesterday they were slaves and were compelled to lift the hat and call every white man "Master." Every soldier's eye is straight to the front, as if there was nothing near that he had ever seen or cared to see. Every foot strikes the ground like the tread of a conquering hero, squarely, firm and strong. Every musket seems a part of the soldier himself, ready for any duty. How like majesty itself the dark column sweeps along, declaring to the sullen taskmaster, as he sneeringly looks on, "We are your slaves no longer." How grand the spectacle of an armed regiment of disciplined, dignified colored soldiers, proclaiming to Southern pride, "You are in our power, and not we in yours; but for the oppression you have given us, we now give you protection to your farthest right."

In many things these men were mere children. George Washington Johnson, who, in the ranks, stands like a sable knight, out of the ranks will run and frolic like a child. As he comes you hear him shout, "Yo' bettah look out da; I'se gwine to throw you ober de moon." By and by, by the light of a pine knot, you will see him bend his old gray head over a spelling book, wrinkling his forehead, contorting his countenance, twisting his whole frame as if he were solving the problem of the ages, and at last exclaim, "Which of you uns is A, anyhow?"

If some old, homesick man begins to wish he had never learned to be a soldier, you hear him say, "What for you done get so foolish? Yo' hab libbed under de old flag 1864 years, and ain't your old soul willin' now to fight for it?"

It is doubtful whether he could stand as well as his white companion that severest of all tests for a soldier, the sudden awakening in the night by the alarm of the "long roll." In dreams the soldier sits at the old fireside, where the homestead cheer abounds; where father and mother proudly smile at the tales of war he tells, and brothers and sisters question with eager anxiety, and "another, not a sister," silently listens with quickened breath, and only half hides the tell-tale blush upon her cheek, when lo! it is not home at all, nor pleasant sounds that strike upon his ear, but the quick, sharp bang, bang, bang, of the picket firing, and at the same instant the drummer, who seems never to sleep, begins that terrible call, the long roll, which seems to say, "Arise, oh men! to your death." No one knows what is coming; how near the danger is, or how great it is. And while at such times it takes an old soldier not to get his legs into his coat sleeves, and his boots into his pockets instead of on his feet, I am inclined to think the white soldier would learn to stand the ordeal better than the black.

The black soldier's life, when off duty, was full of either music or religion. The songs of any soldier's camp, especially in the evening hour, are that part of war that no historian has portrayed. When the boys gathered together, and sung out upon the night air their hopes and loves and sadness in a common song; when they told in music the heart's deepest thoughts of home and mother; when they sung, "Sweet voices from the Spirit land I hear," "We shall meet, but we shall miss him," "Tramp,

tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," there was knit a bond of sympathy for each other, and fixed a devotion to duty and country that only the next fierce battle fully revealed. But the song of the Negro, like his religion, was a moan. It was a wail from the house of bondage, and contained the weird and suppressed sadness of long and cruel servitude.

You stand a little distance from a camp fire. The night is still. Presently you hear one deep, rich voice: "I know moon rise, I know star rise," and then two or three, "Lay dis body down." Then the single voice again:

"I walk in de moon light,  
I walk in de star light,"

and the refrain is taken up by half a dozen,

"To lay dis body down."

The single voice goes on:

"I'll walk in de grave yard,  
I'll walk troo' de grave yard,"

and then you are lifted as by a Creation chorus, for now there are fifty voices, and with such wonderful, deep, rich melody, as only the Negro can produce, they join together:

"To lay dis body down."  
"I go to de judgment in de evening of day,  
When I lay dis body down.  
And my soul and your soul will meet in de day  
When I lay dis body down."

While listening to this wild imagery, poured forth in sad cadence, one could but feel—"Woe to those by whom the whole life of a race has been so shadowed and dejected that its constant song is of an oppression broken only by death, the grave and the judgment." It was a blessed mercy that nearly every slave could sing, and in this way, through years of bondage, give relief to his accumulating and pent up sorrow.

The religious element in the slave had always been

predominant. The oppressed and burdened of all times have been most given to religious observances. Men everywhere pray in adversity. The Hebrews had their most exalted religious experiences when in bondage they "sat down by the rivers of Babylon and wept." So the Negro slaves in their bondage found great solace in the Hebrew's religion. The glorious imagery of the Old Testament struck a responsive chord in the Negro's love for that which is grand and eloquent, and the God to whom he fervently prayed was a master whose yoke was always easy, and his burden always light.

A Negro soldiers' camp at night was sure to be the scene of some religious observance, unless prevented by military rules. These exercises were apt to be boisterous, wild and uncouth, and would continue to the morning hours if permitted. There would be all sorts of shouting, singing, praying, exhorting, rolling on the ground, clapping of hands, and sometimes dancing commingled. But every once in a while some old man's voice would be heard in prayer that would rivet the attention of the white listener, and must have moved the Throne of Grace.

One prays, "Oh Lord, let me so lib, dat when I die I shall have manners. Dat I shall know what to say when I see my hebbenly Lord." Or another. "Let me lib with de musket in one hand and de bible in de udder, dat if I die at de muzzle of de musket, die in de water, die on de land, I may know I hab de blessed Jesus in my hand and hab no fear." "I hab left my wife in de land of bondage. My little ones say every night 'Whar is my fader,' but when I die, when de bressed mawnin' rises, when I shall stand in de glory wid one foot on de water and one foot on de land, den O Lord! I shall see my wife and my little chillun once more."

Then the preacher rises and pours forth his wild ex-

hortation in a quaint and characteristic style: "O you sinnahs—you hab need of a hebbenly master. You must follow de hebbenly flag, and shoot wid de hebbenly gun—Paul may plant and polish wid water, but it won't do."

Sometimes the preacher rises to genuine eloquence. Thus, when some one had questioned the liberal giving asked for, he said: "Did you ebber know a man to die poo' because he gib too much? Did you ebber hear of a church dat died because it gib too much? If you will show me dat church, I will make a pilgrimage to dat holy place. I will climb to its moss-covered roof, and dar, beneath de silbery light of de moon, I will lift my old hands to hebben and say 'Bressed am de dead dat die in de Lord.'"

Of course the cynic will say their religion was all nonsense because they would go right out of prayer meeting and steal chickens. This criticism I should stop to consider if I had not known so many white men who went from prayer meeting to things so much worse than chicken stealing. That they had no religion because slavery had blunted their moral sense in certain respects, I deny as stoutly as you deny that Calvin had no religion because he could calmly consign Servetus to the flames.

When the war broke out there was in the North a prejudice against the black man. Some thought it was proper that the Negroes should receive the gospel and a little education, but in homeopathic doses, administered with a very long-handled spoon. They had about the opinion of Topsy—"Couldn't nebber be nothin' but a nigger if dey waseberso good. If dey could beskin and come white," then it would do to try them. Many a soldier when he first entered on Southern soil had this prejudice deep in his heart, but it soon vanished. He found that in the black, whether man or woman, he had a faithful friend. Often on long and weary marches exhausted soldiers would



fall out of the ranks, sick and ready to die. The army would pass and leave them to their fate, for the necessities of a forced march in an enemy's country are very great. When the sick soldier revived, his first thought would be, "Into whose hands have I fallen?" If he saw a black face bending over him he knew he was safe. Or, if as a scout, or cut off or lost from the main body, a soldier wandered in that strange land, he waited until night, then cautiously approached the first cabin and peered in to see whether its inmates were black or white. If white, he never ventured in. If black he unhesitatingly entered, for they were certain friends.

Many times wounded and wandering soldiers were betrayed by the treachery of the whites. Never was a man betrayed or wronged by a black. Often our officers sought information of a perfectly legitimate character. If they sought it of a white man, it was almost sure to be false. If of a black, it was certain to be true. If they wanted a guide to some river ford, or over some mountain road, the white man would never lead the right way except at the muzzle of the persuasive revolver. But the black man always led straight and right.

A few months of these experiences, and our boys not only forgot their prejudice, but declared they never had any, and freely recognized the worth of the kind, faithful, loyal Negro.

Thus for the Negro the war proved a complete revolution. In the first place cruelly rejected and driven back into bondage; then accepted only for menial service; afterwards partially freed and received into military service, but with grave doubts and much prejudice. The doubts and prejudice he overcame by exhibiting discipline and bravery of a high order, and by showing himself the white

soldier's able and faithful friend in every place of need. When the war ended, we had received the efficient aid of 187,000 Negro soldiers, who had demonstrated, beyond a possible doubt, their right to freedom, and who had nobly helped to earn for their brethren the justly deserved dignity of American freemen.

Slave emancipation in the United States forms one of the most interesting chapters in history. Had it been possible to put down the rebellion as early as Mr. Lincoln hoped, when he issued his call for 75,000 troops, there would have been no emancipation. Had we been successful at Bull Run, then the war might have ended with no emancipation. But there was an unseen Wisdom shaping our course, and we were held in the discipline of a protracted war until we were worthy of our high destiny. We had said to the nations of the earth, "every man is entitled to the greatest of earthly blessings, the enjoyment of liberty." Yet we denied that liberty to an entire class of our people.

While the world was marching forward, we stood still, cursed by slavery. Every year brought mankind a broader out-look, a wider knowledge, a greater love of justice, a purer life. Every year saw old superstitions die, old prejudices decay, old wrongs righted, old oppressions cease. Yet the greatest injustice and the greatest of all oppressions we were fostering and upholding. Slavery had rooted itself so firmly in our nation's life that its hold could be broken only by a new birth agony. The war came, and literally fulfilled Mr. Lincoln's words: "Every drop of blood drawn with the lash was paid with another drawn with the sword."

We now know that the glorious result of universal freedom is worth the price we paid. We see that we were

not permitted to stop in the great onward world movement. With profound thankfulness and with deeper meaning than before, we acknowledge that

“Through the ages one unceasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened  
With the process of the suns.”

## MISSIONARY RIDGE.

By CAPT. E. B. PARSONS, U. S. V.

[Read March 7th, 1888.]

**D**URING the earlier years of my life I think I was a firm believer that everything written as history must be literally true and beyond question, because it was history, and in reading the story of the Revolution, as well as later wars, literally believed not only all that was written, but what was pictured as well; and quite frequently the battle scenes were pictured with the colonel of the regiment or captain of the company about ten yards in advance of his command, with a flag in one hand and sword in the other, while the regiment or company was pouring a volley into his stern sheets. But, to my young imagination, the volley I supposed was in some way expected to do great execution to the enemy, and still leave the officer in close range unharmed. But the more history I have read of late years the less I am inclined to put implicit faith in all that is detailed.

I have given the title of this paper as "The True Story of the Assault on Missionary Ridge; or, Who Ordered the Advance from the First Line of Rifle Pits?"

From November 25, 1863, the day of the assault, until May, 1887, I supposed the charge which took the first line of rifle pits, as well as the advance from that line to the top of the Ridge, was understood, if not previously contemplated at least, by some of the general officers in command, and to fully understand how this remarkable charge has gone into history, I shall make a few quotations, and I shall need to beg your indulgence for quoting so much

from already published history, but which is necessary in order to show that what has been accepted for nearly a quarter of a century as the true theory of that remarkable charge was incorrect. The first history I read of the war of the rebellion was written by J. T. Headly, entitled "Grant and Sherman; their Campaigns and Generals," published in 1865. He says when Grant finally took command and assaulted the enemy in their strong position on Missionary Ridge, Sheridan was foremost in the fight. He had felt keenly the breaking of his Division at Chickamauga, and riding in advance, he called to his men: "Show the 4th Corps that the men of the old Twentieth are still alive and can fight. Remember Chickamauga!"

The next history I saw was "Wisconsin in the War," by Rev. DeLos Love, published in 1866. He says: "At twenty minutes to four o'clock six signal guns were fired, and the long waiting troops leap forth—first to carry the rifle pits at the foot of Missionary Ridge. Wood's and Sheridan's skirmishers take the advance; Baird's Division moves at the left of Wood, and Johnson on the right of Sheridan. As they come to the base of the mountain the rebel pickets swarm out of their rifle pits in great amazement and flee before them. As yet no word of command has been given to go beyond the base, but they stop not for orders. A few moments they delay to re-form, and then start up the ascent. Front and enfilading shot from musketry and fifty cannons are plunging down upon them. Some fall; the rest press dauntlessly on. They clamber up the side, hopping ditches, jumping logs, advancing in zig-zag lines, rushing over all obstacles, dodging, if they can, the missiles of heavy stones thrown upon them by the rebels, and thrusting aside their bayonets until they reach the top, beat back the enemy and take the Ridge. Then go up tremendous shouts of joy, which are echoed back from every loyal household in the land."

Gen. Grant, in his history, says: "Hooker's reaching Bragg's flank and extending across it was to be the signal for Thomas' assault on the Ridge, but Sherman's position was getting so critical that assault for his relief could not be delayed any longer. Sheridan's and Wood's Divisions had been lying under arms from early in the morning, ready to move the instant the signal was given. I directed Thomas to order the charge at once. I watched eagerly to see the effect, and became impatient at last that there was no indication of any charge being made. The center of the line which was to make the charge was near where Thomas and I stood together, but concealed from our view by the intervening forest. Turning to Thomas to inquire what caused the delay, I was surprised to see Gen. Thomas J. Wood, one of the Division commanders who was to make the charge, standing talking to him. I spoke to Gen. Wood, asking him why he had not charged as ordered an hour before. He replied very promptly that this was the first he had heard of it, but that he had been ready all day to move at a moment's notice. I told him to make the charge at once. He was off in a moment, and in an incredibly short time loud cheering was heard, and he and Sheridan were driving the enemy's advance before them toward Missionary Ridge. The enemy was strongly entrenched on the crest of the Ridge in front of us, and had a second line half way down and another at the base. Our men drove the troops in front of the lower line of rifle pits so rapidly and followed them so closely that rebel and Union troops went over the first line of works almost at the same time. Many rebels were captured and sent to the rear under the fire of their own friends up the hill. Those that were not captured, retreated and were pursued. The retreating hordes being between friends and pursuers made the fire of the enemy

high to avoid killing their own men. In fact, on that occasion, the Union soldier nearest the enemy was in the safest position. Without waiting further orders or stopping to re-form, on our troops went to the second line of works, over that and on for the crest, thus effectually carrying out my orders of the 18th for the battle, and the 24th for this charge. I watched their progress with intense interest. The fire along the rebel line was terrific; cannon and musket balls filled the air, but the damage done was in small proportion to the ammunition used. The pursuit continued until the crest was reached, and soon our men were seen climbing over the confederate barriers at different points in front of both Sheridan's and Wood's Divisions. The retreat of the enemy along most of his line was precipitate, and the panic so great that Bragg and his officers lost all control over their men. Many were captured and thousands threw away their arms in their retreat."

The order that Gen. Grant alludes to of the 18th, for the plan of battle, was simply that "Thomas, with the Army of the Cumberland, occupying the center, was to assault, while the enemy was engaged with most of his forces on his two flanks;" and the order of the 24th, "Thomas was not to move until Hooker had reached Missionary Ridge. As I was with him on Orchard Knob he would not move without further orders from me."

Gen. W. F. Smith, who was chief of staff and chief engineer with the Army of the Cumberland, in his article entitled, "Was Chattanooga Fought as Planned?" says: "Finally, in the afternoon, Gen. Grant sent orders directly to the Division commanders of the Army of the Cumberland, to move forward and carry the rifle pits in their front at the base of Missionary Ridge. This was very easily done, and after capturing the rifle pits, the soldiers,

seeing they could not remain there under the fire from the crest of the Ridge, and having no intention of giving up any ground won by them, demanded to be led up the hill to storm the works on the crest, which was successfully done, and Bragg's headquarters were in our possession just before the sun went down on the second day of the battle. This assault was of course the crisis of the whole battle." The assault on the center, before either flank was turned, was never seriously contemplated, and was done without plan, without orders, and as above stated.

I have only one criticism to make on Gen. Smith's statement, and that is that while it undoubtedly sounds well to the casual reader to say that the men composing a line of battle nearly three miles long demanded of the officers that they be led up the Ridge, it will only do to tell it to the marines, but not to any old soldier of the Army of the Cumberland, for no such thing ever happened.

Now, up to the time, as I have stated, I had no doubt in my own mind that Lieut. Gen. Sheridan knew what started the troops from the first line of rifle pits; but I did not feel called upon to state what I knew about it until after reading Gen. J. S. Fullerton's article in the May number of the Century, 1887, which article is so well written, concise, and so evidently truthful, as it must appear to any one who was there at the time, and while believing his statements of what occurred to be correct, it plainly conflicts with other accounts, including Gen. Grant's own history. He says: "At twenty minutes before four the signal guns were fired. Suddenly 20,000 men rushed forward, moving in line of battle by brigade, with a double line of skirmishers in front and closely followed by the reserves in mass. The big siege guns in the Chattanooga forts roared above the light artillery and musketry in the valley; the enemy's rifle pits were ablaze and the whole



Ridge in our front had broken out like another *Ætna*. Not many minutes afterwards our men were seen working through the felled trees and other obstructions. Though exposed to such a terrific fire, they neither fell back nor halted. By a bold and desperate push they broke through the works in several places and opened flank and reverse fires. The enemy was thrown into confusion and took precipitate flight up the Ridge. Many prisoners and a large number of small arms were captured. The order of the commanding General had now been fully and most successfully carried out, but it did not go far enough to satisfy the brave men who thought the time had come to finish the battle of Chickamauga. There was a halt of but a few minutes to take breath and to reform lines; then, with a sudden impulse, all started up the side of the Ridge. Not a commanding officer had given the order to advance; the men who carried the muskets had taken the matter into their own hands; had moved of their own accord. Officers catching the spirit, first followed, then led; there was no thought of protecting flanks, though the enemy's line could be seen stretching beyond on either side. There was no thought of support or reserves. As soon as the movement was seen from Orchard Knob, Grant quickly turned to Thomas, who stood by his side, and I heard him angrily say, 'Thomas, who ordered those men up the Ridge?' Thomas replied, in his usual slow, quiet manner, 'I don't know; I didn't.' Then addressing Gen. Gordon Granger, he said, 'Did you order them up, Granger?' 'No,' said Granger, 'they started up without orders. When those fellows get started, all hell can't stop them.' Gen. Grant said something to the effect that somebody would suffer if it did not turn out well, and then turning around, stoically watched the Ridge. He gave no further orders. As soon as Granger had replied

to Thomas, he turned to me, his chief of staff, and said, 'Ride at once to Wood and then to Sheridan, and ask them if they ordered the men up the Ridge, and tell them if they can take it to push ahead.' As I was mounting, Granger added, 'It is hot over there and you may not get through; I shall send Capt. Avery to Sheridan and other officers after both of you.' As fast as my horse could carry me I rode first to Gen. Wood and delivered the message. 'I didn't order them up,' said Wood; they started up on their own account, and they are going up, too. Tell Granger if we are supported we will take and hold the Ridge.' As soon as I reached Gen. Wood, Capt. Avery got to Gen. Sheridan and delivered his message. 'I didn't order them up,' said Sheridan, 'but we are going to take the Ridge.'"

In detailing what came under my own observation, it is not necessary to go into the preliminary movements that have been written over and over again. But I will say that, from all the facts I have been able to gather, there is no doubt that General Grant intended and expected that General Sherman would fight the battle of Missionary Ridge, and that the Army of the Cumberland was to move on the center in order to draw a portion of Bragg's forces from Sherman's front, or at least prevent him from drawing troops from his center and left to reinforce his right. The 24th Wisconsin, to which I belonged, formed a part of the 1st Brigade of Sheridan's Division (the 2d) of Granger's 4th Corps. At about half past two we were ordered to move down to the right and some distance in front of Orchard Knob, in a thin belt of woods, when, after forming lines, we were ordered to lie down. The field pieces were also masked with brush, and all for a time was still as death; and little did the enemy dream that a line of men lay concealed there that would in a few mo-

ments spring upon them and snatch from their grasp their stronghold upon Missionary Ridge. As I have noted in my diary, the distance across from where we lay to the base of the Ridge was three-fourths of a mile, but I see it is stated by others to be a mile. As we lay there the word was passed along among line officers that our especial business on hand that afternoon was, at the signal of six guns from Fort Wood, the whole line was to spring up and make the charge, and take the works at the base of the Ridge. Of course watches varied in the army. Other accounts say it was twenty minutes to four o'clock, but I had noted it as three o'clock that the six guns at Fort Wood boomed out their signal. The whole line, some two and a half miles in length, rose up, the branches were snatched from the field pieces, the horses started on the jump, the line from double quick went into a dead run for the works. As soon as the line started, all of the guns in the works at Chattanooga opened, firing over us, and Bragg's guns, with which the Ridge was bristling, opened simultaneously, and it seemed to us that hell had let loose.

The rebels were easily driven from this line of pits, but our men were in a bad place and could not have lived a great while under the fire from the guns on the Ridge, which were pouring grape and canister down the Ridge, and could depress their guns just enough to sweep the lower part of the Ridge. Our men had got into this line of rifle pits, and were yet panting for breath, when, on looking around, the first sight that caught my eye was General Sheridan and his staff by the side of a little house at the foot of the Ridge, the General swinging his hat in such a manner as seemed, to me, to say, "I want you to move up." I immediately ordered my men out of the rifle pits, and the advance for the crest commenced, and in a few moments the Ridge seemed to be swarming with men on

the way up, and it is yet a disputed point whether the colors of the 24th Wisconsin were first or second over the crest of the Ridge; or, as that talented orator, Judge Arthur MacArthur, expressed it: "In their daring ascent of Mission Ridge, when their flag was the first or second to wave in triumph from the ramparts of the flying enemy."

I make the following quotations from a letter I wrote to my father from Chattanooga, November 27, 1863, two days after the battle, and which letter I now have in my possession: "At three o'clock Wednesday afternoon the signal of six guns was fired from Fort Wood, when our whole Corps, forming a line two and a half miles long, started on the charge. We double-quickened nearly a mile across an open plain, under a terrific fire of shot and shell. They had three lines of entrenchments on the slope of the Ridge, and our first orders were to stop at the first line of pits, but we drove them from there so quick and were exposed to such a galling fire from their batteries (the nearer we got to the top the safer we were), that General Sheridan, who was right behind us swinging his hat, told us to go for the top of the Ridge, which we did, under the most terrific fire of grape, canister and schrapnel that you can imagine. The charge lasted one hour and twenty-six minutes. Our colors were among the first on top of the Ridge. The loss to our regiment is thirty-nine killed and wounded. This has been a most glorious victory."

Sheridan's and Wood's Divisions took thirty-one pieces of artillery, several thousand small arms and 3,800 prisoners. In that one hour of assault they lost 2,337 men killed and wounded, over twenty per cent. of their whole force, and on the northern end of the Ridge General Sherman lost in his two days fighting, 1,697 killed and wounded.

Now, from that day to the present, to the best of my

recollection, I have never heard any officer or private soldier speak of seeing General Sheridan swing his hat, indicating, as I construed it, that he wished the line to advance; and I confess that I have had the thought enter my mind that perhaps the swinging of his hat was but cheering the men for what they had already accomplished, and that after all the advance was an accident or a mistake. But yet, adhering to my first impression that General Sheridan, who was right up with his Division, saw what was apparent to every one of us—that the line could not live where they were—and that he also thought he discovered a good fighting chance of taking the Ridge; and that the swinging of his hat in the manner I have stated was intended as a signal for the line to advance; and I never have had any reason to change my belief as expressed in my letter two days after the event occurred, and which I have just read to you; but after reading General Fullerton's statement, that all of the commanding officers from General Thomas down denied giving the order to advance, I wrote the following letter to General Sheridan:

MILWAUKEE, WIS., May 5, 1887.

GEN. P. H. SHERIDAN, WASHINGTON, D. C.

MY DEAR GENERAL: Will you pardon my trespassing upon your valuable time on a matter which may not, at this time, seem of much importance to you? But in matters that have become history I desire to see the record as near correct as possible. I have just been reading an article in the Century for May, by J. S. Fullerton, entitled "The Army of the Cumberland at Chattanooga," which, in the main, is a very truthful and interesting account. In speaking of the charge on Missionary Ridge, he says that after taking the first line of pits the men, with a sudden impulse, all started up the Ridge. Not a commanding of-

ficer gave the order to advance. That Grant, as soon as he saw the movement, asked Thomas, "Who ordered the men up the Ridge?" Thomas replied, "I don't know; I didn't." He then asked Granger if he ordered them up. He replied, "No; they started without orders." Granger then sent Fullerton to General Wood, who replied to the same question, "I didn't order them up;" and Capt. Avery to General Sheridan, who replied, "I didn't order them up." So it seems, according to General Fullerton's account, that no one could be found who ordered the movement. Now the facts are these: The 24th Wisconsin struck the first line of rifle pits just a little to the right of the little house or hut at the base of the Ridge, and the grape and canister from the guns on the Ridge was raking them fearfully. The men had got into this pit and had but a moment to breathe, when in turning around I saw yourself and staff at the side of the little house, and you were swinging your hat, indicating the order to move up. Immediately I started my men out of the pit, and the scramble for the top began. I do not know what happened, either at the right or left of us, or whether any portion of the line up to that moment had advanced, but I know that I took the order from you in the manner stated, and if that was the first part of the line to start up, then I think you should be credited with giving the order which resulted in taking the Ridge. I have told the story a hundred times, and always to illustrate the advantage to troops in having their commanding officer with them. As I have always said, you saved us from being cut to pieces then, as the farther we got up the Ridge the safer we were from the fire of Bragg's guns. It would be very gratifying to me, as well as the other surviving members of the old 24th, if you will kindly give me your recollection of this matter. With kindest regards,

Very respectfully yours,      EDWIN B. PARSONS,  
Late Captain Co. K, 24th Wisconsin.

This is General Sheridan's reply :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES, }  
WASHINGTON, D. C., June 6, 1887. }

Captain EDWIN B. PARSONS, 38 Chamber of Commerce,  
Milwaukee, Wis.

DEAR SIR: In your letter of May 5th, you state the exact facts as they occurred in my Division at the foot of Missionary Ridge, the day of the assault. I actually rode my horse into the trench of the enemy's rifle pits to force out the skulkers who were sheltering themselves there after the line had started to rush up the hill. The only officer who happened to be with me at that moment was Colonel Davis, now with Jansen, McClurg & Co., of Chicago, who is conversant with all that occurred.

Yours truly,

P. H. SHERIDAN,

Lieutenant General.

So that, to sum up the whole matter, notwithstanding all writers that have written of that remarkable charge have stated that the advance from the first line of rifle pits to the top of the Ridge was made by the men without orders, I believe and assert, and am sustained in the assertion, as I have shown by the Lieutenant General of the army, that the "sudden impulse" under which General Fullerton states the troops started up the Ridge, emanated from General Sheridan's hat, and that the advance was started there and then, as I have stated. And I further assert and believe that, from all I saw at the time, and from all information I have been able to obtain since, that the first troops that started from the first line of rifle pits to go for the top was the 24th regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers.

## WITH KILPATRICK AROUND ATLANTA.

BY CAPT. GEORGE I. ROBINSON, U. S. V.

(Read December 1st, 1886.)

IT is natural for a soldier to become warmly attached to the command with which he serves, particularly if such command is conspicuous for gallantry, and is uniformly successful in its movements and operations; and a feeling of mutual and self confidence is engendered, and a sort of *esprit du corps* established, tending greatly toward an invincibility on the part of the command endowed with these feelings.

Such were the feelings conspicuously possessed by nearly every man, by every company, by every regiment and by every brigade forming the 2d Division of Cavalry, Army of the Cumberland, with which it was my fortune to serve some two and a half years during the war.

The remark is perhaps not unfamiliar to many of you who may have heard it during the earlier days of the war, when a body of cavalry was coming from the front, or was going to the rear: "There is fighting in front, the cavalry is going to the rear," and I sometimes shared in a measure the same opinion until, after becoming attached to a cavalry command, I had the opportunity of learning more definitely for what purpose these seemingly retrograde movements were made, which I found were almost invariably for the purpose of warding off an attack upon the cracker line of the army, or a blow at some important depot of supplies, or to frustrate some threatened flanking movement on the part of the enemy; and the occasion, too, when these somewhat uncomplimentary re-



marks were made, was at a time when the Army of the Cumberland, at least, had but a small proportion of mounted troops, and it seemed to be generally expected that a regiment of cavalry on an expedition of the kind, should accomplish what not less than a brigade of infantry would have been thought of being sent to accomplish, when the only superiority that should have been considered, was, that the cavalry, being mounted, could reach the destination more quickly, and then fight, mounted or as infantry, as the circumstances and occasion demanded; and the fact should not be overlooked that the principal object for the mounting of troops was for the more rapid transit, and not that a man on horse-back was better prepared for effective fighting; and while there were many conspicuous battles of mounted troops, and many brilliant cavalry charges, the fact also is, that in the large majority of the severe cavalry battles, the fighting was principally done on foot or acting as infantry, and one of the most familiar commands before going into action was "Prepare to fight on foot, dismount;" and when this command rang down the column or along the line, we knew at once that, in the opinion of the commanding officer, it was an occasion demanding the most effective execution in the use of the carbine or musket.

One brigade of this division was composed wholly of mounted infantry, drilled and disciplined as infantry before being mounted, was only partially armed with sabres (usually the two flank companies), and of course always prepared to fight on foot, yet no more so than the other brigades which were recruited and drilled as cavalry, and at the same time was equally efficient in mounted movements, excepting a general sabre charge. And yet probably one of the most daring, gallant and effective sabre charges (for its size) in the Department of the Cumberland

during the war, was made by four companies of the 17th Indiana mounted infantry led by Lieut. Col. White, at Plantersville Church, Alabama, on April 1st, 1865, the detail of which was not here intended; but I may mention, incidentally however, that they dashed against and broke through Forrest's rebel lines, rode over and captured his battery of four guns, kept up a running fight for some distance with Forrest and his escort, wounding Forrest twice with a sabre, then, wheeling to the left, again cut their way out with a loss of one officer (Capt Taylor) and sixteen men.

But it was not my purpose to review the cavalry operations in the Department of the Cumberland during the entire war, as there were a number of different campaigns, in each of which the operations of the cavalry would furnish data and material for an article more or less interesting, perhaps, if entrusted to some one better qualified to detail and describe it.

My object at this time is more particularly to describe one incident in the operations of the cavalry, according to my recollection, dimmed as it may be by the accumulation of the dust of twenty-two years, and known as the Kilpatrick raid around Atlanta.

The 2d Division of Cavalry, Army of the Cumberland, was at this time commanded by Brig. Gen. Kenner Garrard, a graduate of West Point Military Academy, and formerly Colonel of a New York infantry regiment in the Army of the Potomac. It consisted of three brigades and the Chicago Board of Trade battery.

The 1st Brigade, commanded by Col. R. H. G. Minty, of the 4th Michigan cavalry, was composed of the 4th regulars, 4th Michigan and 7th Pennsylvania cavalry; the 2d Brigade, commanded by Col. Eli Long, of the 4th Ohio, was composed of the 1st Ohio, 3d Ohio, and

5th Ohio cavalry; and the 3d Brigade, commanded by Col. A. O. Miller, was composed of the 17th and 72d Indiana, and the 98th and 123d Illinois mounted infantry. The three brigades were armed with the Spencer repeating rifled carbine and musket, and the rebels used to say of them that they loaded Sunday and kept firing the balance of the week.

With the rebel army then driven within the defenses of Atlanta, General Sherman was impatient to destroy Hood's communications, and he who was familiar with the temperament and disposition of Gen. Sherman knew that his impatience and effort never relaxed till his object was attained.

The Georgia Central road between Atlanta and Augusta had been broken; some twenty miles of the road and two extensive bridges near Covington had been effectually destroyed by this division alone, and now to reach the Macon and Western was the object of his impatient desire. Two cavalry expeditions had been sent out for this purpose; the 1st Division under Gen. E. M. McCook from the right, and a second expedition under Gen. Stoneman from the left, both of which were conspicuous failures, Gen. Stoneman and a large part of his command being captured.

Gen. Kilpatrick, with the 3d Division, was now in the rear guarding our own communications, and the 2d Division was the only organization of mounted troops at the front that had not been more or less shattered by disaster and failure on some raiding expedition; but General Sherman, probably more disgusted than disheartened, or with a disposition to reduce his cavalry and increase his infantry, ordered the division into the trenches on the north east front of Atlanta, relieving the 23d Corps, which was thrown to the extreme right. This was

on or about the 1st of August, 1864, and here the division did duty as infantry for a couple of weeks, undergoing the shelling and firing from the rebel works in common with the balance of the army in line, doing picket duty, furnishing and relieving its own skirmishers, repelling sorties of the enemy, and making them in turn, no less valiantly than the infantry on its either flank, and as readily and handsomely as if this were their accustomed mode of warfare.

During this time Kilpatrick's Division was ordered to the front and encamped at Sandtown, some twenty or more miles west of our present location, and on the right and rear of the right flank of our army and south of the Chattahoochee. On the morning of the 15th of August the 2d Division was relieved from duty in the trenches and encamped at Peach Tree Creek a few miles to the rear, and a heavy foraging detail was sent out to the left for a supply of long forage, which usually consisted of sheaf-oats and corn-fodder, returning late the evening of the same day. The scouts reporting a threatening demonstration by the rebel cavalry under Wheeler on our left, the division was ordered out the same night to intercept him, making one of those choppy, halting, march-a-little, halt-a-little, night marches, the tediousness and unpleasantness of which is so familiar to nearly all old soldiers. Skirmishing with the rebel cavalry during most of the following day, they gradually fell back behind the right wing of their army, and at night we withdrew and returned to our camp on Peach Tree Creek.

The desire or determination to break the Macon & Western R. R., the only line of rail communication now left to the rebel army, had evidently taken a fresh hold of Gen. Sherman, and he called his division commanders of cavalry to him to get their views of the feasibility and

probability of success in again making the effort. As related in my presence some time afterward by an officer of the division staff, when discussing the matter, and why General Garrard, the then ranking division commander, was not sent in command of an expedition for the purpose, it was said that at the conference he had expressed the opinion that, owing to the ability of the enemy to quickly concentrate a combined heavy force of infantry and cavalry at almost any point on the road, it would be useless to undertake it with anything less than our entire mounted force, and our experience up to this time, and subsequent events, proved that his judgment was pretty nearly correct.

When Kilpatrick's opinion was asked he said (as I was told) that if he could have the 2d Division with his own he could reach the road and effectually destroy at least twenty miles of it.

This was the kind of talk and confidence that Gen. Sherman, for such an emergency, liked to hear, and Kilpatrick of course was the man to command such an expedition, but there was an impediment in the way of the 2d Division reporting to Kilpatrick, which was, that the commander of the 2d Division (Gen. Garrard) was the ranking officer and could not be ordered to report to his junior, to obviate which, two brigades of the 2d Division, with four guns of the Chicago Board of Trade battery, were ordered to report to General Kilpatrick at Sandtown. In obedience to this order, about midnight of the 17th the 1st Brigade (Minty's) and 2d Brigade (Long's), with four guns of the battery, all under command of Col. Minty, left their camp at Peach Tree Creek and started on the march westward in rear of the army.

Probably very few, except at headquarters, knew what the object of the movement was, and as during the

entire campaign up to this time (except while in the trenches) we had been so frequently transferred from one flank to the other, usually having an all night march of it, many supposed it was a resume of the same maneuvers, and not until we had reported to Gen. Kilpatrick early in the forenoon of the 19th did we begin to discover, through the nature of the orders pertaining to forage, rations, un-serviceable horses, etc., that some extended and rapid movement was contemplated, although before leaving camp I had suspected something of this nature, as I was directed to take only the limbers of my caissons, which was an unusual occurrence.

To conform to the orders received after reaching Kilpatrick's headquarters, required a close and minute inspection of all animals and material, the proper distribution of rations and what little forage we had, so that there was little or no rest for either men or officers during the day, and about sundown we were greeted by that familiar, but now unwelcome call, by the headquarters bugler, quickly followed by brigade and regimental buglers throughout the camp, "boots and saddles," which was smothered before half finished by the groans of thousands of disappointed troopers, who now quickly realized that their anticipation or desire for a comfortable night's rest and sleep was beyond even hope, and the expression of many a man as he braced his knee against his horse's ribs and drew tight his saddle girth, was certainly more expressive than elegant, and when all was ready and waiting the call to mount, occasionally a man, to give more forcible expression to his disappointment and disgust, would go back and set fire to the little bunch of straw or sunburned grass that he had gathered for a bed for the purpose of making his night's rest more comfortable and enjoyable.


We did not have long to wait, for the call "to horse" was quickly followed by the "mount;" headquarters sounded the "forward," and the combined force, now numbering probably 5,500 mounted officers and men, took up the line of march on the road leading southward, the 3d Division, now commanded by Col. Murray, having the advance.

It was a bright, beautiful moonlight night, the road was unusually good, but as far as my own men were concerned, they were too sleepy to enjoy a night march under these otherwise favorable conditions. Discussions on the general conduct of the war and upon the probable object of our present movement ended early that evening, and by 9 o'clock, and for several hours afterward, you might have ridden up and down the column (of the battery at least) and not found a half-dozen men, aside from the drivers of the wheel teams, but what were soundly asleep, and up and down the column of the 2d Division, as far as we could hear, the clicking of the sabre-scabbards against the stirrup, the jingle of the flying ends of the traces of the artillery harness, the dull rattle of the wheels of the gun-carriages and limbers, and the low pattering of the horses' hoofs on the hard dirt road, were about the only sounds to break the otherwise almost breathless silence. A human voice was seldom heard along this part of the column, except when semi-occasionally, a man would, by the misstep or sudden lurch of his horse, become half aroused, when you would hear him yawn and utter the self-addressed expression: "My God, how sleepy I am."

Thus the night wore on and we marched on, the column probably covering a distance on the road of from four to five miles. About 10 o'clock, perhaps, the march became of that choppy nature (halt-a-little and march-a-little), and occasionally I thought I could hear skirmishing in front,

but it was too far off and too feeble to cause any disturbance to the sleepy troopers and artillerists two or three miles to the rear, and they continued to sleep soundly in their saddles. My only precaution was to take a couple or more additional orderlies to ride up and down the column, and when the head of the column started from one of those frequent short halts, to have these orderlies see that the horses started, or start them and let the men sleep.

Finally in the early morning, when the moon had gone down behind the trees, and with one of those early morning and obscuring fogs hugging the earth, the head of column struck the Atlanta and West Point R. R. near Red Bank, driving in a rebel outpost or picket, and moved on until the battery was astride the railroad, one section south of it and the other to the north of it, and the column again halted, and the first brigade of our division commenced tearing up the track, piling up the ties and firing them, and soon had a mile or two well ablaze, when suddenly a battery, followed by musketry, opened from the left flank, and the shells went crashing through the trees over our heads. The first one was sufficient to waken every man then asleep, and to bring him quickly to the realization that there was business on hand requiring immediate attention. The column quickly closes up, the battery goes into position on the first sufficiently open ground south of the railroad, and points for the rebel battery, which had now ceased firing; the division forms on its flanks by simply wheeling "fours, left into line," and the 4th Michigan is sent forward into the darkness of early dawn, made darker by the smoke and fog, to feel the enemy, and soon drove them back to their supports, and the column resumed the march, now well closed up and every man wide awake. Following the course of the road,





which now turned more to the east or southeast, the head of column soon develops a considerable force of rebel cavalry and a four gun battery in our front, which proved to be Ross' and Ferguson's Brigade of Wheeler's cavalry. Minty's Division was now ordered in advance and moved forward at the trot, formed in line on the right and left of the road, threw a line of skirmishers well to the front and moved forward mounted, the battery keeping on the road. The skirmishers were soon engaged and those of the enemy gradually fell back, when our line, reaching the crest of a slight elevation, found their main line occupying a ridge beyond and behind hastily constructed barricades, their battery commanding the road, and it promptly saluted us with a couple of shells, which however went over us, doing no damage. Their salute was promptly acknowledged by the two guns of our battery now in position on the road, our cavalry dismounted to fight, my other two guns were ordered up and went into position in the field a few yards to the left of the road. A few well directed and well timed shells from us, and their battery withdrew, quickly followed by their cavalry, leaving only a strong skirmish line to check our advance. Our line remounted and moved forward to find them as strongly posted on another ridge less than a mile to the front. Almost the same maneuvers were resorted to, and the enemy again withdrew and our men again mounted and moved forward, to find them similarly posted further to the front. After several repetitions of this, Col. Minty decided to move forward dismounted, and this it should be remembered always reduces the fighting force some twenty to twenty-five per cent.

The enemy, however, made such seemingly slight resistance until they reached the Flint river, that I was under the impression that they were seeking to draw us into a position where, sooner or later, we might expect music from a much larger band.

At the crossing of the Flint river they made quite a determined resistance until they got their artillery across and well posted to cover the crossing, when they again fell back across the river and attempted to tear up the bridge, but they were too late; we were close upon them, and two of our guns quickly in position on our skirmish line commanded the bridge and swept it before the rear of their column had much more than cleared the further end of it. Their battery, well posted on the high ground beyond, now opened on us, but doing no serious damage, their shells flying high and only starting a commotion among our lead horses in the rear, and causing them to seek shelter in the nearest favorable position. My other two guns, under Lieut. Bennett, were immediately ordered up, and posted on a high knoll to the left of the road and opened on their battery from this position. I then withdrew my two guns from the road and put them in position on the left of the two on the ridge, and soon silenced their battery and it withdrew.

From our present position we could see over the top of the timber, beyond the church spires in Jonesboro', the railroad station, evidently several miles in the distance.


We continued to shell the woods in which the enemy was posted beyond the river, and under the cover of our shelling one of our regiments, I think the 4th Michigan, was formed in column dismounted to charge the bridge, which it promptly did and deployed on the other or east side, and was quickly followed by another regiment, I think the 7th Pennsylvania.

I said to Col. Minty, who happened to be near me, that I thought if the enemy had any additional force it should have shown itself there, that I believed we had got them already scared, and with his permission I would move two of my guns across and on to the skirmish line.

He readily assented, I moved them across, went into battery and advanced the pieces by hand, with the skirmishers, using shell or canister, as the circumstances seemed to demand. What had become of the enemy's artillery we did not know, as it didn't show itself again that afternoon. Our line now moved forward boldly, preceded by a strong line of skirmishers and two guns of the battery on the skirmish line. The resistance was not strong except, when occupying a favorable defensive position, the enemy would seem disposed to make a determined stand, but were soon driven from position by a few effective shots from the battery and the advance of the line of seven-shooters.

The road on which we were moving we found led us directly to the railroad depot, and about five o'clock we had them crowded back to the edge of the town, where they had taken position, with line of battle trending from northeast to southwest, their flanks extending considerably beyond the town in either direction. We found the depot and adjoining warehouses defended by an outlying line of hastily constructed barricades, extending northward some distance beyond the elevated water tank, and southward across the road on which we were approaching, and manned by a considerable force of dismounted cavalry, who now seemed disposed to make a stubborn resistance to our further approach. The most annoyance that we were then receiving was from that part of their force located under and around the water tank, and I directed a shell at it which went through it near the bottom, and the water from it compelled them to vacate its immediate vicinity.

The freight depot was quite an extensive structure, with a small dome or tower in the centre of the roof, resembling more, however, the ventilators we often see on barns through the country in the northern states.



I then directed a shell, with short fuse, at the roof of the depot, which struck it near the centre and well down near the eaves, and exploded inside, and the little tower seemed to jump bodily about ten or fifteen feet into the air and then rolled down the roof and dropped to the ground. A cloud of smoke soon rose through the aperture in the roof, followed by flame, and the depot was soon ablaze, which quickly spread to the adjacent warehouses and a train of cars on the further side, all of which we afterwards learned were filled with commissary stores and the household goods of refugees.

The force behind the barricade and adjacent buildings were now making it quite uncomfortable for us, but with the aid of a few shells from our battery and a rapid advance of the line of "Spencers," it quickly fell back into and across the town, occupying a slightly elevated position, with their line extending from east to west, facing north.

The principal part of the town consisted of a row of stores, dwellings and shops on each side of the railroad, with a road or street on each side between the railroad and rows of buildings. The two guns in the rear, under Lieut. Bennett, were now directed to take position a short distance to the right and rear, where he could get an oblique fire on the enemy's line, and commence shelling them. The two that were at the front were moved down the road south of the depot and west of the railroad, as close to the enemy as the nature of the ground would permit, and commenced shelling them from this position, supported at the time by the skirmishers in advance of our main line.

A few shells down the main street and railroad, and the centre of their line broke, and Bennett's firing on the right had equally good effect on the enemy's left, and they

fell back in haste and disorder, hurried the more by the continued shelling from our guns.

It seemed to me that then was the moment to quickly and rapidly follow them, but our cavalry was then dismounted and the lead horses some distance to the rear. Seeing Col. Minty close by, I said to him, that if he would support me I would put my two guns in position on the ridge in the town, which the enemy had just vacated, to which he replied, "Go ahead; the 4th Michigan will be with you in a moment."

We quickly limbered to the front and went forward at the gallop, the cannoneers mounting the limber-chests and the trails of the pieces, and went into position at the spot just vacated by the center of the enemy's line, and again commenced shelling the rear of his column down the road. Thus these two gun-detachments were the first Yankee troops to enter the town. A few dismounted rebels, left behind, took refuge in the buildings on our right and front and let into us pretty lively from the windows for a moment or two, but a couple of shells sent crashing through the building soon silenced them, and the 4th Michigan coming up we ceased firing. Noticing the telegraph office just to the right of my pieces I stepped in and found the instrument at work, the operator evidently having had a sudden call elsewhere.

The message then on the wire was interpreted by a Yankee soldier who claimed to have been a telegraph operator and was said to be advices that Cleburne's Division of infantry and Martin's Brigade of cavalry were en-route to re-enforce Ross and Ferguson. Acting on this, Kilpatrick sent a force well up the road toward Atlanta to tear up the road, and a force was distributed along the road in the intervening section to tear it up and destroy it, but it now commenced to rain, and it *did* rain as if it had been

husbanding a six months' supply for this particular time, and unmindful of a reserve for any future occasion. Wet railroad ties would not burn, and cold iron rails refused to bend, so that the best that could be done was to tear up the track, throw the rails to one side and scatter the ties, which however, could be relaid and repaired about as quickly as we had torn it up; a mile or two, perhaps, were thus torn up. While this was being done, Kilpatrick called a council on the verandah of a house where I was seeking shelter from the pouring rain.

It was there decided to try to get below or south of the rebel cavalry, and if successful in such a movement we would have them between ourselves and Atlanta, when we could defend ourselves sufficiently to permit us to destroy quite a piece of the road in our rear, and fall back and repeat this operation, and thus, perhaps, destroy a considerable portion of the road; but, as we all know, the best laid plans sometimes miscarry, and this was one of the times when the hoped-for result failed to be realized. The theory was advanced that by drawing off to the eastward the enemy's cavalry would follow us, when by making a circuitous route southward we could strike the road further south, and having the enemy then in our rear we could turn on and fight them and gradually fall back as planned.

We could now hear the whistle of the locomotives away up the road in the direction of Atlanta, and this plan was quickly decided upon and the movement made to put it in attempted execution.

It was now perhaps about ten o'clock at night, and the column was formed with 1st Brigade (Minty's) and one section of the battery in the advance, then the 3d Division and the 2d Brigade (Long's) with one section of the battery in the rear. This was a formation of the col-

umn and a separation of our division, one brigade in front and the other in rear of 3d Division, that nearly every officer of the division took quiet exception to, and concluded that in what fighting was to be done we had got to do the most of it, and while the division was always ready but never "spoiling for a fight," when there was fighting to be done the different brigades always liked to be together and supported by each other.

Thus formed, the column moved eastward toward McDonough. The rain had now nearly ceased, the night was, however, very dark, the roads muddy and the low places full of water, but the march was kept up as rapidly as these conditions would admit of; but in the early morning we found that the rebel cavalry was close upon our heels, and the 2d Brigade would occasionally be pretty warmly engaged in the rear of our column and the entire command would be halted and prepared to support it if found necessary. This day, August 21st, was mostly occupied with this style of marching and fighting, and from Jonesboro' during the night and day we had covered a distance of perhaps eighteen to twenty miles, and now, in the afternoon, were again approaching the railroad at Lovejoy, about eight miles below Jonesboro.'

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and the column was moving briskly westward on the road, with heavy woods on each side, when the advance guard marched squarely upon Cleburne's infantry in line of battle, lying down and ready to receive it. It was quickly driven back on the main column, which advanced to its support. The column soon halted and I could hear brisk skirmishing in front. Suddenly I heard the command repeated down the column in front of me, "Fours, left about," and that part of the column faced to the rear. Supposing some retrograde movement to be made, I faced

my battery to the rear, which, as the road was narrow, had to be done by unlimbering. Our 2d Brigade had now been ordered up, and was coming up at the trot, and Lieut. Bennett joined me with his section. By this time the column had again faced to the front, and was slowly moving forward, but before making any further movement with the battery, and in absence of orders or instructions, I rode hurriedly forward toward the front to view the situation, and found the head of the column skirmishing briskly, but still tumbling back in considerable disorder, and the nature of the ground on each side of the road near the head of the column being such as to make it very difficult for our force to deploy into line. The situation looked somewhat serious, and I was a little apprehensive of a stampede, unless a rallying point could be fixed, and I hurried back to the battery, determined to get it into position at the first opening, believing that if I could demonstrate to the division that I was prepared and ready to help them, they would rally to our support and make the best fight possible. A short distance to the rear, and on the left of the road, was a cornfield some four hundred yards long and about half as wide, that seemingly had recently been cleared up and cut out of the woods, and was enclosed by a heavy rail fence. This was the place, and the four guns were put in position in about the centre of it, and commenced firing in the air. Immediately the cavalry raised the cheer, and I felt better.

The command was heard from the line officers, "prepare to fight on foot;" the men dismounted and quickly formed in line just beyond the upper or west end of the corn field, extending across the road and into the woods to the right, the lead horses going hurriedly to the rear. The enemy advanced and were met by a withering fire



from our men, but still confidently pressed on, and our line gradually fell back and formed line on the flanks of the battery, uncovering its front so that the guns could now be used with some effect. The rebel line presented itself at the upper end of the corn field, with the battle flags and men's heads showing above the corn, gave us a volley and with one of those demoniac rebel yells made a rush forward. We gave them a double charge of canister from each piece, followed in quick succession by others of the same sort, and our front was quickly cleared of both corn and rebels, and we changed from canister to shell.

One great disadvantage experienced in rapidly working the guns of the battery was that the ground was so soft that at every discharge of the pieces the recoil would send the wheels into the ground half way to the axle, and required that they be lifted out after every discharge.

We had now slackened our firing, but still continued shelling the woods in our front, although at longer intervals, when suddenly the rebels came out of the woods and in position under the fence along the road on my right and let us have it, seemingly with a confidence that they had us within their grasp, and it looked a little that way to me, for this first revealed to me that my flanks were not protected and that my support had fallen back. One of my guns had broken down and the limber been sent to the rear, but I quickly changed front to the right by drawing back my right piece and running forward the left, and again gave them canister, and splinters, rails and rebels flew promiscuously in our front, and that flank was soon cleared when we discovered that we were being fired into from the woods on the left, now almost to our rear, but not by so much of a force, and we drew back our left piece and opened on them in that direction and soon drove back the comparatively small force that had moved down there under cover of the fence, woods and standing corn.

I had received no orders to go into action, and had no orders to fall back, but now having a temporary breathing spell, and my men reporting ammunition nearly gone, one man killed, a number of others badly wounded, a number of horses shot and one gun hanging by the trunnions beneath the axle, I concluded to get out of that cornfield with what there was left, and so fell back and went into position on line with the cavalry a short distance beyond the east end of the cornfield.

Col. Minty coming up I explained to him my condition, that I had left one gun in the cornfield and asked for a detail to help pull it off, and save it if possible. Capt. Burns (of Col. Minty's staff) called for volunteers for the purpose, and every man of the division, both cavalymen and battery boys, was ready and eager to go.

The enemy evidently was considerably punished, as they had not followed us up, and in pulling the disabled gun off, we were fired at only by some skirmishers or sharp shooters in the distance.

I had the piece dismounted and loaded into my ammunition wagon and the gun-carriage destroyed. My killed and wounded were all taken care of, the dead buried, and the wounded made as comfortable as possible in the ambulances.

You perhaps ask where the 3d Division was during this time. They were not far off, and were in line faced to the rear confronting the rebel cavalry which had followed us during the day and had now closed in behind us, formed in line in a good position, evidently determined to prevent our escape, and firing had already commenced in that direction.

Our position did look a little critical, for the nature of the ground was such that, to get out of there, we had either to cut through the infantry in our front, or the cav-

alry in our rear, and it was decided to cut through the cavalry if possible, and preparations were quickly made for that effort.

While they were being made the enemy's artillery opened on us, and I was directed to put two guns in position to engage it, and sent Lieut. Bennett in charge, who by the way was a reliable and gallant soldier in any emergency.

Completing arrangements and instructing my sergeant the movements he should make with the limbers, wagon and ambulance in case we succeeded in cutting our way through, I joined Bennett with the other gun, and found that he had already disabled one piece of the rebel battery, so that we were now equal in number, they having three and we three.

The cavalry were now preparing for the charge, and the 2d Division was placed in front to lead it, the 1st Brigade in advance, each regiment in column of fours, right in front, the 4th Michigan in the center, the 7th Pennsylvania on its right and the 4th Regulars on its left, with an interval of perhaps a hundred and fifty yards between the regiments. Behind the 1st Brigade was formed the 2d (Long's) in close column of regiments, with regimental front; and Col. Murray's Division was formed seemingly in line further to the left and rear.

From our position with the battery we could plainly see the enemy on the ridge beyond, a distance of perhaps half a mile, who were hurriedly converting the fences into a rail barricade. Between them and us were two rail fences standing intact, and while the intervening space was unobstructed by timber or trees, the uneven surface was badly furrowed by scores of wash-outs. The sinking sun now for a moment showed itself from behind the clouds that had obscured it during the day, and shed a

glow of brilliancy upon the death-dealing panorama around us. The skirmishers became more warmly engaged and the artillery fire more rapid, both seemingly encouraged to more desperate efforts by the increased brilliancy upon the scene.

Col. Minty rides to the front and center of the 1st Brigade and gives the command, "Draw sabre!" and as the twelve hundred blades leaped and swung into the air, the flash of sunlight upon each one of them seemed to reflect the courageous countenance and confident expression of him who now more tightly grasped its hilt, as he squared himself in his saddle and pressed more firmly into the stirrups.

The skirmishers were pushed forward to the first fence, and instructed to throw it down and push on to the next one. When they reached the first fence and commenced throwing it open, the command, "Forward, trot!" was given, and with that enthusiastic and inspiring cheer they moved up the incline of the ridge that had partially concealed them from the enemy, and as they reached the top of it and passed the line of the position occupied by the battery, the bugle sounded the charge. Again the wild and inspiring cheer was given, and with sabres swinging high in the air they dashed forward, with seemingly increased speed at every bound, leaping the wash-outs and fences, overtaking and running over the rebel skirmishers before they could reach their own supports, and their main line broke and attempted to run just as the charging force was reaching them, but it was too late, for the charging force, on a full gallop, was now among them, cutting right and left. The gunners of their battery took flight or were sabred at their pieces, and the guns fell into our possession, one of which was brought off by using the only spare limber that I had with me, the others, following instruc-

tions, having gone hurriedly down the road and when we reached there the battery was too far in advance to then be halted.

The dismounted rebel force in our front had been ridden over, sabred and scattered, but the horse-holders in their rear abandoned their lead horses and endeavored to get away with the one they were riding, and for several miles to our front as we looked from ridge to ridge of the undulating country and through the clearings between the timber we could see a Johnnie or a number of them at a full gallop, with one or several blue coats close behind and after him.

I had been frequently thrilled, as I presume you have also, my companions, by the reading and recital of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" at Balaklava, which now came vividly to mind, notwithstanding the responsibility and natural diversions of the moment, and its grandeur, its gallantry and its gravity, so prettily described in the poetic picture, now seemed to be in process of being enacted in our very presence with all of its terrible reality, save that of failure and disaster.

We soon found the road almost blocked with stam-peded rebel wagons, ambulances and caissons, but it was no time to gather in that sort of plunder, and as I pulled out to pass the caissons of their battery, the drivers of which were negroes, now almost white with fear, I stopped a detail with axes, dismounted the darkies, shot the horses and cut down the wheels, and had hardly finished it when the rear guard came up and an officer said to me, "For God's sake, Robinson, hurry along out of here; the rebs have reformed and are close upon us!"

There was no disposition to waste any time in gathering in war material or securing prisoners, yet it did seem to me that if the 3d Division had charged or followed in

line instead of moving by the flank in columns of fours, at least five hundred to a thousand prisoners might have been gathered in and made to swim Cotton river, which we had to do the next day without them, and probably many of them were among the fellows that we were that night and the next day trying to get away from, although the principal force following us was a division of infantry that we afterwards learned had been sent to the rear of us while we were facing the railroad, and had only succeeded in getting to our rear while we were facing and moving in the other direction.

Our own forces had of course become considerably scattered, and after moving eastward several miles the command was halted for the purpose of gathering it together, and again it began to rain (or rather to pour), and in the reformation of the column, Col. Long's Brigade, with the battery, now of three guns, was placed in the rear to cover the retreat, and before the column had hardly got stretched out on the road we were attacked by this rebel infantry and a battery, and we had to make a determined fight for the protection of the balance of the command.

Here Col. Long was wounded, and while aiding in repelling a charge, one of my guns burst, and in another a shell became wedged about half way down the bore, and we could neither ram it home nor blow it out, and had to send the piece to the rear, leaving me only one serviceable, and ammunition for that nearly exhausted. Leaving this in charge of Lieut. Bennett, I rode forward seeking to find Col. Minty to request of him that Kilpatrick's battery be sent back to relieve me, but not finding him readily I rode back and found that Long's brigade, having exhausted its ammunition, was being withdrawn, and as we pushed on we soon found Minty's brigade in position ready to take our place in covering the retreat.

We marched on till nearly midnight, and then bivouacked in an open field. It was raining in torrents, and mud everywhere, and then we began to realize our almost exhausted condition, and what men were still living were nearly dead; for, up to this time, since leaving Sandtown, we had had no opportunity to make even a cup of coffee, and had subsisted alone on the wet, steaming, mushy and musty hard tack from the haversacks and saddlebags while on the move.

We were on the move early the next morning, without breakfast, everything and everybody drenched through and through. Soon we came to Cotton river, ordinarily an insignificant, shallow stream, but now bank-full and running like a mill race.

It was not wide, but still, with the rapid current, very difficult to swim, and every animal must swim to cross it. The cavalry, by entering well up above the crossing, succeeded in striking the landing on the other side with a few exceptions, and these were carried down stream. The first of the headquarters wagons that attempted to cross was carried down stream—mules, wagon and driver in one tumbling mass, and was soon lost to sight.

The situation now looked serious for the ambulances filled with wounded men. Some men were sent across with axes and felled a tree into the stream from the further side and one was felled to meet it from the side we were on, and on these I sent men back and forth with the end of my picket ropes, which, by hitching to the ends of the poles, enabled us to easily pull ambulances, horses and all across the stream, and although several of the ambulances were overturned, none of the occupants were lost. The advantage in getting the battery across, was the having eight horses to both pieces and limbers, as by the time the wheel horses had to swim the lead horses would

get footing toward the other side, and we had no ammunition worth protecting.

Gen. Kilpatrick now ordered all the wagons destroyed on the west side of the river. I had but one wagon and in it was my dismounted gun I had saved thus far, and feeling sure that I could easily get it across by using my picket rope, I asked the privilege of attempting it and was met with the reply: "Damn the gun! destroy the wagon." I retorted that I would dam the river by throwing the damned gun into it.

I was then on the east bank of the stream and immediately went across with some of my men, dumped the gun from the wagon and into the river, cut down the wagon and set fire to it, and have frequently, though mentally, damned Kilpatrick from then till now, at the same time conceding to him many conspicuous and good qualities as a cavalry commander; but on this expedition the officers and men of the 2d Division all thought that he showed too much partiality and didn't give the 3d Division half a chance.

After getting the command well across we felt comparatively safe from any molestation from the rear, and as we would soon be approaching our lines to the eastward of Atlanta, there was a possibility that we might strike a force in our front sent out to intercept us, but, satisfactorily to us, this did not occur.

Soon after noon we halted in the vicinity of good forage; cleaned, rested and fed the animals, and prepared coffee for the first time since starting from Sandtown, and I don't remember of dark, strong, army camp-kettle coffee ever tasting better or having a more exhilarating effect than at this particular time. We rested here a couple of hours and then resumed the march toward Lithonia, a station on the Atlanta and Augusta railroad near which



we went into camp at Peach Tree Creek, and thus ended the Kilpatrick raid around Atlanta, which will ever be remembered by the survivors of it.

The total loss of our forces I don't remember positively, but think in the two brigades of the 2d Division it was about 225, and in Kilpatrick's Division less than 20.

We had not accomplished as much as we had hoped to, nor as much as had been promised by Kilpatrick, but as his promise was based upon the condition that he could have the 2d Division with his own, a failure to do more could of course be excused for the reason that he did not have the 2d Division, but only less than two-thirds of it, and the regret that the 3d Brigade was not with us, was frequently expressed by both officers and men of the two brigades that he did have.

Possibly it may be inferred from some of the foregoing remarks that a slight ill-feeling was aroused on the part of the 2d Division toward the commander of the expedition, and this I will not attempt to deny or conceal; but the rough edge of its perhaps unwarranted irritation was very largely smoothed by a couple of incidents during and at the close of the expedition, the first being at the crossing of Cotton river, where, as an ambulance containing some of my wounded men was crossing and nearing the landing, it was being overturned by the current, Kilpatrick, then standing on the bank of the river, called to men near him to jump in and save those wounded men, and coupling his command with his own actions, he jumped into the stream and in water up to his armpits grasped the ambulance and helped convey it safely to the shore; a little, but still gallant and humane act, deservedly meriting the applause and commendation which it received from those who witnessed it. And again, after reaching the lines of our army, and before taking leave of the divis-

ion, he had it drawn up and very prettily complimented and thanked it for its conduct during the expedition, and as he turned from the battery, remarked, "You will hear from me further."

We did. When he was selected for the command of the cavalry that was to accompany Sherman on his contemplated march to the sea, our division was ordered to swap horses with the division of Kilpatrick, which literally meant to take all of his unserviceable horses and give him sound and serviceable ones instead. And imagine my surprise, when at about the same time the battery under my command was ordered to report to Gen. Kilpatrick.

My surprise was coupled with even greater disappointment and regret, for our attachment for the 2d division had become very warm and firmly welded by the mutual participation in the many scrapes and 'scapes of the almost constant campaigning of the previous eighteen months, and I was persuaded to seek a revocation of the order, and on application to Gen. Thomas the order was revoked and the battery permitted to remain with the division of which it had so long been a part; but, in the light of subsequent experience and subsequent history, I have sometimes regretted it, for to have marched with Sherman through Georgia and accompanied him through the Carolinas, and finally, to have participated in that grand exhibition and passed in review before the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy at the Nation's Capital, with victory on every banner, satisfaction beaming from every countenance, and rejoicing at every hand, must be a proud recollection to every participant now living, and the envy of the thousands, who, by force of circumstances, were not permitted the enjoyment of that privilege.

## BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

BY ASST. SURG. FRED. W. BYERS, U. S. V.

(Read Oct. 7th, 1885.)

THE history of the battle of Franklin is an interesting and thrilling one. Unlike most other engagements of the late war, it presents its own peculiar characteristics. It was a desperate struggle by the way-side, or the nearly evenly matched wrestling of two determined foes. It was a collision between the moving forces engaged, after which neither stopped long enough to study the result, or clear away the wreck. The incidents *of* and the movements *in* that struggle followed each other in such rapid succession, that there was after it began little time for thought and less for observation. Both armies were marching toward Nashville, when an accident brought them face to face, and they stopped just long enough to clinch and fight until one loosed its hold and then moved hurriedly on to the capital of Tennessee. There were but two hours of day-light burned in the actual conflict, and when night spread its somber mask over the face of nature even the stars refused to furnish light to longer continue the harvest of death. Our army won, but, just before midnight, Schofield's forces slipped quietly away, almost under the muzzles of the enemy's guns. The dead and wounded lay where they fell, and when the morning light shone over the field the confederates beheld the victims that war had garnered, gave them a hurried care, and then hastily moved on toward another and still more crushing defeat at Nashville. The thrilling events of the day and night of November 30th, 1864, passed before the armies of Hood and Schofield like a rapid-moving panorama.

The battle of Franklin has certainly received its full share of partisan treatment, and partial or one-sided review. It was one of those tragic scenes in the drama of war, the lights and shades of which always stir the imagination. It is a familiar maxim, as old as the pen, that a partisan can never be a reliable historian.

After the lapse of twenty-one years I doubt whether the story of this great event has yet been fairly written, and I may be deemed presuming and over-bold in even attempting it in this short, rambling and disconnected paper to-night. About eighteen months before the battle it was my fortune to "soldier" at Franklin and to become familiar with the country around that now historic village. I rode the picket lines and visited out-posts there in May and June 1863, when Gen. Gordon Granger's troops occupied the place. I had made the acquaintance of the Carters, while on picket duty at their house, around which afterwards the war cloud burst in cyclone fury, carrying with it not only brave strangers from the land of the magnolia in the south, and from the north-land and along the lakes, but also young Carter, a member of the family. He was a captain in Hood's army, and was found by his sister wounded and dying the morning after the battle, only a few rods from the home around which he played in boy-hood's sunny hours. Then I had a full view of the open field on that November afternoon of the engagement, and saw more of actual battle than ever had been my lot to witness before. I also rode over the battle-field again when the victorious soldiers of Gen. Thomas drove the shattered hosts of Hood from Nashville to the Tennessee river a few weeks later.

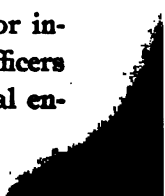
To properly understand the situation at Franklin, let us turn to Schofield's army, composed of three divisions of Stanley's 4th Corps, two divisions of the 23d Corps,

and a small cavalry force at Columbia, twenty-two miles away. On the 29th of November Gen. Schofield began withdrawing his troops from Hood's front, to join Thomas at Nashville. It has often been said that war is a succession of accidents. A glance at the march from Columbia to Franklin certainly proves the truth of the assertion in this case. For some reason Schofield delayed his departure from the line of Duck River at Columbia so long that when Hood reached Spring Hill, eight miles from Franklin, he left all the union forces except Stanley with Wagner's Division, the 4th Corps' artillery and wagon trains and a detachment of cavalry in his rear. The confederate commander had marched around his antagonist without knowing it, and confederate accounts admit that he had no idea that he was leaving Schofield behind him. All day long he marched his men to the limit of human endurance, across open fields and through the woods so as to be ready for attack or defense at a moment's warning. Hood seemed convinced that he would strike Schofield's force sometime during the day, but when or where he knew not. Spring Hill proved to be the striking point. Here Hood was deceived as to the position of our army and the strength of the force opposing him. Stanley reached Spring Hill about noon, but was not aware of the arrival of the enemy's forces until he (Stanley) was within two miles of that place. Then that gallant officer proved himself equal to the emergency.


Stanley's prompt action and disposition of his handful of men was truly admirable. He not only gallantly repulsed the rebels in their impetuous attack, but by a bold show of strength in his infantry lines and by the opening of eight batteries of artillery that had been sent back along with the wagon trains, confirmed Hood in the belief that he had come upon the main body of the Union army.

Under this impression the mistaken commander permitted his men to retire, intrench themselves and rest for the night, and his troops being worn and weary were soon asleep upon their arms, expecting to renew the attack at early dawn. This accident made it possible for Schofield to come up under cover of the night, march past his enemy's campfires and reach Franklin. Stanley's strategy and stubborn fight at this hamlet and Hood's ignorance of the movements of the Union troops saved our army from capture or crushing defeat. In short we were saved at Spring Hill by an accident. Hood now learned, when too late, that Stanley had out-generaled him, and that Schofield had escaped him in the night. He was not only chagrined at this failure to crush the Union army while it was at his mercy, but was out of humor with his generals upon whom he sought to lay the blame. He quarreled with Cheatham and reprimanded Cleburne.

When the confederates found us at Franklin, having escaped them by almost a miracle, they were desperate and well-nigh frenzied, and they were then inspired by a double purpose, that of recovering a lost opportunity and of inflicting a deadly blow upon this portion of Thomas' army before it could reach Nashville. When Schofield arrived at Franklin he found the fords of the Harpeth River, just on the north edge of the village, well-nigh impassable, the wagon bridge nearly all gone, and the pontoons expected from Nashville were not there. The only means then of crossing his army with its artillery and long wagon trains was the railroad bridge. This he ordered planked, and also constructed a footbridge where the wagon bridge had stood, hoping to cross the stream before Hood could seriously molest him. Schofield did not want or intend to fight a battle at this point, nor did our officers seriously believe that the enemy would force a general en-




gement. It is claimed now that the confederate generals advised against an attack, but Hood declared that he preferred striking at Franklin where his enemy had but a few hours to prepare, rather than to fight him at Nashville, where more than three years had been spent in fortifying and strengthening the defenses. But when it was found impossible to cross the wagon trains and guns before the confederates would be upon us it was decided to form in line of battle and resist the advancing column. Gen. Cox located the lines and his men began the work of defense at day-light. His position was naturally a strong one, and he so curved and entrenched his line as to secure, not only every natural, but every artificial advantage within the reach of good judgment and military skill. By noon his entrenchments were practically complete, and a better position to withstand an assault was probably never secured in an emergency like the one that had to be so suddenly met. Two brigades of the 2d Division of the 23d Corps (Ruger's) were posted on the right of the Columbia Pike at the Carter house. The 1st Division 4th Corps (Kimball's) joined the right of Ruger, making a continuous line on the right from the pike to the Harpeth River. On the left of the pike was placed the 3d Division, 23d Corps, under Gen. Cox, Gen. Reilly in temporary command. This line crossed the railroad and also rested with its left on the river, so that the lines in front and the river in the rear entirely enclosed the village of Franklin. Gen. Wilson with a small cavalry force was out in the advance of the infantry and to the left of the Lewisburg Pike, to keep Forrest, with his superior force of cavalry, from crossing the stream and getting on the flank or in the rear of our main line. Two of Wagner's brigades of the 2d Division, 4th Corps (Conrad's and Lane's) were stationed half a mile in front of the line of battle as



a look-out for the enemy's advance. This proved to be a serious blunder and came very near causing a fearful disaster. The Columbia Pike had been left open with a retrenchment across in the rear to permit the passage of the artillery and wagon-trains that were crowding toward the river. Opdycke's brigade of the 2d Division, 4th Corps, was the rear guard, and he, of his own notion, marched through the main line at this opening and halted near the pike in the immediate rear of the 23d Corps and near the Carter house. Wood's Division of the 4th Corps and most of the artillery was moved to the north of the river, to the right in and around Fort Granger, an earth-work that was built in the spring of 1863 on the brow of a hill rising abruptly from the Harpeth River. In this fort Gen. Schofield established his head-quarters and had a commanding view of our lines and position, except perhaps Wilson's cavalry operations. I believe he could look about two miles beyond our main line, as far as Winstead's Hill, in front of which the enemy appeared in line of battle, about four miles from Fort Granger. The battle of Franklin was fought upon as charming a day as ever was seen in that charming clime. The sun shone warmly, the atmosphere was still dry and slightly hazy, like a typical Indian summer afternoon. It was half past three o'clock when Hood's army formed for battle about two miles from Carter's house, and marched forward in single line, showing a front of two corps, Cheatham's and Stewart's, supported by a third, Stephen D. Lee's.

Up to this hour it was not believed by the ranking officers of our army that Hood would attempt to carry the position by assault, but now the intention of the dashing, daring chief was made plain as the noon-day sun.

The march of the confederates into this battle was a  is rarely seen in actual war, such



as I never beheld before nor since. Their troops were so long in plain view, that our men almost forgot the deadly errand of the foe, in the grandeur of the imposing spectacle. The main line followed the skirmishers closely, for Hood had noticed the isolated position of Conrad's and Lane's brigades and directed the march so as to take advantage of the mistake.

The two brigades posted in front of our line awaiting attack were easily brushed away and the routed men rushed back in confusion, and in such haste and disorder as to form a shield for the enemy following hard upon their steps. The pursued and the pursuers broke through the entrenched line together or in close company, and thus without a conflict Hood's troops gained a lodgment at the key-point of the position that commanded the approach to the bridges across the river. He had gained this advantage almost without firing or receiving a shot, except that a portion of the troops of the broken brigades having loaded guns wheeled and fired as they crossed the entrenchments. Such an advantage to an army of more than double the strength of the divisions holding the position, according to the precedents of war, was decisive of a complete victory, but in this case it was not, although at first it seemed entirely so; for it was at this almost vital moment that Opdycke rushed forward with his brigade. Cox and Stanley also dashed up at this critical period and by their timely help and that of White's two regiments of Reilley's brigade succeeded in turning the tide of battle, just when it was trembling in the balance of desperate uncertainty.

When Wagner's men broke, Gen. Cox, who was in command of the field, was off to the left, and Stanley, worn out and sick, was resting on the north side of the river. Fortunately they struck the pike at an important

point and almost simultaneously. Van Horn says, when Col. Opdycke had first seen the enemy within the works, he turned to his men from the front and center of his brigade, to find they had already fixed bayonets, for they were veterans who had charged the enemy on other fields. Opdycke rode forward until he reached the enemy swarming into and through our works, followed closely by his brigade. He first emptied his revolver, then clubbed it in the hand-to-hand encounter, and as the conflict raged more fiercely he dismounted and clubbed a musket. His men fought as did their leader, and with bayonets baptized in blood, they hurled the enemy from the entrenchment and saved the army. This was one of the supreme moments of battle which heroes recognize and which should make the names of victorious men imperishable. Timely as was Opdycke's service, it was not more important than that rendered by Cox and Stanley. They pressed to the front on horse-back, and rode up and down the lines, giving new courage and confidence to the men by their reckless bravery. Stanley was severely wounded early in the fight, but he kept upon the battle-field in the most fearless disregard of his personal safety, until his horse was shot, and then he reluctantly left the field only when order was restored. Gen. Hood, in seeming retribution for Schofield's escape at Spring Hill, and chafing at his own dislodgment from the keypoint of the union line, repeated his assaults with frenzied vengeance and valor. His lieutenants, with recklessness of life, in keeping with the charge of the gallant Opdycke and his heroic brigade, led their columns to the muskets of our troops, charging again and again, mainly in front and around Carter's house, and only slackened with the fall of night. Pat. Cleburne and five other Generals were killed, seven more wounded, and one captured, making a loss of fourteen general officers on the

confederate side. The defensive fire was so rapid from four P. M. to night-fall that it was difficult to supply the troops with ammunition. One hundred wagon loads of artillery and infantry ammunition were used from the 4th Corps' ordnance trains alone. It would require volumes to record the instances of individual gallantry that were shown in this sanguinary struggle by the way-side. Men who had fought long and well on other fields fought even better that day. The minutes lengthened into hours, and yet the almost hand-to-hand conflict continued just where it began. The roar of musketry would sometimes subside for a minute, only to be renewed again as fresh troops took a hand, or more ammunition was brought up. While the infantry were fighting in a pen around Carter's Hill, Wilson, away on the left, was having a hot combat with Forrest to keep him off the flank and rear of our army, and it is a wonder to military men to-day how he succeeded in doing so. The twilight drifted into the gloaming, and it in turn gave way to the darkness of night, and yet the struggle was not all over. The horrible din and roar of battle ceased not till about nine o'clock, and then random shots on both sides admonished the weary men that vigilant foes were still on the alert. About eleven o'clock comparative quiet reigned, and the union forces took advantage of this time to slip away from their well defended positions. Shortly after midnight our troops crossed the river and marched rapidly toward Nashville, and the battle of Franklin was over.

It seems almost like fiction to record the number of men lost in this action; over eight thousand men killed, wounded and missing during this two hours battle. Union loss 2,326, while the confederate rolls bear the names of the others, 6,252. The loss in this battle of itself on both sides indicates that in many respects it was the most

stubbornly contested battle of the war. Men never faced each other in the history of modern warfare with greater bravery than upon this open field. Cruel and relentless Death harvested a larger crop than he ever gathered before from so few acres in this country. Taking it all in all it may be considered the severest test that men on either side withstood during the late rebellion, and, for its proportions, has been termed the grandest battle of the war.

Confederates claim that Fort Granger was of decided advantage to the Union army at Franklin, and state that the guns there opened a murderous fire on Hood's assaulting columns. From personal observation during part of the action and from reliable authority of soldiers present, I make the statement that not a gun was fired from that fort unless after the battle and during the retreat of our forces from the field. A section of our artillery put in position in the railroad cut did good execution, and the enemy doubtless mistook this artillery fire for cannon-ading from Fort Granger, the direction of the two points being nearly the same from Hood's right and centre.

One of the saddest stories of the war relates to the Carter family. Their house was occupied during the battle by Mr. Carter, an elderly man, and his three daughters. They did not leave when our men came and fortified all around their home, and when the fight began, took refuge in the cellar. One of the ladies told me this since the battle, that they all nearly died of terror and suspense, and when the long, long night wore away, that the sisters went out to help the wounded and dying. Among the disabled they found their own brother, who was a staff officer in Gen. Bates' Division, mortally wounded and dying, lying as he had fallen in the charge at sunset. He was removed by loving and tender hands to his own room, but soon died, unable to relate the part he had taken in the

struggle to reach his old home and loved ones. I was able to assist the sisters to recover a broken blade which was recognized as a part of their brother's sword, which had been found by one of our men, and promptly given over to them, a sacred treasure.

The salient features of the battle of Franklin were the position and action of the two brigades posted in front of the main line, and the gallantry of Opdycke's brigade after the enemy had carried the entrenchment on Carter's Hill. It is a military maxim, as old as the arts of war, that a force large enough to affect, in case of attack, the free action of the main line, should never be placed in its front while it is awaiting attack. That rule laid down so long ago was disregarded at Franklin, and the terrible danger was only averted by a frightful loss of life. The reports of the ranking Generals—Schofield, Cox and Stanley, state that it was not intended that the two brigades in front should resist until compromised in an engagement with superior forces, and that Gen. Wagner was so instructed. Nevertheless Conrad and Lane claimed they were ordered to hold their positions as long as possible, and did so until forced to abandon them by the bayonets of the confederates. I do not propose to say whose was the responsibility, and official blunder. Gen. Cox says, the commandant upon the line (which was himself) was notified by Gen. Schofield that Wagner's orders directed him to remain in observation only until Hood should show a disposition to advance in force, and then retire within the lines and act as a general reserve. Wagner on being shown the note conveying this notice, said such were his orders. At three o'clock word was sent from Wagner's brigades in front that the enemy was forming at the foot of the hills in heavy force, and the commandant reiterating to Gen.

Wagner the directions already given. He further says Gen. Wagner's place of duty was with the two brigades of his division which were exposed in front, and the order to bring them in without firing had been sent through the 4th Corps' headquarters. Wagner was at the Carter House when the message came from the front that Hood was forming in line of battle, and in a moment of excitement, no doubt forgetting himself and his orders, he sent back a command to fight. In the official correspondence, Cox says the order to Wagner was not preserved, so we may infer that there is now in existence no written order or authority for his (Cox) statements, which at this time is to be very much regretted. For the second prominent feature of this battle it may be said that seldom in the history of war has a single brigade made itself so conspicuous in saving an army. This brigade comprised the following regiments: The 125th Ohio, the 36th, 44th, 73d, 74th and 88th Illinois and the plucky 24th Wisconsin, which was led by its able commander, Major McArthur, now (1891) Assistant Adjutant General U. S. Army. It was no new experience for Colonel Opdycke to ride in a charge in front of his men, for this he did with Thomas in front of the enemy at Chickamauga, also at Missionary Ridge and Rocky Face, and the men of his command were worthy of such a determined leader. And while we sadly recall the memory of comrades who have crossed the river and answered the roll-call of eternity, we feel a yet greater sorrow for the untimely end of this gallant hero, who braved a hundred deaths in war, to die accidentally by his own hand in time of peace; for so passed away Emerson Opdycke, one of the heroes of Franklin.

In the far-off future, when men shall read the history of the war for the Union, and the stories of marches, sieges, and battles will continue to thrill the reader, as the

illustrious Garfield said, a thousand years after every combatant has been vanquished by the black battalions of death; among all the stories of the long war of 1861 to 1865 none will, in my opinion, prove more thrilling than the story of the battle of Franklin.

## GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

By Bvt. Major CHARLES H. ANSON, U. S. V.

[Read March 5th, 1890.]

**T**HREESCORE years and ten is the allotted time for the life-work of man. Happy is he if his has been an honorable service, with no cloud casting a shadow over the pathway of his history. If, at its close, he has attained and maintained a position of honor and trust, proven his fidelity and loyalty, he will receive the commendation of men.

It is my purpose, for a few moments, to diverge from our usual custom, in speaking or writing of the prominent persons who participated in the war of the rebellion; seeking an unaccustomed pathway, we may find along its wayside some deeds of honor, some gleams of sunshine, though the way eventually leads into the shadows of dishonor, into the darkness of disloyalty. Ascend with me some commanding height; glance over the border; over the line of blue, over the line of gray, to one of the central figures of the war. What may be said, is of record in history with which you have been familiar; yet, as the years pass, may it not be interesting to recall events of long ago, tracing them even up to our war days and to our participation?

Sixty-five years ago, upon the appointment of the President of the United States, a young man, eighteen years of age, of handsome face, symmetrical figure, and manly bearing, as a cadet entered the Military Academy at West Point. He was a Virginian, and descended from a long line of honorable ancestors, two of whom were



signers of the Declaration of Independence, while his father bore a conspicuous part in the war of the Revolution as a cavalry officer, and was known as "Light Horse Harry."

This young man had been reared in a comfortable home, under the care of a loving and devoted mother, whose teachings had been deeply impressed upon his mind, and whose gentle qualities, amiable disposition and noble character seemed the very reflection of her nature. The years while at the Military Academy he was diligent and attentive to all the duties required, and was noted for studious habits and commendable conduct. Indeed, this cadet was prominent in the corps, being appointed Adjutant of battalion, then, as now, considered a high compliment. "In the year 1829, at the completion of his four years' course, he graduated, bearing off the second highest honors of the institution." There was given a commission, as Second Lieutenant in the United States Army, bearing the name of Robert E. Lee. Lieut. Lee was assigned to duty in the Engineer Department and ordered to Fortress Monroe, where he remained about five years, engaged in the construction of the fortifications of that locality. During this period he married a most estimable lady; it is said, somewhat against her father's wishes. This lady was an heiress, the possessor of two valuable estates, one of which, thirty years later, was burned while in the possession of a military force, while the other is consecrated as the resting place of more than sixteen thousand patriots, who gave their lives for the perpetuation of principles, the blessings of which sixty millions now enjoy.

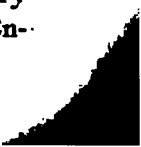
In 1835 Lieut. Lee was assigned to duty on the "Commission for marking out the boundary line between Ohio and Michigan." A year later he was commissioned First Lieutenant. In 1837, with Lieut. Meigs as assistant, he

was ordered to St. Louis, to make plans and estimates for the improvement of the navigation of the Mississippi river at that point. "General Meigs has expressed himself as remembering, with pleasure and affection, his intimate association with Lieut. Lee; a man then in the vigor of youthful strength, with a noble and commanding presence, and an admirable, graceful and athletic figure. He was one with whom nobody wished or ventured to take a liberty, though kind and generous to his subordinates, admired by all women, and respected by all men. He was a model of a soldier and a beau ideal of a Christian man."

In 1838 he was commissioned a Captain in the Engineer Corps.

In 1842 Capt. Lee was ordered to Fort Hamilton, New York, where, for several years, he was engaged in improving the defenses.

In 1846, when the war was declared between this country and the Republic of Mexico resulting in the independence of Texas, Capt. Lee bore a most honorable and meritorious part. The invasion of Mexico was made by three distinct armies: one under command of Gen. Taylor, the second in command of Gen. Kearny, while the third was commanded by Gen. Wool. With the last named, as officer of Engineers, Capt. Lee served until transferred to the expedition of Gen. Scott, at the latter's request. Early in 1847 Gen. Scott with an army of 12,000 men embarked for Vera Cruz, which, upon their arrival, he proceeded to invest. The city was encircled by a heavy wall, had a formidable fort, and was strongly defended by a garrison of five thousand men. Under the direction of Capt. Lee the batteries were placed in position with so much skill that the bombardment at the end of five days resulted in the surrender of the city. In his report of the victory Gen. Scott pays a high compliment to his Chief of Engineers.



Again, at Cerro Gordo, his services were most valuable in seeking an obscure and difficult passage, whereby a force turned the enemy's left, surprised and defeated them with great loss. Of this battle Gen. Scott reports: "I am compelled to make special mention of Captain R. E. Lee, Engineer. This officer was again indefatigable during these operations in reconnoissances as daring as laborious and of the utmost value." Placing unbounded confidence in his ability and judgment, he was placed on the commander's staff and complimented with the rank of Major by brevet.

To Captain Lee, more than any other, is due the brilliant victory of the capture of Contreras. His unparalleled services during the entire previous night, the charge in the early morning, the precipitate flight of the Mexicans, the complete success, won for him a commission of Lieutenant Colonel by brevet, the love and admiration of his commander and companions.

Following closely, occurred the victories of Churubusco and Molino-del-Rey, in both of which Capt. Lee bore a conspicuous part. In storming the heights of Chapultepec, that most daring exploit of the war, he was wounded and obliged reluctantly to retire. For valuable services at this time he was brevetted Colonel. Of this battle, General Scott reports that he was "as distinguished for felicitous execution as for science and daring." In his various reports during the Mexican campaign, the commander frequently mentions three officers of Engineers with commendation, Capt. R. E. Lee, First Lieut. P. G. T. Beauregard, and Second Lieut. George B. McClellan. One has said that he "had heard General Scott more than once say, that his success in Mexico was largely due to the skill, valor and undaunted energy of Robert E. Lee."

At the termination of the war, Brevet Colonel Lee re-

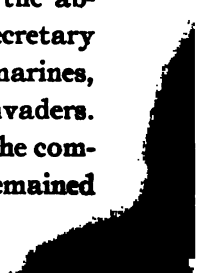
turned with the army to the states, thrice brevetted for valuable services, covered with honors for gallant and meritorious deeds on the battle field, enjoying the love, respect and confidence of his commander and the army.

The three years following, Colonel Lee was engaged as engineer in constructing the fortifications at Baltimore. From 1852 to 1855 he was Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point. At the expiration of this term, he was promoted to Lieut. Colonel of the 2d Cavalry, one of the newly formed regiments organized for service on the Texas frontier. Thus it will be observed that promotion in the old regular army was very slow. In a service of twenty-six years R. E. Lee had attained only the full rank of Lieut. Colonel.

The 2d Cavalry was a splendid regiment, bearing on its roster the names of many who, a few years later, held most important commands in the armies of the North and of the South; those of A. S. Johnson, R. E. Lee, Hardee, Thomas, Van Dorn, Palmer, Hood, Fitz Lee, Stoneman, Kirby Smith and others. The regiment was ordered to Texas, where it was engaged in guarding the border and in conflicts with the Indians until 1861.

While Colonel Lee was in the city of Washington, during the autumn of 1859, an event occurred, insignificant in itself, yet destined to become recorded in history and perpetuated in song, which all veterans of the late war delight in singing with a glory, glory, hallelujah. John Brown was defending himself and party in the arsenal, at Harper's Ferry, when Colonel Lee, in the absence of General Scott, was, by direction of the Secretary of War, placed in command of a battalion of marines, proceeded to Harper's Ferry, and captured the invaders.

Returning to the frontier, Lee was assigned to the command of the Department of Texas, where he remained



until summoned to Washington, to report in person to Gen. Scott, where he arrived March 1st, 1861. Promoted Colonel, 1st Cavalry, March 16th, 1861.

Thus far, at the age of fifty-four, during a military service of thirty-two years, in times of war and times of peace, Colonel Lee's career was without a shadow darkening his fair fame. Can we do less than admire him as a gentleman of fine attainments and exemplary character? Can we refrain from honoring him as a thorough and accomplished soldier, enjoying the reward of an honorable service?

Events were rapidly converging to a crisis. The sentiment of secession was rapidly taking possession of the minds of our brothers of the South, deep and ugly threatenings were heard, intrigues in official life were carried on, the heart of the Nation beat in quick pulsations with the excitement. The overt act was taken. The cannon's roar, as it sent deadly missiles into the midst of the loyal garrison of Sumpter, electrified the hearts of the Nation; those of the South to a frenzy of rebellion, those of the North to astonishment, indignation, and a firm resolve that the government must be maintained. Men of the South had but one choice. Men of the North, with hearts united in one purpose, hesitated not how to act. Far different with officers of the army of Southern birth; the time had arrived when they must choose between loyalty and disloyalty: men who had spent their lives under the waving beauty of the old flag; men who had been nurtured in childhood under the freedom it vouchsafed; men who had been educated by the government it represented; men who had borne it proudly against a foreign foe; men who had valiantly planted it on hostile battlements; men who had periled their lives for its honor; men who had won a nation's praise while maintaining its supremacy; men who,

with a woman's devotion, had loved the most honored banner ever unfurled in God's sunlight.

With them it was obligation and duty on the one hand, and home, friends and material interest on the other. Loyalty on one side, disloyalty on the other. Honor themselves, or dishonor their posterity. Maintain the Government, or seek its life in rebellion. Too many, indeed, turned from their father's house and wandered in the wilderness of rebellion, feeding on the husks of treason. Among them was Robert E. Lee. It is not believed this step was taken without a mental struggle; with reluctance was his relation severed with the old army; with pain he broke away from so many pleasant associations, especially from his old commander, for whom he held a sincere regard.

As late as January, 1861, in a letter to his son, Colonel Lee thus expresses his sentiments:

"As an American citizen I take great pride in my country, her prosperity and her institutions, and would defend any state if her rights were invaded. But I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation. I hope, therefore, that all constitutional means will be exhausted before there is a resort to force. Secession is nothing but revolution. The framers of our Constitution never exhausted so much labor, wisdom and forbearance in its formation, and surrounded it with so many guards and securities, if it was intended to be broken by every member of the confederacy at will. It is intended for perpetual union, so expressed in the preamble, and for the establishment of a government, not a compact, which can only be dissolved by revolution or the consent of all the people in convention assembled. It is idle to talk of secession."

Oh, for some guiding hand to lead him the way of honor, justice and loyalty; some guardian angel to reveal to him the future—that near future, with all its suffering, with all its pains, and all its sorrows! Oh, for the lofty patriotism of a Washington, the sturdy loyalty of a Jackson, the honesty and fidelity of a Thomas, to possess the heart and direct the mind of this honored American!

The veteran Commander-in-Chief, weighted with great responsibilities, not knowing in whom to trust or on whom to rely, had summoned to his side his favorite of all the army; feeling assured that in Colonel Lee he could place implicit confidence and reliance. With what surprise, then, was it learned that even he, the one of all others on whom he could lean for aid, was contemplating resigning from the army. With intense earnestness the old veteran implored the valuable officer to remain with the army, uphold the flag and all it represented, reminding him with a fatherly interest of the brilliant future before him if he remained true and loyal to the government.

From a Southern source we are informed that great inducements were offered to Colonel Lee; even that of the command of the army. In a letter written three years after the close of the war, General Lee expresses himself on this subject as follows:

"I never intimated to anyone that I desired the command of the United States army, nor did I ever have a conversation with but one gentleman, Mr. Francis Preston Blair, on the subject, which was at his invitation, and, as I understood, at the instance of President Lincoln. After listening to his remarks, I declined the offer he made me to take command of the army that was to be brought into the field, stating, as candidly and courteously as I could, that, though opposed to secession, and deprecating war, I could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States."

Notwithstanding his declaration against secession, within one week from the time our flag ceased to wave over Sumpter—three days after the ordinance of secession was passed by the state of Virginia—Colonel Lee terminated a long and honorable career by the following letter addressed to General Scott:

*"Dear General:* Since my interview with you on the 18th inst. I have felt that I ought not longer to retain my commission in the army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once, but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted the best years of my life and all the ability I possess. During the whole of that time—more than a quarter of a century—I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors and a most cordial friendship from my comrades. To no one, General, have I been so much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration, and it has always been my ardent desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame will always be dear to me. Save in the defense of my native state, I never desire again to draw my sword. Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me truly yours."

Thus did Colonel Lee forsake the grandest government of earth, dishonor the fairest flag of nations. By this act the prospect of an honorable future had passed forever. A shadow had fallen across his life's pathway, deep into the shades of secession, deeper into the darkness of rebellion. His brilliant past, crowned with honorable deeds, stood out in bold relief in freedom's light, while the years following entailed sufferings, pains and sorrows, con-



demned by loyal men. This act dishonored the memories of his forefathers, imprinted treason on the foreheads of his posterity. It turned a life of gladness into one of sorrow and sadness. The summit of his honored fame was attained while clad in the blue of the United States army; the valley of his humiliation while wearing the gray of the rebellion. The eagles he bore will proudly encircle the blue heavens, ages after the stars he wore sank into oblivion at Appomatox.

## GEORGE CROOK.

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, 5TH U. S. CAVALRY.

(Read April 2d, 1890.)

**I**N the class that entered the National Military Academy in 1848, no state, probably, was more largely represented than that of Ohio. The last battle of the Mexican war had been fought not a year before. The South was still wildly enthusiastic over the heroism and daring of the little armies that under Scott and Taylor had whipped their way through such preponderance of foes. The North, sullen and apathetic, had never approved the war at all, and as a rule looked down upon and condemned a profession that in the South was lauded to the skies. There was no surer road to popular esteem in the opinion of the one section than to seek the education of a soldier. There was no speedier path to perdition in the judgment of the other. There were districts in the Northern states where cadetships went a-begging, even when it was known that the fortunate possessor was paid for his services instead of having to pay for his education.

But Ohio had borne her part in the war. A private soldier from her 1st Regiment was one of the little band that, entering from the Buckeye state, succeeded finally in passing all the examinations and winning commissions in the regular service. Forty-three young soldiers were graduated in 1852 at the end of the four years' course, and, of this number, six members, or nearly one-seventh of the entire array, were appointed from the congressional districts of Ohio. There would have been more than one-seventh but for the mishap which led to the turning back

of one of the entries of the year '48. Dropping behind his classmates for the time being, and emerging with the class of 1853, somewhere near the foot, the representative of Perry county lagged behind his former comrades until the war of the rebellion, then strode rapidly past them all—past everybody from every other state, and possibly might have come out at the very “top of the heap” but for the fact that there were some other Buckeye men in the way. I do not wonder at the so-called “Ohio idea.” I am proud of the record of the sons of the grand old central state. There is no need to remind a companion of the Loyal Legion of the three men who successfully rose through the grade of Lieutenant-General to that of General-in-Chief. There is no denying to Ohio that it was she who nourished, reared and first tendered to the service of the nation, three boys whose names have since become immortal—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan.

Ohio congressman in those days must have had the gift of foresight. It may not in many cases have seemed so to the instructors of the military academy. It is a singular fact that only two or three of the Ohio boys were then distinguished in scholarship or considered so promising as soldiers as to win high chevrons in the battalion of cadets, and yet, there and thereafter was developed a staying quality that none could gainsay. Fourteen boys hailing from Ohio were graduated in those two years, '52 and '53. In the latter year she captured first, third and sixth places in the class. In '52, ninth was the highest her sons could win for her. But look ten, twelve years later, and note the stars or eagles on the shoulders of every man that of the fourteen remained alive and in service. What state in two consecutive years furnished a squad of young West Pointers whose records for gallant, devoted and often brilliant services, will match Ohio's claim for '52-'53?

Where are the names that, thus grouped, will overshadow these: Stanley, Charles R. Woods, McCook, Kautz, Crook, W. S. Smith, Vincent, Sill, McPherson, Sheridan?

Stanley and McCook, Kautz, Vincent and Otis are still here with us—soldiers to the backbone, every one—still serving the nation that taught and reared them for her defense. Sill we mourned long years ago, killed in gallant effort to retrieve the disaster of the first day's onset at Stone River. McPherson—ah! who has forgotten the pall that fell, not only over the 17th Corps and Sherman's battling hosts, but over the loyal North from sea to sea, when he was slain within sight of the spires of Atlanta? On Sheridan's honored grave we laid our tribute but few brief months ago, and the laurels there are yet green. And to-night we meet once more with bowed heads, and hands that tremble as they clasp, for another of that galaxy of glorious names is stricken from mortal rolls, and the man, least heralded perhaps of any who attained his rank, best loved beyond all question by those who knew him, has joined his classmates beyond the river.

In the strangeness of their new surroundings, like a brace of young bears with all their troubles before them, two of these Ohio boys had taken to each other from the start. The little, short-legged fellow with the snapping black eyes and fiery temper found a balance wheel, so to speak, in the shy, reticent, studious young granger from so near his home. They were assigned to different companies at first, but eventually roomed together in the gloomy old barracks; shouldered their muskets and served out their time as cadet-privates without either of them ever winning a stitch of a chevron; had a hard parting when the pugnacious little Perry county fellow had to fall back to the class of '53, and yet, oddly enough, turned up together again in the same command a year or so

afterward in that post-graduation school of heroes, the Tippecanoe Regiment, the old 4th Infantry. Three of the class of 1843 were captains in the regiment about that time, for the Mexican war had made promotion rapid,—C. C. Augur, Henry M. Judah and a quaint, silent fellow, down all by himself at old Fort Humboldt, in Upper California,—the captain whom they called Sam. Grant, but who concluded to resign and went to farming near St. Louis and afterwards to tanning and to clerking in a store at Galena, and who was so little thought of when the war broke out, and he wrote a modest letter to that infallible functionary—the Adjutant-General of the Army—that no notice whatever was taken of it, and the letter was tossed contemptuously aside and never turned up again; but the writer did, three years afterwards, as General-in-Chief of the armies in the field. Glorious old Davy Russell, too, was a captain in the 4th at that time and fell, fighting hard, in command of his division under his former subalterns of the 4th Foot, at the battle of the Opequan. There was another Russell in the 4th, Edmund, but the Indians killed him, and so, too, did they dispose of Lieut. Slaughter. Lively times the youngsters had with those wild tribes of Oregon just then, and the Perry county boy doubtless thought his quondam room-mate in big luck when the latter stepped into his first lieutenancy in less than four years from the date of his diploma. A year afterwards he envied him when the newly promoted 1st lieutenant was sent in command of a little force to whip the Pitt River Indians into subjection, and was not consoled, even by the fact that the aborigines put an arrow through the young commander. It was the latter's first fight and first wound. It was the beginning of a series of skirmishes, combats and battles that, summed up on the twenty-first

of February last at the convention of the National Guard of this State, enabled the speaker to say that the message of congratulation and encouragement, just read to the assembled officers, came from the hand of a man who had been through more pitched-battles and sharp fights than any general living that day in the wide world. It was signed simply, George Crook.

Up to the spring of '61 and the outbreak of the war of the Rebellion, the 4th Infantry was scattered in little detachments through the mountains and forests of northern California and the wilds of Oregon and Washington Territory, and Lieuts. Crook and Sheridan were constantly occupied in keeping the peace among a lot of turbulent tribes; escorting surveying parties through the Pacific territories; picking up a vast amount of information about the Indians of the western water-shed and becoming proficient in the Chinook dialect. Both had to give and take many a hard knock. They were only a year apart at date of original commission, yet Crook got his first lieutenantcy five years before Sheridan, and both stepped into their double bars on the same day, May 14th, '61. Crook in the old regiment, Sheridan in the new 13th, to which that other Ohio boy, who had quit soldiering and was doing a modest banking business when they came through San Francisco, had just been gazetted as Colonel—W. T. Sherman. And now they all suddenly turned up in the East. Sherman organizing a brigade across the Long Bridge in front of Washington; Crook drilling a regiment in his native State, and presently appearing as colonel of the 36th Ohio Infantry; while Sheridan, to his bitter disappointment, fails in his effort to get the mate to it and goes with Halleck on quartermaster duty until in May, '62, Michigan gives him a bigger regiment than Ohio had refused. He is in saddle at its head

in his captain's coat and wins with it, in the very first fight, the stars of a brigadier before his colonel's uniform has reached him. From that time on the hindermost at the start forges to the front. His old room-mate is having no luck at all. The 36th is sent promptly to the field, but it is to one in which no distinction can be had. From September, '61, to May, '62, it is camped around Summerville, far up the Kanawha valley. Then, at last, it is marched into the heart of Virginia and, barely a hundred miles on a bee line from the spot of Lee's final surrender at Appomattox, has its first tussle with the enemy at Lewisburgh, and there, as a matter of course, Crook is wounded again. Sigel relieves Fremont in Western Virginia, and Crook is in saddle in time to come down from the Kanawha, take his part in the dismal campaign of second Bull Run as a brigade commander, and go into South Mountain and Antietam with a star on his shoulder, and to come out with a brevet for gallant and meritorious conduct. Again he is sent to that military Botany Bay of West Virginia, where there is little to do and nothing to gain, and there he stays while Sheridan is winning fame in the Army of the Cumberland and his commission as major-general. Naturally Crook, too, longs to get out of Virginia and into that Western army; but not until June, '63, does he succeed, and then he is assigned the command of the 2d Cavalry Division; rides at its head on the Tullahoma campaign and at Chickamauga, and then, thanks to his orders, is kept on bushwhacking and similar inconspicuous duties, skirmishing all the time, until, with the fortune of war, he is drifted back to the Kanawha again; given command of the Department after the raid to Lynchburg, and, at the head of the 8th Corps, he reports for duty to his old room-mate and chum in the campaign that at last wins victory and triumph in the

valley of the Shenandoah, and sets the joy bells ringing all over the North. The story of Crook's distinguished part in the victories of Winchester and Fisher's Hill has never yet been written, though the brevets of brigadier and major-general in the regular service were the rewards accorded at the time, and the full rank of major-general of volunteers came to him two days after his corps had been swept from under him in Gordon's magnificent rush that ghastly morning of Cedar Creek. Here it was his luck to serve as a living buffer between the impact of the rebel charge and the main line of the army to his right and rear. He had his double stars and the command of the department when the campaign closed. But *luck* was never with Crook. All he ever won in his life he earned by hard, patient and tireless service. Thinking always of his men and his duty and never of himself, he rides into Cumberland, Maryland, one night, never asking for guards or escorts, and is whisked off to Dixie by an enterprising band of young Virginians before the rising of another sun. In a month he is exchanged and again in saddle with Sheridan; this time commanding an improvised division of cavalry made up of detachments in the Army of the Potomac, and, with Sheridan, he holds the left at Dinwiddie, and covers the western flank, while Merritt is charging the breastworks and Sheridan hurling the 5th Corps on the eastern flank at Five Forks. He rides in the pursuit and fight at Jetersville, Sailor's Creek and Farmville, and witnesses the surrender at Appomatox. He commands, for the time, the District of Wilmington, but the war is over; he, with thousands of others, is mustered out of the volunteer service, and now, under existing laws, finds himself only a captain of regular infantry, though wearing a major-general's stars. In July, however, he is made lieutenant-colonel of the 23d Infantry, and returned once



more to his old stamping-ground—the Pacific coast. Despite hard fighting and faithful service, he has had little luck as compared with the rest of the Ohio men. Grant, now general-in-chief; Sherman, lieutenant-general; Sheridan, major-general; Stanley, Woods and Kautz, full colonels of infantry; so, too, Hazen, an Ohio man of another class; so, doubtless, would have been Smith and Vincent had not the one broken down in health and resigned, and the other gone into the adjutant-general's department. McCook and Crook, corps commanders both, though sometimes luckless ones, were accorded only the silver leaves. But now begins the latter's career in a field where he has won a name that stands unrivaled.

In 1867 the most inaccessible region within the borders of the United States was the territory of Idaho, and thither Lieutenant-Colonel Crook was sent to protect the scattered settlers from the depredations of the Snake Indians. He had, perhaps, half a dozen companies of infantry and cavalry. But Crook's methods of dealing with that tribe differed so radically from those of any previous district commander that in the course of the year '67, utterly worn out and disheartened, the survivors begged for peace. This new "Hyas-tyee" had come out with his soldiers in the dead of winter, instead of sending them forth and then criticising their campaign from the comfortable shelter of a fort or garrison. He took the field in January, and never was seen again within the limits of a post until the last of the Snakes were whipped into subjection. Then the Bannocks and Piutes concluded to try a little pillaging, and the Division Commander at San Francisco thought he could do no better than to let Lieutenant-Colonel Crook settle with them. The result and the process were the same as in the case of the Snakes. Crook won the command of the Department of the Col-

umbia, although there were colonels who would have been glad to get it. This he retained until the fall of 1870, to the complete satisfaction of settlers and citizens, and the entire subjugation of the Indians in his bailiwick.

Meantime, however, there was the very mischief to pay down in Arizona. Fabulous stories of the mining resources of this hitherto unexplored territory had tempted thither hundreds of adventurous spirits, little towns were springing up everywhere among the mountains north of the Gila desert, and this gave to the Apaches a longed-for opportunity. No Indian in America can match the Apache in cunning, in planning ambushes and in sinewy strength and endurance. Few four-footed creatures can scale mountains as he can, and, in such an intricate maze of canyons, cliffs and deserts, no troops on earth, campaigning on the principles of civilized warfare, could, by any possibility, reach or punish him. For four years the territory was the scene of massacre, pillage, rapine and disaster. No road was safe, no settlement secure. Stage after stage was "jumped" and burned, sometimes with its hapless passengers chained to the wheels. The whole Apache nation seemed up in arms, yet no expedition could catch them, so quickly could they scatter and disappear. Command after command was sent in pursuit only to be tricked into days of suffering in the desert, or ambushes in the mountains. In vain the Government allowed three different generals to experiment with them. In vain the Quakers tried their methods, and the Peace Society their prayers. The situation grew so desperate that at last the President could stand it no longer. Grant knew the generals of his army and was beginning to know the Apaches. There was just one war-leader who had shown a capacity for this most hazardous, trying and generally thankless service, and the Executive felt that the time had come

when not rank but ability must determine the command. Over the heads of forty colonels he ordered a lieutenant-colonel thither, placed him on duty, as the law then permitted, on his brevet rank of major-general, and committed the future destinies of the Department of Arizona to the hands of George Crook.

It was the summer of '71 that this mandate surprised all the army, except that part of it serving in the Columbia. September found the new commander looking over the ground, and October brought out a new order. A cavalry regiment that had been scouting in the territory for several years was relieved, and the 5th Regiment was ordered from the line of the Union Pacific to report for duty in Arizona. Early in '72 the regiment reached its new station, and then began a campaign such as it had never heard or dreamed of. "Stow away your sabres, your sashes, plumes and even your uniforms; you won't need them," were the orders. They found the department commander and his staff in rough hunting suits, and garbed themselves accordingly. Already the general had issued his ultimatum to the chiefs of the hostile bands: "Come in at once, be gathered, counted and kept on the reservation, or else stay out and be swept from the face of the earth." If the Apaches had known him as did the Piutes, there would have been no derisive laughter. The Indians of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Nevada, Northern California could have told them something that would have been worth their while to hear. This "Hyas-tyee," this Chief Crook, never broke a promise in his life. If he said he would protect an Indian, that Indian was safe; if he threatened, then it was time to sing the death-song. I well remember the story of the sensation in the 5th Cavalry when the troop leaders gathered, as they supposed, to receive final instructions before starting out on the cam-

paign, and were quietly told that they would "get them as we went along." This was marvellous. The new department commander was going to let the department run itself for awhile, while he ran after the Indians. From October, '72, until April, '73, this marvel of a general was in the heart of the Arizona mountains with his troopers at his back; darting from range to range, marching night and day; striking right, left, front and rear; breaking up rendezvous, burning rancherias, scaling the highest peaks, charging into the blackest caves, tracking the fleeing foe, creeping among them in the darkness, dashing in upon them with the dawn, bringing terror and dismay to the bands that had never known a conqueror, and never quitting his relentless pursuit until he had, indeed, swept the Apaches from the face of the earth, or herded them, humbled and subdued, upon their reservation. How the Pacific coast rang with his praises! How the exiles and settlers in Arizona blessed the day that brought him to the rescue! '73 was the year of their redemption. In twenty-three sharp encounters the soldiers of the new chief had pounced upon and thrashed their deadly foe. In '74 he kept his active young officers ever in the mountains, hounding any bands that broke away. For them and for their men there was little rest and no exemption from danger, nor could they ask it with such example as his; but there was peace and security for the people.

Meantime, in the lava-beds and lake regions of Southern Oregon, which had so recently been under Crook's command, the cat being away the mice began to play, and the Modocs had risen and bid defiance for months to the troops sent after them; capping the climax of their deviltry by the murder of General Canby and the peace commissioners under a flag of truce. There was no question who should fill the vacancy. The Pacific coast clamored

that the star should now settle on the shoulder of the only man who had conquered the Indians from the Columbia to the Gila, and from lieutenant colonel to brigadier, George Crook was jumped over the heads of every colonel in the service. It was not his fault, but it made him some enemies. Then in '75 there loomed up a war that promised to outrival any Indian outbreak in our history. Arizona was safe. The once intractable Apaches were whipped into absolute subjection. The great confederation of the Dakotas was now in open revolt against the government. Sitting Bull had rallied thousands of war-chiefs and braves to his standard; Crook was sent to try his hand against the warriors of the plains, and thither we of the 5th Cavalry followed him. It was a desperate struggle that ensued. As in Arizona, many a gallant comrade went down in the fray, and privation and suffering of every kind had to be undergone. But, just as before, there was our indomitable leader, in the worn old canvas hunting rig, sharing with the poorest private the perils and vicissitudes that fell to the lot of all. We were pitted against a myriad of mounted foemen, perfectly armed, equipped and schooled for prairie warfare. No troops, hampered with wagon-trains, could catch such light cavalry as these. Wagons, tents, forage, were left behind, and for weeks and months in pitiless, pelting storms, all over the wilds of Wyoming, Montana and Dakota we followed our foe. Horses dropped, starved and exhausted, rations gave out, and for days we lived upon our famished steeds. There was rest for neither man or beast. Neither was there for the Indians. Wherever they went Crook followed, even in the dead of winter when the mercury froze in the bulb. He wore out many a horse and man, but he utterly broke the power and spirit of the Sioux. Never since that Centennial year have they appeared on the war-path ex-

cept as our allies. The battle summer taught them a respect for the "Gray Fox" that grew speedily into almost superstitious reverence. What he promised, be it weal or woe, was sure to come. What he said was law. In '77, so far as the lines of his own department permitted, he had brought the Cheyennes to terms; but was accorded no share in the campaign against his old friends the Nez Percés, when Chief Joseph made his wonderful march across country, fighting Howard, Gibbon, and finally yielding to Miles when almost at the boundary. In '73 our General nipped a Bannock outbreak in the bud, but was compelled to stand aloof when the Southern Cheyennes took the war-path in the domain of another commander. In '79 came the Ute revolt and massacre in Colorado, and though troops from his department were mainly the ones to fight and to suffer, their general could not be with them to direct, for the Utes were also in the command of that other brigadier. The Indian Bureau, too, was handling matters after methods of its own, and Crook was not consulted.

Early in the 80's the Chiricahua Apaches once more took the war-path in Arizona. A reign of terror ensued, and eventually Crook again was sent for. Things were very different now. When he left the territory in '75 and the Apaches were relegated to the care of the Indian Bureau they were totally humbled and disarmed, but, at the instance of the Interior Department, the Chiricahuas were especially excepted from his command. Now this bold and defiant tribe had secured breech-loading arms in abundance; they were close to the Mexican border and could skip to and fro through the lofty ranges where cavalry could not follow them. It took more of the general's personal work and hard campaigning to bring them to terms, but they were again led back to their reservations,

captive; again, despite the covert opposition of the Bureau there followed an era of peace in Arizona until in '85 a small portion of the band made a dash for the Sierras, murdering as they went. Again Crook took the field; again he succeeded in bringing homewards the entire band, although Geronimo and some twenty followers made a successful break for liberty when near their reservation—instigated thereto by a white traitor. Again with his loyal Chiricahua scouts he had tracked Geronimo to the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre, in Mexico, and had arranged the terms of the surrender when, hampered by all manner of intrigue, interference, and by conflicting orders, convinced that his policy was the only one that could succeed, yet sturdily refusing to offer any promise or agreement that would not be sacredly observed, he begged to be relieved of his thankless task.

Subsequent events only justified his course. The very powers that failed to support him at the time and had now only about thirty hostile Indians to contend with, were compelled, after futile effort by other means, to again employ his Chiricahua scouts and to tacitly accede to terms that never yet have been made public or explained even to the satisfaction of the War Department. There is an unwritten history about all that so called surrender of Geronimo which will come as a shock to many a thoughtful citizen when it finally appears.

Such was the terror which the name of Chiricahua had inspired that the people of Arizona clamored for their removal from their midst. How this was accomplished is another matter which will yet furnish an interesting page in history. Not only were the renegades of the band summarily hustled off to imprisonment on the Florida coast, but, with singular impartiality, three times their number of faithful scouts, but for whose devoted services

Geronimo could never have been caught, were exiled and incarcerated with them. The punishment visited upon the out-law was meted out, God only knows why, on the loyal members of the tribe who brought about the capture. For years they have pined and died, mountain Indians transplanted to the low, moist, malarial climate of Southern Alabama. They were eight hundred strong, men, women and children, when brought from Florida to Mount Vernon barracks—there are only five hundred now, and George Crook's last days were saddened by the sight of their wrongs and sufferings, and spent in earnest effort to secure them future justice.

In '88 the retirement of General Terry left a vacancy in the highest grade in the army. There is little question in my mind that before this time the authorities at Washington had begun to see the truth as to Arizona affairs. Strenuous efforts were made by politicians, high in rank and influence, in behalf of other candidates, but with a stroke of his pen the President made partial atonement for the injustice that had been done him, and Crook became a major-general. This placed him in command of the greatest of three military divisions of the country, and for the last two years, very nearly, he has been our near neighbor. Less than two years he lived to enjoy his honors, and now within the last fortnight, in the midst of earnest effort to relieve the sufferings of his old scouts and allies, in the joy and eagerness with which he was entering upon a new task, one that doubtless would have been the crowning work of his earnest, honest, simple life, he is cut down by sudden stroke. The two Ohio boys who lived their young days and dreamed their soldier dreams together in the old barracks at the Point, who fought the Indians of the Columbia as subalterns in the same regiment, who wore the double stars together in battle after



battle in the Shenandoah, who took the field in person against the savage warriors of the frontier, and who successively commanded the great Division of the Missouri, were successively stricken by the same intractable malady. Within two years of one another Sheridan and Crook met their fate by identically the same blow.

It has been no difficult matter to give this mere outline sketch of the services and career of General Crook. It is in the estimate of his personal worth and character that the pen falters in the realization of the duty before it, and its utter unfitness for the task. On the rolls of our Commandery to-day are men who knew him at every stage from boyhood to the grave. One of our number donned the cadet gray as his classmate at the Point; another learned to know and honor him while yet he wore the modest bar of a subaltern before the war. Others who followed him in the Army of the Cumberland; others who fought beside him in the Shenandoah; others still who shared with him the hardships of those interminable campaigns by which the hordes of hostile Indians were finally whipped into subjection, and the great West opened to the settlers. In all his years of faithful service the army never knew a man who in every grade from lowest to highest was more thoroughly the friend and comrade of his troops than Crook. Of iron frame, of almost superhuman endurance, shunning no exposure, dreading neither peril nor privation, he taught his followers a Spartan simplicity of dress and diet that enabled them to give their best energies to the work in hand, and to spend months in the mountains or on the trail, no matter what the weather or where their rations. He could ride from dawn to dawn without apparent fatigue, and dismount only because his horse or his followers could go no further. While they slept he would take his rifle and hunt for game. Tempe-

rate to the verge of abstinence, he shunned even tea, coffee and tobacco. "They spoiled the nerve," he said, and would touch nothing that could impair his wonderful prowess as a shot. Simple as a frontiersman in his dress, he was most at ease in the worn old shooting suit; and in sixteen years of association with him in the field—from the Gila to the Yellowstone, in the garrisons of his various departments, as his guest at his happy fireside; in frequent visits at his headquarters—never did I see him in the uniform of his rank until he lay garbed for the grave, his martial bier heaped with flowers from hosts of loving hands, his guard of honor grouped about him, the sash and stars of a major-general upon his shoulder, and the insignia of our noble Order on his pulseless heart.

And this simplicity of life was but the outward sign of a soul, simple and truthful, spotless as the unbroken snow. The planets could no more swerve from their course than could George Crook deviate one hairsbreadth from the truth. Assailed so often by unscrupulous agents, misrepresented by men envious of his fame, maligned by inferiors made of stuff too poor to bear without whimpering the stern trials which he exacted of none more than himself, he would have fared far better in the columns of the press could he but have stooped to use the weapons so ruthlessly aimed against him. If the sense of wrong and injustice sometimes weighed heavily upon him, it never wrung from his lips an unjust word, neither gave he ever "any unproportioned thought his act." His country's need, his fidelity to duty, made him for the time the red man's foe; but the *Indian* was never Crook's worst enemy. Among the hostile tribes his name was spoken first with awe, but eventually with reverence. Once conquered, the wild warriors found that in all the land they had no such friend as he, for his simplest promise meant fulfillment to

the uttermost farthing, and they learned to lean upon his word as upon a rock.

And so, too, where not many years ago the misguided journals of our cities levelled their sarcasm and abuse. His life was spent upon the frontier, far from the sanctums whither his detractors crawled and were made welcome. Little by little, as the incontrovertible facts have come to light, this hostile fire has ceased, and communities in which he was daily held up to ridicule have eagerly listened to his straightforward statement of the Indian question and have made ample amends for the injustice they had been led to do him. His last years were full of hope and gladness. The light was breaking. The dawn of a better day had come. His lifelong toil at last had borne rich harvest of national honor and esteem. The once belittled campaigns in which he led had been pronounced unparalleled in history. The highest authorities of the land had sought his advice and observed his counsel. His health, which for a season had been impaired, now seemed so much improved that his letters were full of buoyancy. He had every reason to believe that a few years at least of peaceful enjoyment of his hard won honors were in store for him, when almost without warning the destroyer came.

It has been my lot to stand at the graves of our greatest soldiers, to join in the volleys over the shrouded forms of Scott and Buford, to hear the bugle wail its farewell over the clay of Grant and Sheridan, to see the plumed heads bow low in soldier mourning and great cities draped in tribute to the mighty dead; but when the leader and comrade of those stern days of frontier service lay in the last sleep, not a fortnight ago, little children came sobbing to place their violets in the cold hand whose caress had ever been so ready, and strong men—veterans of many a savage fight—turned tear-blinded away. From young

and old alike that sweet and simple nature, all honor and chivalry and gentleness, brave and tender, loving and daring, had won the hearts of those who knew him.

Companions, when in honor you sheathed your swords after the great surrender, and turned homeward to enjoy the peace your valor had won, he re-entered upon his life-long task. From the Missouri to the mountains the Indian was lord in all; the settler, the miner, the explorer took his life in his hand when he ventured into the great Northwest, or dared the passes of the Arizona ranges. To-day, ribbed with glistening bands of steel, covered with countless herds of browsing cattle, gleaming with the reflected sunshine from the spire of church or dome of school-house, dotted with smiling villages or thriving little cities, spreading to the very horizon a sea of ripening grain, rippling in the prairie breeze like the mirrored surface of our great lakes, pouring into the lap of the nation the wealth of a dozen states, there lies a land which but a quarter century ago stretched undeveloped, almost unknown. Its once savage guardians have long since retired to their reservations; the dust and din of battle, the blare of trumpets, the fierce yell of charging braves, all have died away. Peace, security, prosperity to tens of thousands of our citizens have been won by the struggle of those pioneers of our civilization—the little army of regulars whose lives were spent, aye, oft times sacrificed by hundreds on the once wild frontier, and in all America no name can ever be more intimately connected with the westward way of our glowing star of Empire—no name be held in higher reverence among the red men, or in deeper gratitude among the whites, than that of George Crook.

# GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

Memorial Meeting, October 3, 1888.

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## RECOLLECTIONS OF SHERIDAN AS A CADET.

By BVT. LIEUT. COL. JOHN L. HATHAWAY, U. S. V.

(Read October 3d, 1888.)

**A**SSEMBLED here to-night, to honor by our presence and voice the memory of the soldier and hero, the gallant Sheridan—in the order of exercises, to me has been assigned the honorable duty of recounting some recollections of his cadet life.

Philip H. Sheridan, of Ohio, at the age of 17 years, received, through the member of congress from his district, a warrant from the government as a cadet at the United States Military Academy at West Point, and reported there in June, 1848, with other appointees, as a candidate for admission to the class of that year.

The candidates for admission were, on their arrival at the Point, assigned to quarters, and, very shortly thereafter, subjected to the usual rigid physical examination, to determine their bodily fitness for a military life. Those passing successfully this examination were formed into squads, and daily instructed by older cadets in the *rudiments* of the school of the soldier—aching backs and tired limbs of the youngsters bearing witness to the rigid requirements and discipline, and the zeal of the drill master; at the same time formed into sections, for daily instruction in the studies in which, in a few short days, they must pass a successful examination to entitle them to admission as fourth classmen of the class of 1848.

It is needless to add that our hero, Sheridan, passed successfully through these severe ordeals, and was duly accredited as a member of the class of that year. No startling reminiscences can be recalled of the short time elapsing from the date of reporting at West Point, and the emergence from a chrysalis state into a full fledged fourth classman, or "Plebe." Each one of the boys, with his hopes and fears touching his preliminary examinations and ability to successfully pass them, intent upon his own chances, had but little time at the outset to form acquaintances or friendships; but, the proud position won, a common cause quickly made friends, and the friendships formed at West Point can never be severed or forgotten. Uniforms donned, assignments were made of the cadets of the new class to the several companies of the corps, regulated by stature: the taller to the flanking companies "A" and "D," the smaller, or the "little fellows," to companies "B" and "C." If my recollection serves, Sheridan was assigned to company "B."

All this in the month of June—and in the last days of the month, barracks were vacated, and the corps of cadets entered upon the usual annual encampment, or tent life, with its guard duty, company, battalion, and artillery drills and dress parades, and all the duties and minutiae incident to a soldier's life. Severe, because unaccustomed, was the discipline to the "Plebes" on this, their first encampment. Just from home, many of them reared in luxury and ease, the guard duty required during the encampment, twice, sometimes thrice per week, was no sinecure. Eight hours out of the twenty-four, two hours on and four hours off, equally divided, day and night, taxed the physical energies of the new cadet to the utmost, and to be awakend at 3 o'clock in the morning with the dreaded summons, "turn out third relief," meant a

lonely treading of his beat, with gun and accoutrements galore, from 3 to 5 A. M.—the camp quietly sleeping, and with no sound to break the stillness and loneliness of the night, save perhaps the occasional splashing of the wheels of some steamer as she ploughed the waters of the Hudson, or the sharp challenge of the sentinel on a neighboring post on the appearance of the officer of the day, or guard, on their inspection rounds; and the arrival of the following relief, as it came at break of day to end the weary vigil, was most welcome.

In the manifold duties of the camp, and of his class, Sheridan manfully bore his part; prompt, and eager to learn, he was always at his post, whether for guard duty, drills or parades, and by his zeal and application to master details, proficiency was quickly gained, and always maintained.

Breaking camp, late in August, the several classes of the corps returned to their quarters in barracks, preparatory to entering upon the studies of the year. Entering upon these, Sheridan was very much in earnest, and with like application developed in camp, and by diligence and study, acquired a creditable position in his class, which he maintained to the end of his West Point course. Genial in disposition, quiet in manner, one would then, however, hardly have selected him to become the successful strategist, the dashing soldier, the intrepid commander, whose memory we here honor to-night.

Time softens, and dims somewhat, perhaps, the recollections of those early days, but I can now see young Sheridan, with his short, well knit frame, his long sinewy arms, and his tremendous head, as he marched with sturdy steps to and from the daily recitations, drills and parades, and his keen, sparkling eye and pleasing mien told of the warm-hearted Sheridan.

From the nature of its positions and surroundings, and the boundaries fixed, beyond which, to the cadet, was forbidden ground, West Point presented few attractions to lure him from his wonted limits. One of these, and perhaps the only one, was "Benny Havens," famous in song, whose hostelry nestled under the hill, and close beside the historic waters of the Hudson, a few miles beyond the limits of the Point, to visit which, to the cadet, if caught, meant dismissal; nevertheless, when occasion allowed, it was the objective point of a few of the more adventurous spirits of the academy, and on pleasant Saturday afternoons, a birds-eye view would have revealed, skulking by and beyond Fort Putnam, and by the rocks and stony fields, the grey, brass-buttoned coats, and eager faces of the boys, in straggling detachments of twos and threes, as they carefully and watchfully wended their perilous way to the prohibited haven of rest; carefully avoiding the traveled highway, and the lookouts of Cozzens hotel, and gaining, unseen by spying eye, a point in the bushes, opposite the house of good cheer, a rapid crossing of the road, and a plunge down the precipitous banks, brought them to the old trysting place, "Bennie's," there for a few short hours to slake their thirst in choicest vintages, and appease their appetites with the juiciest of game and the dainties of the sea. Sheridan, however, was not one of these, and I do not believe that the delights of Bennie's, his viands or vintages, ever allured him—at least, I never met him there.

As I recollect Sheridan at West Point, he was studious, diligent, affable and genial, but with a certain reserve of manner, and woe betide the cadet who offered him affront; his hot blood coursed more rapidly through his veins, as he resented, in a manner not to be mistaken, the indignity, as he viewed it, sought to be put upon him; but, take him



all in all, Sheridan in his West Point life was a model, as a student, a soldier, and a man. And *there* were nurtured and trained the germs of his genius, afterwards so fully developed in one of the greatest commanders of ancient or modern times.

We cast the cypress over his grave, and, as we recount his deeds of valor, his heroic services for his country, his devotion and love in his domestic life, and his whole career as an American soldier and citizen, let us thank God that there was born to the nation a Sheridan.

## SHERIDAN.

BY CAPT. EDWIN B. PARSONS, U. S. V.

(Read October 3d, 1888.)

GENERAL Philip Henry Sheridan, our late Commander-in-Chief—dead, buried, but never to be forgotten. What can be said in addition to all that history and the most brilliant writers and orators of our time have said, both in prose and poetry? His exploits from the time of his admission at West Point to the last day of the late war—yes, from his boyhood to his grave—have been recounted over and over, and it would seem that there was nothing left that could be said of him that has not been said before; therefore, how can sentences be framed or words put together except in repetition of what has already been told? and I have almost despaired of being able to furnish even a few brief lines for this memorial occasion; but, as one that served in his command for a length of time, feel that I cannot let the occasion pass without adding my humble mite to the record of admiration and love we had for our old commander. But I can only briefly tell of where and under what circumstances I saw him, and you know the gap between the commander of a division and the captain of a company is so great that the latter cannot be supposed to know personally very much of the former.

In September, 1862, the 24th Wisconsin Regiment, to which I belonged, was assigned to the 37th Brigade of the 11th Division, army of the Ohio, to which Division Sheridan, then a brigadier general, had recently been assigned the command. We marched from Louisville the 1st of October, being part of Buell's forces, in pursuit of Bragg's

army, through Kentucky and Tennessee, and on the 8th occurred the battle of Chaplin Hills, at Perryville, Ky., and there for the first time we saw Sheridan in battle. As we came upon the field the rebels were preparing to charge through a corn field upon our batteries placed on the crest of a ridge that sloped downward into this field, and as we halted a short distance from where the guns were planted, we then saw him where he was always seen in every battle that followed—*clear to the front*. He was on foot and down among the guns directing their fire on the advancing lines of the enemy.

After finishing the campaign in Kentucky, we marched through Nashville and went into camp at Mill Creek, where we remained until late in December. During this time we daily saw the General and learned to look upon him as a strict disciplinarian, and when on duty we were mighty careful not to be caught napping and had a sort of feeling that we would rather be found *dead in the woods* than to be *reprimanded* by him. As an instance, an officer that had preceded me on outpost duty had been summoned to his headquarters and, after a severe talking to for the manner in which he had conducted his outpost, he took his sword from him and tossing it to his cook told him to use it for a toasting-fork, as it would be a better use than that man could put it to, and dismissed him in disgrace.

After leaving our camp at Mill Creek, next came the terrible five days battle of Stone's River. And you know how he won his major general commission by stemming the tide of disaster there, so there is no need for me to dwell upon what has long been a matter of history. But that battle served to strengthen the feeling of admiration his command already had for him. At the time of his receiving his commission as major general, the officers of his

division had procured a beautiful service of silver which was presented to him in the afternoon; but our regiment being engaged that day at work upon the fortifications at Murfreesboro', he sent a special invitation to the officers of our regiment to come to his headquarters in the evening, which we did, and were most hospitably entertained.

While lying at Murfreesboro' during the month of March, the rebels under Price and Van Dorn had made a raid up through Columbia to the neighborhood of Spring Hill and had captured some of our outlying troops, when Sheridan took his division and started after them and chased them across Duck River, where they made their escape. And I think this campaign of a few days fully showed the spirit that always animated him when he was given any task to perform, and that was, that he wanted *wings* to move fast enough to keep pace with his eagerness. And he seemed to think that the sinews of his men were of iron, and as he felt not fatigue himself, that his men were like him. This was the *fastest* march we ever made with him, but he wanted to *catch Price and Van Dorn* and he moved his division at the fastest possible speed from Murfreesboro' to Duck River, and for a long time afterward the title clung to us of "Sheridan's Cavalry."

In June following we started on that memorable campaign for Chattanooga, and I must be brief and pass over its daily incidents, as it would take volumes to record them all, and come to the Battle of Chickamauga on the 20th of September, 1863, where the solid lines of the enemy turned the thin line on the extreme right of our line of battle and his division was broken and his brave heart also nearly broken at the disaster. I saw him come tearing down in rear of our line, alone, his hat in his hand, and showing in his face the agony he felt at the disaster that had befallen our army there. But he soon had his divis-

ion together again in good shape and marching around to the left to help Thomas in his splendid defense of that portion of the line.

Again we pass over those days of starvation in Chattanooga, when we come to the storming of "Missionary Ridge," of which an officer of our brigade, who was wounded there, has truthfully said: "Nowhere in all the history of the sanguinary and well fought battles of the Rebellion can be found a more substantial and important triumph to our arms than this. The advantage of position being with the rebels, the unexpected storming and capture of the ridge, with all its trophies of arms and prisoners; the turning almost in a moment of an imprisoned army as ours was into a victorious column of pursuit; the release of Burnside from impending capture or starvation; the breaking of a series of defeats with a most opportune victory, and the beginning, as it was, of that final victorious march of Sherman to the sea, marks the battle of Missionary Ridge as one, if not the greatest triumph of the war." But the events of that battle I have recounted in a paper read before this Commandery in March last—where, after carrying out our orders to take the first line of the enemy's rifle pits at the base of the Ridge, and being in a position where we could not long have withstood the fire from the enemy's guns on the crest of the Ridge, and not knowing that Gen. Sheridan was within a mile of us, as I looked around, a few brief moments after our men had got into this rifle pit—there he was again, right up with his command, just in the right place and at the right time to save his men from unnecessary slaughter, and to wrench a splendid victory from what might have turned out a sad disaster, and I care not what any or all writers of that event may say—I know what I saw with my own eyes, and I again repeat that it was his

timely presence there and the swinging of his hat that started the troops on that most remarkable charge, that swept Bragg's army from the Ridge and gave to the country one of the most splendid and important victories of the war.

After Sheridan had ridden to the top of the Ridge (and even then Bragg's headquarter wagons were just tearing down the east slope of the Ridge in their wild efforts to get away) I followed him into a room of the building in which he made his temporary headquarters, and no other person being present in the room but the medical director, and what I heard him say made an impression upon me that I have never forgotten, and that was that in the midst of victory and the congratulations pouring in upon him, he did not forget his poor, wounded men. I heard him say to the Surgeon, "have you provided thus and so for our wounded men?" He replied, "I have." He said, "are you *sure* it is all attended to, and have you done this and that?" And after being assured that all was right in that direction, he immediately commenced issuing orders for the still further pursuit of Bragg, and just as the moon rose we were winding down the eastern slope of the Ridge and on to Chickamauga Creek that night. Then the second day after this battle he started with his division on that forced march of over a hundred miles without rations for the relief of Burnside, who was besieged by Longstreet at Knoxville, and the latter raised the siege and fell back as we came up. We then moved on to Blain's Cross Roads, where we spent the cold January of 1864.

The last engagement in which I saw General Sheridan was at Dandridge, in East Tennessee, at which time I was in command of our regiment. Longstreet's men who had fallen back from Knoxville were harrassing our lines and

had some artillery in a piece of woods which was causing us considerable annoyance. As usual, Sheridan rode out clear to the front, before giving any orders, to look the ground over, and then sent orders for our brigade to form and charge that piece of timber, which we did, driving them out of the woods and compelling them to withdraw from the position they had been holding.

From there we moved back through Strawberry Plains and, crossing the Tennessee River, went into camp at Loudon, Tennessee, and it was from this point that General Grant wisely called him to the east where he so ably assisted him in striking the final blows that ended the confederacy. At Loudon, the 24th Wisconsin Regiment, which I then had the honor to command, was detailed as provost guard and attached temporarily to his headquarters. It was at this time, in the month of March, 1864, I called at his headquarters to talk with him on a matter I considered of vital importance to the regiment, when, after paying a very high compliment to the regiment, he was pleased to bestow on me a few words of commendation that I have always treasured up as one of the bright spots—an oasis in the desert—of those long and gloomy days of war. He ended the conversation by proposing and offering me a leave of absence for thirty days to visit my home at Milwaukee, which leave I availed myself of, and it was while I was absent that he was ordered to the east; but before receiving the order of March 23d, 1864, directing him to report at Washington, he had availed himself of the opportunity to take a short leave of absence, which he spent at the north, and it was during this time that he was prevailed upon by some of our leading citizens to visit our city, and on his arrival, as the door of the carriage swung open in front of the Newhall House, my hand was the first extended to him in welcome on his first visit to our city.

When next I saw him was after the war had ended and after the country had long been ringing with his praises and showing its delight to do him honor on every occasion. It was in 1868, I believe, on returning with an excursion party from St. Louis a banquet was given at the Sherman House, Chicago, at which he was an honored guest. He said he remembered me well, and I think one of his remarkable characteristics was his wonderful remembrance of people and places, and circumstances under which he had previously met them.

The next time I saw him was at the reunion of the 24th Regiment in 1879, which he came up to attend, accompanied by Col. Sheridan and Col. Forsyth of his personal staff, and being called upon for a speech during the banquet at the Plankinton house, he said: "He always felt happy and perfectly at home when surrounded by the boys who fought in the late war; he remembered the 24th well; he had no better regiment in his command; he could remember as well as though it were yesterday the occasion upon which he took leave of the regiment, away back in 'those agonizing slavery days;' he had always sought to take good care of the boys in the regiment, to see that they had their share of grub, etc., when it was come-at-able, and as for fighting—why, if there was any of that to be had, he gave the 24th Wisconsin a fair shake because he knew it would be well done." And I would say here that I believe the General enjoyed himself better in the company of old soldiers that had fought in the war, and had won the victories that had given himself and others their high rank, than in any company he could be placed; and you have noticed that when he did any talking he always placed the private soldier in the front and gave them the credit which so justly belonged to them, even belittling his own service, as compared with what they had endured



and accomplished. The private soldier always had a true and appreciative friend in General Sheridan.

It was during this visit and while driving to points of interest about the city in company with the committee of our regiment, that we had an opportunity to see more of his kindly, genial and social nature. He related many incidents in connection with his taking his new command, after being called to the Potomac. He said he found a fine body of men, but they were disheartened; they had got in the habit of going out to fight a battle, and expecting nothing but to lose a lot of men and then get back into their old positions; and in fact appeared afraid to have any fires or make any noise, for fear the enemy would know they were there; but, he said, when he went out to them, he ordered rousing fires built and the bands all up at night to play, and soon showed them that he wanted to let them know he was there, and when they went out to fight a battle they not only licked the Johnnies but got them on the run, and run them for miles. It was such a new experience to them that it put new life into his troops, and he could soon do anything he wanted with them.

On the day following we visited the National Home, and at noon saw him off on the train; and when next he visited the city was in company with General Grant at the reunion of Wisconsin Soldiers in 1880, and the next and last time I saw him was at the meeting of the Society of the Army of the Cumberland, in this city, in 1882, at the close of which he presided at the banquet table at the National Home.

You will remember that all through his service, and at times what would seem a reckless exposure of himself in battle, he never was wounded, and I believe never even hit by a ball from the enemy. He used to say that he had a feeling that he never would be killed in that war, and I

believe that being possessed of that feeling caused him at times to seem indifferent to danger. There is no secret as to what caused the soldiers to have such love and admiration for him. It was because he shared their dangers with them, and never sent them where he would not go himself. He did not believe in fighting his men by firing paper orders from two miles in the rear of his command. It was his "Face the other way, boys; *I am with you now, follow me.* We are going back to lick them out of their boots." That's the sort of stuff the American soldiers like, and that's the reason they always *tied* to Phil. Sheridan—and if some of the other general officers had learned that way of fighting their commands earlier in the war, the struggle might have ended much sooner than it did.

After he was stricken down last spring with the disease that finally took him from us, you know how eagerly and anxiously we from day to day scanned the bulletins, hoping for some favorable turn, yet dreading to hear the worst, until the message flashed over the wires, "Sheridan is dead;" and is taking his *last ride*, not on his black war horse, and riding forth, conquering and to conquer—but silently on that caisson—finally vanquished by that grim and relentless foe of all mankind—death. And on the Sunday morning following his burial, as I read all the details of the last obsequies—and I could seem to hear the bugle notes wailing out their last sad *Good night*, "My eyes they filled with tears spite of all that I could do," and I was moved to visit that "silent city of the dead," our beautiful Forest Home; and as I stood by the little plat containing the remains of but a few score of the boys in blue, I thought of the sixteen thousand lying in beautiful Arlington, and Sheridan lying at their head. I passed on and soon came to the resting place of my brother officer and companion in arms, whom the winged

messenger of death selected at "Mission Ridge," the gallant Chivas, the generous stranger of whom it was beautifully said, "He came from a foreign land to water the tree of American liberty with his blood;" and as I read the carving upon his monument, "Perryville," "Stone River," "Chickamauga," "Chattanooga," how busy was memory in going back over all those eventful and bloody days, and Sheridan in the foreground of all—and I could seem to see the columns toiling along the dusty road in the heat of a southern sun and Sheridan resting under the shade of the trees as his troops moved past—but now resting under the shade of the trees "just over the river," and as we still seem to hear the notes of the bugle ringing out its sad good night, we are moved to say, yes, good night, "*Dear Little Phil.*" It will not be long ere the bugle sounds for our column to *halt*, and we will say, "Let us pass over the River and rest with you under the shade of the trees."

Resting at last! just over the river

He has answered the bugle call from the ranks there;

He has joined the great army now camping in heaven;

Peace to his soul! wafted upward by prayer.

Comrades, we've followed him through many battles;

He led us to victory with power and might;

He feared neither cannon nor musketry rattle,

But pushed gallantly forward for freedom and right.

Brave "Little Phil," our glorious commander,

The depth of our love for him words cannot express;

But he sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,

His last command given—gone to dwell with the blest.

Tears have been shed and hearts, torn and bleeding,

Still mourn for our hero now passed from our sight,

And the bugle's last note was heard sadly pealing

To the soldiers who loved him: "put out the light."

What joy there must have been at the portals of heaven,

When the gates opened wide and his spirit passed through,

And was welcomed by all the brave boys gone before him,

In the mansions prepared for the loyal and true.

A long, fond farewell to our brave, noble leader—

His memory in our hearts surely time cannot sever,

And at the last roll call we shall all hope to meet him

With those gone before, there united forever.

## SERVICE WITH SHERIDAN.

By Bvt. Major CHARLES C. MacCONNELL, U. S. A.

(Read October 3d, 1888.)

GENERAL Sheridan assumed command of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac April 4th, 1864. At that time I was the Adjutant of the Horse Artillery Brigade, serving with that corps. For some time previous to this rumors had been afloat to the effect that a western general was to be assigned to the command of the corps, which I assure you was anything but welcome news, as we felt that our own army could furnish us a leader, and when that short-legged, big-bodied little man reported and assumed command of the cavalry of the A. P. we were convinced that we had those of our own that could better lead us to victory. It may have been so, but I will venture the assertion that, after our return from the first raid, there was not a man that had followed Sheridan that was not ready to acknowledge that Grant knew his man when he chose him to lead the cavalry of our army, and we had learned to love him and to follow him, and, with him as a leader, we knew that victory would be ours.

At Governor's Island, New York harbor, in the museum of the U. S. Service Institute, is what remains of the General's old war horse. He was black, some 17 hands high, and in life was a noble animal, and his master knew it and loved him dearly. After death, he had him stuffed and mounted, and presented him to the museum. Many who have followed him when on the march will remember the curses heaped upon him, for the reason that he was a

fast walker, and kept the horses of the staff on a jog trot that almost pounded the life out of us, and an order that would take us to some other part of the column was always welcome. The first time we saw the General prepare to mount that horse we wondered how he was going to do it, and expected to see him shin it up his long sabre, but he got there, and when he did, he looked the General he was, and we were all proud to follow him.

On the morning of the 3d of May, 1864, the cavalry corps broke camp and started with Sheridan on his first campaign with the Army of the Potomac, and anyone who took part in it knows of its trials, and how we learned to love our leader. Headquarters were in the saddle, and moving out at 3 A. M. we marched until 1 P. M. when we crossed the Rapidan at Germanna Ford. There we found Gen. Grant's headquarters, and all halted and dismounted, pretty well tired out. We had a snack and stretched ourselves on the ground for a nap, but alas! there was no nap for me, for just as my left blinker had settled down to work, an orderly touched me, saying: "The General orders that you report to him." I did so, and was asked if I knew the way to Chancellorsville, and replying that I did, I was ordered to get ready to go there at once.

Knowing that communications had not been opened with the left of the army, I asked if I should cross at Germanna, go down the north bank of the river, recross at Ely's Ford and go in that way, and was surprised when I was told to go by the Wilderness Tavern, and an order was given to Capt. Claflin of the 6th Cavalry, commanding the escort to give me twelve cavalry-men. I received my orders in writing and verbally, and started to find Gregg who was supposed to be at Chancellorsville. At Wilderness Tavern the road forks, the clay road being

some three miles shorter than the plank to Chancellorsville. There I met Gen. Warren, and Shaff of his staff. The General said to me, "Where are you going, MacConnell?" I replied, "To Chancellorsville," and asked which road I had better take. He replied, "It does not make much difference which, for you will never get there, but as the clay is the shorter, you had better take it." I said good bye and started up the clay road, with visions of Libby or some other southern prison in my mind.

When I had gone some two miles, I saw several men run across the road to a shanty. I formed my men and charged down on the shanty, and to my great delight found that the men belonged to the 2d Corps, Hancock's. Had I gone by the plank there would have been a different story, as it was in possession of the rebs, and my thoughts of Libby might have come true. As it was, I was secure, and I trotted along until I found Gregg, some two miles beyond Chancellorsville. I delivered my orders, gave a rest of a couple of hours to man and beast, and started on my return. About half way back, I found army headquarters (Meade's), where I stopped for a rest, and was told that Meade had issued orders to recross the river. I then mounted and hurried to Germanna Ford, where I found headquarters had moved to Wilderness Tavern. I turned back, and arrived at the Tavern about midnight, well tired out, having put in 72 miles from the time I mounted in the morning. I reported to Kingsbury, Adj. General, who told me the General had directed that I report to him on my return, which I did; at the same time telling him of the order to recross the river. His reply was, "We will never do that." I then crawled into our headquarters wagon for the rest I so much needed, and it seemed to me my eyes were hardly closed, when I was told to turn out, that breakfast was ready. I got up reluc-

tantly, and at 5 o'clock we were in the saddle and off for Chancellorsville, where we arrived about noon, and went into camp. We had a good night's rest, and next morning we turned out refreshed and ready for work, and we had it that afternoon at Todd's Tavern, where we met and defeated the rebel cavalry.

In going over the field after the action, I saw a rebel colonel lying on his face. I had him turned over, and was more than surprised when I recognized in him an old townsman and schoolmate. He was Charlie Collins, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who had graduated in the Engineers, in the '59 class. He married Miss Mason, a daughter of the famous Virginia Mason, and she had persuaded him to become a traitor to his country, which he paid for with his life. I asked Gen. Sheridan for a detail to bury him. He granted it, but said, "he did not think he was worthy of it." I buried him where he fell, and sent word to his mother and wife.

In that campaign the cavalry covered the front and flanks of the army through the battles of the Wilderness until May 8th, when three divisions were withdrawn, and on the morning of the 9th, we started on a raid against the enemy's lines of communication with Richmond. The last we saw of the army was when we left Warren, 5th Corps, hotly engaged in the woods at Spottsylvania. We marched until towards evening without anything of interest occurring, when unexpectedly we heard the whistle of a locomotive. The column was halted, and Custer sent forward to reconnoitre. He found the railroad nearer than he supposed. We were near Beaver Dam station. Custer charged down on the station, capturing all that was there—a large amount of supplies in store, and two trains, one on its way to the army with supplies, and the other bound for Richmond with 400 prisoners, and a hap-

pier lot of fellows were never on the face of this green earth when they found they had been recaptured, and cheer after cheer went up. Telegrams were sent for trains to be forwarded at once. One came in from Richmond, which we captured, and we were waiting for the one from the army, that we could hear distinctly in the distance, when, to our disgust, flames burst from the station; some cuss had set fire to it, and the jig was up and no more trains captured. We then destroyed the depot, trains and tracks.

The next morning we left Beaver Dam, destroying the railroad as we moved along. Stuart was hovering on our flanks and annoying us somewhat, but we had no engagement until we got to Yellow Tavern, the 11th. There Custer made his gallant charge, mortally wounding J. E. B. Stewart, which was a blow to the confederacy, for he was as dear to them as our leader was to us. That night we encamped near an old rebel camp, and the next morning, when we turned out, we found that we had more company than we cared for. We were in the saddle at four, with Wilson in the lead, with instructions to cross the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge, but mistaking the road, he butted into the works in front of Richmond, and brought on an engagement which lasted some two hours. The outer works were taken, and we could hear the bells ringing in Richmond. Meadow Bridge was in possession of the rebel cavalry, and I was sent to direct Custer to charge the bridge and clear the way, which he did without loss. The other two divisions were then withdrawn, and we proceeded on our way to Haxall's Landing, without incident, except that when we sighted a gun boat on the James, they let fly a shot at the head of our column, but fortunately it did no harm, and we soon made known that we were friends, and then proceeded to the Haxall



house, where headquarters were established, and where we remained for two days. Our friends picked up at the last camp were somewhat troublesome, and as we did not have a change of clothing with us, we were in a bad fix. After talking the matter over, we decided to pay a visit to the gun boat "Hunchback," where Paymaster Cushing kindly fitted us out in a full rig of man-of-war uniform. We had a good bath aboard, threw our old clothes overboard and with them our rebel friends, and when we reported ashore, the General was amused to find we had all turned sailors. Our return to the army was without incident, and as we rode up to headquarters on the morning of May 25th, Gen. Grant came out of his tent, and recognizing the General, called out, "Halloo, Sheridan, have you captured the navy?"

After leaving Beaver Dam, an order was issued that all horses that broke down should be shot, and our line of march could be followed by the dead horses that were left behind. This raid drew off nearly all of the enemy's cavalry, making the guarding of our trains an easy matter. We were glad to get back to the old army, but it did not mean rest, as on the 28th Haw's Shop was fought and Cold Harbor was occupied and held until the infantry came up on the 31st. June 1st, with two divisions, we started around Lee's left to destroy the Virginia Central R. R., which was accomplished, defeating Wade Hampton at Trevillian's Station, rejoining the army June 19th. From this date until we crossed to the south side of the James there were actions and skirmishes daily. On the south side of the James headquarters were established at Wind Mill Point, where we remained until ordered to the Shenandoah. It is not necessary to go into detail of Gen. Sheridan's services in that valley. Suffice to say that he put a stop to Jubal's waltzing up and down the valley

at his pleasure, and every school boy and girl knew at that time the good work that Sheridan was doing in the valley, and he had the love and good wishes of every true American.

On the 8th of November, 1864, he received the commission of Major General U. S. Army for specific distinguished services, viz.: "For personal gallantry, military skill and just confidence in the courage and patriotism of his troops displayed by him on the 19th day of October, 1864, at Cedar Run, whereby, under the blessing of Providence, his routed army was re-organized, a great national disaster averted, and a brilliant victory achieved over the rebels for the third time, in pitched battle, within thirty days."

On the 9th of February, 1865, he received the thanks of Congress in the following joint resolution: "To Maj. Gen. P. H. Sheridan and the officers and soldiers under his command, for the gallantry, military skill and courage displayed in the brilliant series of victories achieved by them in the valley of the Shenandoah, and especially for their services at Cedar Run on the 19th day of October, 1864, which retrieved the fortunes of the day, and thus averted a great disaster."

One would think this honor enough for any man, but it was none too much for Sheridan. He deserved it all and more, and we that were near to him loved to hear his praises sounded, and knew that a grateful country could not do him too much honor.

Headquarters wintered in Winchester, the artillery in Pleasant Valley, Md., under Bolivar Heights. On February 27th, 1865, the Army of the Shenandoah started to join the Army of the Potomac. On the same day I left Harpers Ferry by rail to join my battery in front of Petersburg, and arrived at City Point on St. Patrick's day. I took lunch at headquarters. A member of congress who was

present asked Gen. Grant if he had heard from Sheridan since he left the Valley. He said, "No." He then asked, "Are you not anxious about him?" To which the General replied, "I have not given him a thought since he left. He is all right," which showed to me the great confidence he placed in his lieutenant.

All know of Sheridan's rejoining the Army of the Potomac, of Five Forks, where he compelled Lee to evacuate Petersburg, and of the white flag that was displayed when he was about to advance, on the morning of April 9th, and of the surrender which soon followed, which ended all our woes and troubles and gave us sweet visions of home and peace. During Gen. Sheridan's service with the Army of the Potomac, there was but one order given by him that I would had not been issued, for it broke the heart of as true and noble a soldier as ever wore uniform. It seemed hard that after the years in which he had rendered such valuable service to his country, that at the last moment he should be shorn of all his glory. He was a proud and ambitious man. I knew him well, and had seen him on many hard fought fields, and if ever man won his stars, his name was Gouverneur K. Warren. I talked war times over with him often in after years, and once, when we went from Newport to New York together, in our state room talking over Five Forks, he cried like a child, and told me his heart was broken there. He is at rest now, but those that followed him know the debt his country owed him.

General Sheridan entered West Point, July 1st, 1848; graduated and promoted to Brevet 2d Lieut. of Infantry, July 1st, 1853; 2d Lieut. 4th Infantry, November 22d, 1854; 1st Lieut. 4th Infantry, March 1st, 1861; Captain 13th Infantry, May 14th, 1861; Colonel 2d Mich. Cavalry, May 25th, 1862; Brig. Gen. Volunteers, July 1st,

1862; Maj. Gen. Volunteers, December 31st, 1862; Brig. Gen. U. S. Army, September 20th, 1864; Maj. Gen. U. S. Army, November 8th, 1865; Lieut. Gen. U. S. Army, February 9th, 1865; General U. S. Army, June 1st, 1888.

He died August 5th, 1888, full of honor, and loved and respected by all this great Nation. His last duty on earth was to inspect the post near Chicago, which was named for him. His resting place, Arlington, on the Potomac, overlooking the graves of hundreds of true soldiers that followed him in life, is a fitting place for the grave of our hero

## MAJOR GENERAL WINFIELD S. HANCOCK.

Memorial Meeting, March 3, 1886.

THE death of our lamented Commander-in-Chief occurred on the 9th of February, 1886, and when, according to custom, the Companions of the Wisconsin Commandery gathered about the table after the monthly business meeting the first Wednesday in March, and had pledged the health of *The President of the United States*, invariably the first toast, the Commander, Lucius Fairchild, remaining standing, briefly, but most feelingly, spoke of the great bereavement that had saddened the entire Order. It was only fitting that the usual order of exercises should give way to others—the tributes of those whom he knew had served immediately under the command of General Hancock. There had been no time for formal preparation. It was a spontaneous affair, and therefore the more sincere. Personally he had never had the honor of serving under the great Corps Commander, but he shared with every man in the Army of the Potomac the honor and admiration in which General Hancock was held. Now let those who know him—first and last—speak to those who can but envy them their association with so grand a soldier. He would call first upon Companion Charles King, of the U. S. Army.

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

*“Commander and Companions:* I received to-day, late in the afternoon, a notification that I would be expected to come prepared to say something in regard to our late Commander-in-Chief, but I had it in anticipation that there would be at least a dozen to precede me in that duty,

and that it would be wholly unnecessary for me to make any set address, no matter how short; that everything that should be said would be said by those members of the Order who, having passed through the war as officers, were far better—far worthier to speak on this subject than I, who was a mere boy at the outbreak. So far, then, from preparing any remarks, I had contented myself with a mere reminiscence, and that I will be glad to read.

“As though it were yesterday, I see it all again—a storm-drenched plateau, where the Sibley tents of the 6th Maine had been standing but a day or two before, stretching away to the south a good four hundred yards, and then dipping abruptly into the Potomac; the wooded heights of the opposite shore dimly seen through the fog wreaths; to the right, just above us, the camp of the 6th Wisconsin; in front, a long stretch of muddy road, up which, far to the left, in dripping overcoats, there came squashing through the pools a long column of infantry. I was alone at brigade headquarters and time was hanging all too heavily on my hands.

“Suddenly from the head of the column two horsemen came galloping up the road, clothed so far as could be seen from head to foot in black oilskin or rubber. They turned abruptly when they reached the front of the headquarters tents and sputtered up through the trees to the very door. I had seen Sidney Johnston and Charles F. Smith of the old army, and thought I never would look upon handsomer soldiers than they, but the leader of these two horsemen was the most superb looking man I ever set eyes upon. I sprang to my feet and saluted, replying ‘No’ to his question as to whether the General were here.

“‘Are any of his staff here?’ was the next question. And in all the valorous importance of five feet nothing and

fifteen years of age, I as promptly answered: 'Yes, sir; I am.' And he was too much of a gentleman and too good a soldier to laugh outright. He couldn't help looking amused.

"Well, I was directed to inquire here for a guide to conduct my brigade over to General W. F. Smith's headquarters on the Virginia side,' he said. And for answer I shouted for my horse, mounted, reported: 'All ready, sir;' and asked the General to turn the head of his column square to the left across the plateau, but to direct his wagons to go on by the road. I could lead him and the infantry a short cut of three-quarters of a mile. Companions Johnson, and Watrous, and Rogers, and Hathaway, and many more of you probably will remember the ramp, the steep incline just back of the battery that swept the Chain Bridge, and down this ramp I led the General and his brigade, and on across the bridge. He had been watching me narrowly, and presently began to talk. He wanted to know where I was from, and I told him Wisconsin, and was proud of it. He laughed and asked many more questions and drew me out and got me to talking—not that very much generalship was required to do that. But at last we were in sight of Baldy Smith's, away up the heights, just as he had been telling me about West Point, because that was where he knew I wanted to go.

"You are the first Wisconsin soldier I've met in this war, my boy, and I want to get some of them in my brigade,' he said, and I was in ecstasy. When we reached Gen. Smith's he continued: 'Now, I hope you will get to the Point, and I shall follow you up and won't forget you. Perhaps if I come out all right in this war I may be of some service to you as you have been to me to-day. Good-bye, my little man.' And then he gave me his name: small wonder that it was a charmed one to me from that

time on. He got his Wisconsin regiment in the brigade, and the first time he took them into action he called them 'gentlemen' when he ordered the charge. Companions Allen, Bean and Oliver remember it—and I went to the Point the next year, and late in '63 the superintendent gave me permission to go down to Cozzens' hotel in all the glory of my first chevrons, because there was a wounded major-general there who had been pronounced superb at Gettysburg, but hadn't forgotten his little guide and wanted to see him, and who rose slowly when I entered and introduced me to the people as his young veteran who led him the first time he crossed the Potomac at the head of his brigade. And so all through my army life whenever it was my good fortune to meet him he had the same warm-hearted, knightly greeting for the youngster whom he had not forgotten. Four years ago there came to me from Colonel Nicholson the notification that the Pennsylvania Commandery had sent in my name to the next congress for election as a companion of the Loyal Legion at large, and I recognized therein the handiwork of my General of the old volunteer days of '61. Only six weeks ago or less, there came a letter from the General himself to thank me for the resolutions regarding him adopted by your committee of which I had the honor to be chairman. In the records of our nation, in peace and in war, few names will ever eclipse in brilliancy, none will ever be more stainless than his whom we mourn so bitterly tonight. And, while it was not my lot to be considered old enough to do service with you through the heat and burden of the great war in which he won undying fame, there is comfort in the thought that in the little time spent at the front it was my proud privilege to be the guide the first time he entered hostile territory of him who was



superb on every field, our knightly soldier, our dead commander, Hancock."

Next to be called upon, was

CAPTAIN J. A. WATROUS, U. S. V.

"I think I never hesitated so much to keep a rashly made promise as I do to-night. We have listened to the reading of a very excellent paper by Companion Danforth that has stirred us all up with the conviction that if we had had a brigade of Paines in 1861, and they had adopted the same plan that that Paine did in 1864, the war would have been but a year and a half in duration, instead of four. Then comes Companion King with a beautifully worded paper, a reminiscence that touches all our hearts; and had I supposed that I should have fallen into such associations as these, I should have declined making that rash promise. What Col. King has just read to us about Hancock is new to nearly all. It comes very close home to Companion Johnson and myself, and yourself, Commander. The lay of the country is pictured so graphically that we can see it all before us; the Chain Bridge, the muddy road and the trim built, popular little boy, the son of our brigade commander. To find anything to say about Hancock that has not been said over and over again, is next to an impossibility. It must be something of the character of the paper we have just heard. A man who made the record that Hancock did during the war, and who has been in the regular army for forty years or more and a candidate for President—it is next to impossible to say anything new about him. I met Gen. Hancock once. It did me lots of good—I don't suppose it did the General any. I think I grew about a foot and a half, and it was after a hard day's work too, and the only excuse I make for referring to this is, that it is so

very difficult to find anything that has not been said heretofore.

"The first day at Gettysburg it happened that the infantry corps first on the field was called upon to do a great deal of hard work and expended a vast amount of ammunition. It happened at that time that I was in charge of the ammunition for the division. It also happened that we had for ordnance officer a man who, when there was a fight, could not be kept out of it, that is, he immediately reported to the General as staff officer for active service, notwithstanding the orders were very rigid on that point. Orders were sent back to have eight or ten wagon loads taken up to the line of battle, and it fell to me as next in command to take them up. We were very fortunate not to have lost all of the mules and to have got back with the wagons and a good share of the guard. As we reached the cemetery hill, about the first general officer we saw was Howard, sitting upon his horse with as much coolness as though he was watching a Fourth of July parade, and just beyond him, all excitement—not nervous—looking in a thousand ways every minute and giving directions as carefully and precisely as though he was preparing for a great parade, was Gen. Hancock, very much younger than he looked a few years ago, for he was young and fresh and bright and constantly active, who meant what he said, and said what he wanted to say so that everybody who heard it would understand. He was saying to this man and to that: 'Take your guns in that direction;' 'Collect your men;' 'Prepare for immediate action.'

"I had a squad of army wagons and thought it was no more than right to report to Hancock for orders. I saluted. Said he: 'Great God, what have you got here? What have you got a wagon here for? You haven't been

out into action?' Said I: 'Yes sir, just came back with the rear guard.' 'Well,' he said, 'did you lose all your ammunition?' 'No, sir; distributed nearly all of it.' 'Lose any of your wagons?' 'Well, I got back with some of them.' 'You did well, Sergeant,' said he; 'just move your wagons down there and report to me in half an hour.'

"It makes it rather personal, but that is one of the things that a non-commissioned, or a commissioned officer would never forget when we take into account the character of man that Hancock was. Many of the men here to-night served in the Army of the Potomac. All who served there will agree with me in this, that we felt a great deal safer when Hancock and his corps were around. Hancock, Sedgwick and Warren were towers of strength, men who did their country service,—I may say only second to that of Sherman, Sheridan and Grant. We can look back now and pick out the model officer. We can see why it was that Sheridan was so successful. We can understand how Hancock always won success as the commander of a brigade, division or corps. There was a dash to him. What he did he did in a hurry, with his eyes wide open; he didn't wait to consider, he moved right in and won.

"I wish here to refer to a man in the State of Wisconsin, who, if he had been as thick-skinned as Hancock, would have stood very close to Hancock or any of our other great commanders. That General is a companion of this Commandery. I have studied him for the last twenty years and have lamented that anything should have occurred to take him from the army. I refer to Maj. Gen. C. S. Hamilton. He had that dash, that capacity to draw men around him that made a successful army commander, and if he had remained in the army and lived through, I

believe that he would have been at the head of one of the great army corps, with a name equal to that of our other great commanders.

"Every companion mourns the loss of Hancock. I always think, as I hear of the death of one of the old commanders, the world is getting smaller and smaller. None of us can think of Hancock in his grand past, without feeling that we have met with a personal loss; that the world has fewer attractions than it had before; that the ranks are thinning out, and in spite of all we can do we can look ahead only a few years and find that a Sherman and a Sheridan and all of those old Commanders are passing away; and we come to our own state and look a little further and we see our Commandery meeting with a half dozen old, trembling, white haired men, and then a little beyond that, not one left to tell the story.

"Commander, I beg your pardon for taking so much time to say so little."

The Commander then called upon

CAPTAIN I. M. BEAN, U. S. V.

"I share in common with all my companions an aversion to attempting to say anything without having made some preparation, and I regret that I had not been advised that remarks were to be made upon this topic to-night. I make this statement because I knew Gen. Hancock well. It was my good fortune to serve in his brigade from the time he took command until he left it. I knew him as a soldier, and, I may say, I knew him as a friend, because I am sure he honored me with his friendship. Gen. Hancock was a captain in the regular army and at the outbreak of the Rebellion took command of the 1st Brigade, consisting of the 5th Wisconsin, 6th Maine, 43d New York and 49th

Pennsylvania. By some accident and it is alleged, by some little intrigue, the 5th Wisconsin was disjoined from its sister regiments, the 2d, 6th and 7th Wisconsin, and taken over across the Chain Bridge, which Companion King has so accurately described. I served with Gen. Hancock all the time he commanded the brigade. He left it at about noon on the day of the battle of Antietam; Gen. Richardson having been killed and Hancock called to the head of the division commanded by Richardson. I saw him not often after that, but my idea of his character is that he was *par excellence* the soldier. He was a Chevalier Bayard, without stain. I do not know that he will be written down as a great general, as a man qualified to command great armies, but I am certain that he will be remembered as one of the best division or corps commanders that we had in our army and I doubt if any other army ever had his superior. He was conspicuous for his industry; he was nervous, impulsive and he was always THERE. He was up early in the morning and late at night and no detail ever escaped him. It was my good fortune to meet him again last October. He, as you know, was the Commander of this Order, and during the proceedings I watched him with great interest, tracing with pleasure his resemblance to his former self and rejoicing to see him looking so well—the most splendid specimen of physical manhood, I think, I almost ever saw. During an interlude in the proceedings, I went up and said: ‘General, it’s asking perhaps too much to ask you to remember one of your old captains.’ ‘My dear fellow,’ he replied, ‘I’ve been looking at you for two hours and wishing you would come up here,’ and he gave me a cordial shake of the hand. His character was undefiled; he was in all respects a manly man, and it can be said of him as the ‘melancholy Dane’ said of his great sire—‘he was a

man, take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again.'"

Captain Bean was followed by

CAPTAIN GEORGE W. BURNELL, U. S. V.

"It was not my good fortune to serve under Hancock in the army. I have seen him, and, of course, I knew him by sight and reputation, as every soldier did and as every lad in the country does now. I can only repeat what has been said by those who have preceded me, that he was a stainless man, without fear and without reproach, and as I look around I see the pictures of those great commanders who stood as pillars of smoke by day and fire by night. There are plenty of us left who belonged to the rank and file, but these great commanders, who subdued the greatest rebellion of modern times, are one by one rapidly passing away; I see the pictures of Grant and Hancock and Thomas, who have passed to the far beyond, and within six months past three of our greatest commanders, Grant, McClellan and Hancock, have left us to join the silent throng upon the other side; of these great captains only a few are left, among them Sherman and Sheridan, two of the 'noblest Romans of them all,' and while we revere the memory of the dead, it seems to me that it should teach us to cherish with still stronger affection those who are living. And so, I will only say in conclusion: true patriot, great soldier, chivalrous knight, Hail and Farewell!"

General Fairchild then called upon

COLONEL CHARLES A. HAMILTON, U. S. V.

"None of my service in the army was under Gen. Hancock. The only occasion on which I recollect to have seen him was on the day of a review, where I think we were

all sent to see how nearly he had brought his troops to perfection, and then it was that his great military figure attracted all. It looked as though he was the representative of one of the arms which he wielded, flashing his bright, wavingsword on to conquest. I know nothing that describes him better than that of the great, brave *sabre*. It could hardly be said that he was specially distinguished as a tactician, but that he always had the power of leadership of the command over which he was placed, and that he was able to inspire his men with irrepressible courage, and that, under his leadership, success was sure. He was a man devoted to his pursuit, single in his purposes, without any ulterior objects, free from ambition, except the performance of his duty; in other words, he was what all can aspire to be—the model soldier. And in the graces of his personal character, the purity of his nature, we see lustre cast upon the reputation which made him so prominent in the service, a model for all to set before them, not only in the pursuit of arms, but in any pursuit in life.”

Colonel Hamilton was followed by

COLONEL JOHN W. BARLOW, U. S. A.

“It has been my good fortune to know Gen. Hancock personally. Of course, like others, I admired his character, his successful generalship, but beyond all that, I think I more admire—perhaps we all do the same—his innate courtesy. No one was so low in his position in life as to be passed by without a genial, kind remembrance. In enjoying the acquaintance of Gen. Hancock, in meeting him personally, you could not fail to feel that he was personally interested in you; you felt that he had a friendship for you, and in that way he seemed to gather the love, as well as the respect, of all those with whom he

came in contact. It seems, then, that these traits to my mind raise him higher even in the estimation of his fellow people than the great deeds which he performed in war, and that his name will ever be handed down to the succeeding generations as a man beyond reproach—the Bayard of our country.”

COMMANDER LUCIUS FAIRCHILD.

“There will never a man pass from our ranks during the life of this Order who will go hence bearing with him more of the heartfelt love of his companions than has our dear last Commander-in-Chief. It was not my fortune to serve under Gen. Hancock, as I have said, but it was my fortune, for a time, to serve in the immediate vicinity. I remember the time very well, told of by Companion King, when Hancock moved over the Chain Bridge on the Potomac, and when I first saw the magnificent figure of the man. He drew all men, and all boys, and all women to him, in the best sense of the term. I was very much struck with him at Philadelphia, when presiding over the Commandery-in-Chief, and the tender words he spoke in returning his thanks on the occasion of his election as Commander-in-Chief. He said but a few words, and yet they were so well said. He looked pleased. He looked ‘Thank you’ for it. He looked as if he esteemed the compliment. He presided over that Commandery-in-Chief when it was organized with so much earnestness and zeal. He had this Order very near and close to his heart. You could not fail to recognize that he esteemed it a society worthy of him, and worthy of his very best efforts. That is another word for saying that it is worthy of any man’s best efforts. As has been said, he was so genial and pleasant, and so thoroughly the gentleman at all times; never stooping down to anybody, but always



keeping every one up to his level. I was present at the annual dinner given by the Loyal Legion Commandery of Ohio. It was expected that Hancock would be present. It was to be a great occasion for them. It was an occasion upon which they had invited some 150 of their ladies to participate in the festivities of the evening. Just upon the eve of the dinner our Commander-in-Chief died. It was a very large assembly, every preparation had been made for an occasion which they intended should be remembered by all who should have the pleasure of attending it, and yet, in spite of all they could do, it was nothing but a funeral occasion. The talk about the corridor of the hotel between men and women, during the grand reception held before the dinner, crept all the time to Hancock, and there was very little jollity at the table, very little laughing and talking and the jolly good natured fun that the boys, even the gray-headed old boys, have on such an occasion. The set speeches were made, and yet in almost every one was something referring to Hancock. Several of the speeches were changed entirely and devoted exclusively to Hancock. Companion Hayes, as presiding officer, had evidently prepared his address for the occasion before the death of Hancock, but he also prepared as preliminary some remarks upon Hancock which have been published, which were very beautiful. To that address Gen. Sherman arose and responded in the very best speech he ever made, entirely without preparation except such as he might have from thinking it over; and the dear old General stood there with his two hands wrung together, never stumbled for a word or a thought, speaking the words just exactly as they have been published; a most admirable summing up of Hancock's character.

"With very little personal acquaintance with Hancock, I felt very much drawn to him always. There have been

several addresses made, yet not one of them has referred in any marked degree to one incident of Hancock's life. It is a mere incident—we none of us remember it at all—and yet you all know that but a few short years ago he was before the people as the candidate for one of the great political parties for President; and I remember now with pleasure that all through the heat of that campaign there was scarcely a word of abuse for Hancock; they never abused him as a soldier; the opposition always called him the superb, great soldier; the honest, true man; the criticism was entirely upon that time of his life when he was compelled to take part in the re-construction of the Southern States, that part which might be called political. The people of the United States loved him too well to defile him with the abuse that ordinarily comes to men in political life. I was very glad to see it, and there were hundreds of thousands of men that were sorry from their hearts to walk to the polls and vote against such a man for any office, because outside and away beyond any political differences we all loved him, and we love his memory."

## THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

BY BREVET MAJOR GEORGE H. HEAFFORD, U. S. V.

(Read November 7th, 1888.)

**T**O have once been a member of that glorious army is a proud recollection; and the record of many months of service under its constantly unfurled battle flags will, in all probability, be the only passport to fame I shall ever receive.

Originally the Army of the District of Western Tennessee, fighting as such at Shiloh, it became the Army of the Tennessee upon the concentration of troops at Pittsburgh Landing, under General Halleck; and when the Department of the Tennessee was formed, October 16th, 1862, the troops serving therein were placed under the command of Maj. Gen. U. S. Grant. October 24th, 1862, the troops in this department were organized as the 13th Corps; December, 1862, they were divided into the 13th, 15th, 16th and 17th Corps. October 27th, 1863, Maj. Gen. William T. Sherman was appointed to the command of this army; March 12th, 1864, Maj. Gen. J. B. McPherson succeeded him; July 30th, 1864, McPherson having been killed, Maj. Gen. O. O. Howard was placed in command, and May 19th, 1865, Maj. Gen. John A. Logan succeeded Howard.

Such is the brief statistical record of the composition of an army which never knew defeat. The tattered remnants of its standards proudly floated over hundreds of hotly contested fields, and the soldiers and "bummers" of the Army of the Tennessee covered, in their marches, more miles of the so-called "southern confederacy" than nearly

all of the other northern armies put together. On its banners are inscribed the names of some of the most important battles of the war—names that will live in history until the end of time. Who among us western soldiers, as long as life lasts, will forget Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Atlanta, and last, but not least, that military inspiration which induced Sherman's army to "March to the Sea"?

My own particular part, in all these "goings on," was not of extreme importance to the Nation, and, for that reason, what little I have to say to-night must partake considerably of a personal nature. When I look upon the faces before me, and see officers whom I perhaps saluted either with musket or sword over twenty-five years ago, I begin to realize that it will be but a comparatively few years more that we can meet and chat and laugh over the experiences of the three or four years we soldiered together in the campaigns which made history. Therefore, when we are together in our monthly reunions, let us try to be in a cheery mood, and by so doing get action upon a torpid liver, and possibly defer still longer that eventful day, when each in his turn shall "elevate his toes to the daisies," and become, in the unknown hereafter, what the Creator of the Universe shall in his own good way ordain him to be.

I wonder if the man who fought his way over nearly every state south of Mason and Dixon's Line during the war, doing his duty as a faithful soldier in trying to preserve the constitution of the United States, and who since the war has proved himself a useful citizen and a friend of his reconstructed brethren of the South, will not receive some substantial recognition and appreciation when he enters St. Peter's gate, even if he has had faults of disposition and habit that it seemed impossible to conquer during his career on earth. I believe he is bound to get some kind

of a seat, even if it is not very near the Throne. I do not refer to this matter with any sacrilegious intent; I simply wish to encourage the occasional backslider, and urge him to renew the teachings of his childhood, and prepare himself, as best he can, for his last fight with the Great Conquerer, who comes all too soon for many of us.

However, I fear that I have drifted from the "cheery mood," and am preaching entirely too long a sermon upon a foreign subject. Have you ever thought that most of the men who led the great armies of the North to victory were comparatively young men in years and experience? Do you know that Grant was but forty-one years of age when he captured Vicksburg? Sherman was only forty-four years old when he finished the Atlanta campaign and marched down to the sea; McPherson was but thirty-six when he fell on the field of battle; Logan was nearly forty when he assumed command of the Army of the Tennessee; Howard carried an empty sleeve at thirty-two, and Rawlins died among his friends after the close of the war, at the age of thirty-eight. Hundreds and thousands of the rank and file in the Army of the Tennessee were mere boys when they first entered the service, and were still boys in years, although men in experience, when they once more resumed the ways of peace. And even twenty-five years of life, amid ceaseless toil and worry of brain and hands, and with an occasional burden of debt, or a father-in-law, to annoy and make one weary of life—even all of these trials and tribulations have scarcely silvered the heads of some of my comrades of the Army of the Tennessee.

It is really wonderful to think how quickly the young soldiers learned the art of war and self-preservation. I don't believe I had carried a musket more than a month (I enlisted as a private because I thought it would be more heroic to die for my country in a humble capacity

than as a shoulder-strapped despot) before I learned that private soldiers were always sent to places of great danger, and I tried every honorable means I could think of to avoid exposing myself to the chances of getting killed, wounded or captured. I will here remark that after I had worn my new uniform a few days and had been drilled by (as I then believed) overbearing and insolent officers, about eighteen hours out of every twenty-four, and put on guard over an ammunition boat, at Cairo, Illinois, the other six hours, I was not so ready to die as a private as I was before I had stared death in the face. I got through staring as soon as possible, and like a coy maiden who avoids the languishing glances of her would-be lover, I didn't hang around "the fell destroyer" any more than I could help. How I did long to be able to commit some startling act of bravery (where there was really no danger), and be rewarded on the field of battle by the commanding general, as was the custom with Napoleon Bonaparte and other potentates of Europe, Asia and Africa, by being at once promoted to a lieutenancy at least, and sent home to raise recruits for the decimated regiments in the field. But no such good luck was mine. I was only a boy of seventeen who had gone into the army carried away by the spirit of patriotic enthusiasm which pervaded the whole country when Father Abraham made his call for three hundred thousand men early in '62. How heavy that old Springfield musket grew. Each day when off duty or off drill a brutal orderly sergeant made me spend hours in removing the rust which had accumulated while on picket out in the rain or dew of the previous night. I became a chronic kicker about the way the food was prepared by the company cook, for I was bound to attract the attention of my superior officers in some way, even if

I had to stand on a barrel or be strung up by the thumbs as a result of my endeavors to excite notice.

I will briefly pass over that period of my career during which I was promoted to corporal, sergeant, commissary sergeant, sergeant-major, and finally landed in the lap of luxury when I jumped all the line lieutenants, and was commissioned adjutant of as well a regiment of infantry as ever cut up their pay roll blanks to make paper collars with which to go on dress parade. While I was commissary sergeant I rode a horse, which, when I first mounted him at Columbus, Kentucky, one midnight in November, 1862, was then a skittish colt of 21 years, 11 months and 16 days. I was in hopes I could always have as *safe* a horse as that to ride, but "alas and alack," to quote from Shakespeare, I was completely disheartened when I found that my promotion to be sergeant-major compelled me to go on foot along with captains and lieutenants, who got more pay than I did but didn't have half the work that I had to do. What muddy or dusty roads I have tramped over "from early morn till dewy eve" and sometimes far into the night, and after everyone else had had his supper, smoked his pipe and got snuggled up in his blankets with his feet to the camp fire, I have had to work all night long making up returns of the available force of the regiment, accounting for men on detached service, or copying orders in books that I suppose are now in the adjutant-general's office at Washington, unless they have been given over to the South, as was at one time suggested should be done with the confederate flags we captured. That experience as a sergeant-major convinced me that honors were not always empty, and I almost dreaded another promotion for fear that my work would grow harder as my rank increased. All ambition on my part to end up the war with feats of daring had

become a secondary consideration. My principal idea was to keep those books written up and the ordnance returns properly made, so that the colonel could draw his pay regularly and without any deductions because of the loss of a brass "U. S." from the leaf of a cartridge box. However, in whatever position I was placed, I am egotistical enough, even at this late day, to say that I performed with alacrity all the official duties assigned to me, together with some that were not in Hardee's Tactics or the Army Regulations.

I remember that on the 4th of July, '63, when we took possession of Vicksburg, I rode into the city with the first wagon train which carried rations belonging to the army. Our troops had been well fed while they were hard at work in the trenches outside, and when I saw a confederate brigade just inside the works waiting to be paroled, every man of which looked so gaunt and hungry, I couldn't resist the temptation of breaking open some of those barrels of hard tack, sugar and coffee, and dealing out a good liberal allowance to every mother's son of them. The heartfelt thanks and cheers which I received from those poor fellows stifled all compunctions of conscience that smote me for robbing our own men of a day's rations. When my own regiment complained, that night, about a scarcity of food, I swore by all the saints in the calendar that the wagons had broken down and the "Johnnie Rebs" had stolen the grub, and I told the story so often that at last I believed it was true.

In Mississippi, while serving as commissary sergeant, I was placed under arrest and confined to my quarters for several days for trying to convince one of the prettiest girls of that state that the Yankees were not half as bad as her fancy had painted them. My sufferings while under arrest for her sake were the strongest arguments in behalf



of the northern troops that could be adduced, and she surrendered, only stipulating that she might retain her side arms. She is now twice a widow with nine children, none of whom is like the youngest member of that family of the famous English martyr who was burned at the stake long years ago. Shakespeare (once more) says "one man in his time plays many parts," and my rambling discourse, which is intended only to call to your minds almost forgotten and similar incidents in your own army career, leads me to conclude that the varied experiences of the young volunteer soldier in the field or in camp were of great benefit in fitting him to occupy a place in the world, when he returned to his interrupted duties as a citizen of the greatest and best republic the world has ever known.

Does any one of you remember that you failed to perform in an intelligent manner any of the complex military duties assigned to you? Did you not learn patience, perseverance and courtesy while instructing your men in the details of drill, discipline and other matters which go to make up the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war"? Did you show any lack of skill or courage, when as officers of the line or staff you were compelled to place your men on far advanced picket lines on the darkest of dark nights, in sight of the enemy's camp fires and with a strong probability of being "gobbled up" before your line was established? Did you ever fail to have tact enough to know just what to do on the skirmish line when there was a confederate four-gun battery in front with a mighty thin line of infantry support behind it? Did you not always "get there"? Do you remember what you did in the way of surgery when the best soldier of your company had his left arm shot off and believed he was going to die in a minute? and when Corporal Jones was laid low at your feet, did you not utter a silent

prayer over his body, and kindly send home to his family all of the little trinkets he possessed, with a letter so brim full of sympathy for the dead hero, that his father and mother preserve it to this day as their boy's passport to a better world? Do you ever laugh at your first experience in the delicate task of searching a woman passing through the lines, with quinine and other contraband of war? I think, as a rule, the married officers rather enjoyed the work, but it was an awful job for some of the modest bachelor ones to perform.

Do you remember your services as acting assistant adjutant general, and the dictating or writing, and signing of orders to brigade or regimental commanders to do all sorts of things, from protecting a Union man's property to storming a fort or loading a wagon train with cotton? Can you forget the coaxing, pleading, and condemning words used when as division provost marshal you tried to induce the weary or lazy stragglers to keep up with the command; and how ingenious you were in providing in wagon, ambulance, or on a confiscated horse or mule a place to ride for the truly foot-sore, sick, or wounded veteran of a score of battles? Were you ever in doubt as to what course to pursue when, as post commandant in some small southern town you were called upon to perform the marriage ceremony between two specimens of "poor white trash" who had come from forty miles away in the pine woods to get yoked by the Yankee officer, who was supposed to combine all the professions of law, religion and medicine in his one slight body? Do you suppose that those semi-official marriages are not recorded in Heaven, even if they are not on the books in the county court house?

All the brightest faculties with which the Creator has endowed man were brought into full play by the necessities

of the situations in which officers of the volunteer army were placed during the war. But I wish to place on record, as a matter of fact, and with all due respect for the gentlemen who wore yellow stripes on their trousers, and yellow braid on their jackets, that no infantry soldier, notwithstanding he possessed all the wisdom of Solomon of old, could ever figure out why the cavalry always trotted to the rear when there was going to be any fighting in front. And yet, I have seen cavalry fight, and they did it splendidly. Is there any one here who belonged to that magnificent brigade of Gen. James H. Wilson's cavalry, that dismounted from their horses and climbed the hill at a run, captured the fort, and in the twinkling of an eye turned the confederate guns on the flower of Hood's army, on the 15th of December, 1864, the first day's fight at the battle of Nashville? It was so quickly done and so well done that the infantry support of our artillery, which sent its shells flying over the heads of the advancing troopers, could not resist the impulse to be up and doing, and, almost without orders, they were soon on the double-quick toward another point of attack.

I remember Gen. A. J. Smith riding furiously along our line of column as we were forming in brigade front on the crest of a hill. His staff officers were strung along behind the General at intervals of about two hundred yards, for their horses could not keep up with the fast riding of the occasionally profane but dearly beloved commander of the 16th Army Corps. As he went by he gave us one proud look of confidence and admiration, and I concluded that as he was apparently disposed to take upon himself the responsibility of the situation, I should no longer bother with the aforesaid responsibility, but just go along with the rest of the boys and trust to luck for results.

Being then a staff officer, wearing the largest shoulder straps I could purchase with a month's pay, and being otherwise in full uniform, I felt it my duty not to expose myself unnecessarily to the enemy, who were established behind a stone wall which bordered one of the numerous turnpike roads in the vicinity of Nashville. However, I rode up and down the line of battle, to see if everything was in proper shape for a bloody fight, and also for the purpose of inspiring the men with confidence and enthusiasm. Not until I had returned to my proper station did I discover that I had ridden in rear of the men, and that their backs being toward me all the time, they had not seen me, and consequently failed to "enthuse" to any appreciable extent. The scene of action was in a cornfield, and the mud was deep. I was afraid my horse would stumble or get stuck in the mud, and as he was a very tall horse, and as I am taller in the saddle than on foot, I was much afraid of being shot without having any opportunity to say a very long prayer before the occurrence. Discretion being the better part of valor, I dismounted and sent my horse to the rear, and did not see it for two days afterward. All this happened in half the time I have taken to relate the facts, and when I was once on foot I felt safe and eager for the fray. The order "forward, right shoulder shift," was given, and the brigade moved at a quick step toward the stone wall five hundred yards away. I looked down our line of fifteen hundred blue coats and they marched with dress parade precision. The sucking noise of the mud as the shoes of the men were lifted at each step, the occasional low voice of a company commander cautioning his men to keep "steady," were the only sounds I heard from our side of the house. The stars and stripes and the regimental flags floated proudly in the breeze, and every man looked straight to the front. The

gentlemen of the other side in their grey and butternut suits were not so quiet as we. It seemed as if there was a continued fusillade of fire arms from behind that stone wall, and musket balls whizzed by with that intensely disagreeable sound of which there is nothing so like it as the cultivated voice of a thoroughly educated and totally depraved Jersey mosquito. Still their aim was bad; most of the bullets went above our heads, and during the few minutes that it took us to cover the intervening space only one man of our brigade was hit, and he was shot (if you will pardon the "bull") in his canteen.

Sheridan was many times more than twenty miles away, and we couldn't wait for him, so we just jumped that stone wall in elegant shape, and, without firing a musket, "ran in" a whole confederate brigade without as much as saying "by your leave." I think, to tell the truth, they were really glad to be captured, for the prospects of the southern confederacy were pretty well clouded over in December, 1864. I have only detailed this incident to be able to say that I thought then, and think now, that it was as pretty a piece of warfare as it had been my experience (consisting of many hard fights and skirmishes between 1862 and 1865) to participate in.

During the whole campaign which lasted until Hood's forces had disappeared beyond the Tennessee river, I am pleased to say that the only loss I sustained was that of a beautiful new pair of cavalry boots, which my red-headed orderly permitted to be burned up at the camp fire on the second day out from Nashville. From there to Eastport, Miss., on the river, I rode and footed it through the snow, sleet and rain, on the flinty turnpikes, in a foot-covering of two pairs of woolen stockings, which were principally holes at the end of the journey. Shoes or boots were not to be had *en route* for love or money, and many men of

my regiment marched barefooted to the Tennessee river, leaving behind them bloody footprints to mark their passage. Our sufferings on that march for lack of food, clothing and shoes, can only be compared with those of the French troops under Napoleon on his retreat from Moscow. I confess that I astounded my own stomach by living for two days on one square of hard tack nicely covered with candle grease. And yet my present appearance does not indicate that I have ever been hungry.

At Eastport supplies of various kinds were expected to arrive on transports, by the time the army reached the river, but the army got there first, and for several days much suffering existed. Rations of corn—the hardest kind of corn—were issued to the men, and the boiling of corn in camp kettles by day and by night seemed to be the principal avocation of two-thirds of the men. There isn't over much enjoyment in a strictly exclusive corn diet, particularly when the ration is small and there is no legitimate way of increasing it. Still some of the men did increase it, and it is a matter of history that Gen. Smith was compelled to feed oats to the mules to prevent them from starving.

When Gen. Sherman was getting ready to cut loose from Atlanta, and get more intimately acquainted with home life in the South, the regiment which had the honor of having me connected with it was performing provost guard duty at Vicksburg. I call it a regiment, but it had been decimated by reason of loss of life in action, by absence of men on detached service and by desertions of men who found it impossible to remain very long in a regiment organized under the direction of the Board of Trade of Chicago, assisted by the Young Men's Christian Association, also of that city, and supplemented by volunteers from various other institutions including the county jail.

One company was said to have in its ranks forty professional thieves, every blessed one of whom deserted before the regiment had been in the field forty days. After they left, the remainder of the material was excellent.

We always felt that we belonged to the Army of the Tennessee, even if we did not participate in the Atlanta campaign. We had been with Grant in his attempt to reach the rear of Vicksburg, by way of Oxford, Miss.; we had spent six weeks on the Yazoo Pass expedition; we were at Milliken's Bend and crossed the Mississippi river at Hard Times landing, and were with the army at Grand Gulf, Raymond, Champion's Hill, and in the assaults on Vicksburg, on the 18th and 22d of May, 1863. We went into the city a proud portion of Ransom's brigade, McArthur's division, McPherson's (17th) Corps, and had earned our right to belong to the marching and fighting Army of the Tennessee. It was not our fault that we were left behind to do guard duty in a captured city. We wanted to be with our comrades, and when at last we received orders to report to Gen. O. O. Howard, in the field, our hearts were glad. Every man on detached service was ordered to report to his regiment. Unfortunately, however, Gen. Napoleon Jackson Tecumseh Dana held our orders so long that, when we reached Chattanooga, Sherman had cut loose from Atlanta, and was well on his way toward Savannah; consequently we were like lost sheep and were temporarily assigned to do duty with the 23d Corps, and thus had an opportunity to represent the Army of the Tennessee at Columbia, Franklin and Nashville, at which latter place we were ordered to report to Gen. A. J. Smith, and remained with him until the close of the war. His corps did so much traveling during the last year of the war that it earned the sobriquet "A. J. Smith's Pilgrims."

From the Tennessee river, via Cairo and New Orleans, to Spanish Fort and Blakely, was a long journey, with plenty of hard digging and fighting on hand for us at both of the last named places. We went over the works of Spanish Fort at about eleven o'clock on the beautiful moonlight night of April 8th, 1865, and captured that portion of the garrison which had not had time to get safely away. I remember a remark a private of a Georgia regiment made when I bantered him on not making more of a fight when we were climbing over the works. He said "How can we-uns fight you-uns when you-uns take us on the eends?" That was his way of explaining the flanking process.

The "Pilgrims" were not permitted to enter Mobile when it fell, but were started off on a march through the pine woods toward Montgomery, Alabama. How instinctively a soldier knows when there is no enemy in his immediate front, rear or either flank. Our men knew that on that march there was nothing much to worry about, and they took things easy. From twenty to twenty-five miles per day, in sunshine or rain, brought them into camp at a reasonable hour every night, and we were very happy, for we believed that the war was about over, and we would soon be *en route* home to our wives and sweet-hearts. No particular discipline was enforced while the troops marched along the country roads. Every man did about as he pleased, and I have seen whole regiments moving forward in one great huddle, stretching out beyond the confines of the road, singing, laughing, and making such an infernal din that it was no wonder that some of the poor native people who had never before seen "Lincoln's hirelings" really thought that their time had come to die, and piteously begged to be spared a hanging. And yet, that mob of soldiers was the perfection of disci-



pline. At the sound of bugle or tap of drum every man leaped to his proper place in line of column, and was instantaneously ready and silent, as becomes a well taught veteran.

What glorious, stirring recollections does the sound of drum and fife bring to our mind! Our drum major was good, but he had no great amount of musical talent, and the only airs that he succeeded with three years of practice in teaching to his subordinates were "The Girl I Left Behind Me" and "The Village Quickstep." These he played on all occasions, and sometimes without regard to propriety. I have known him to muffle the drums and play "The Village Quickstep" going to a funeral, and to rattle off "The Girl I Left Behind Me" coming from the grave. But how that inspiring music did help to quicken the steps of the weary men when the word was passed along the line that it was "only three miles more to camp!" And when wrapped up in your woolen blanket, with a rubber one thrown over the top to keep off the dew, you lay on a bed of twigs and leaves, with a rolled-up overcoat for a pillow, and without anything else between you and the starry vaulted sky, there never was anything that sounded sweeter than the good night roll of the drums, with their piercing fife accompaniment, which bade you close eyes and go to sleep. And so in cheerful and contented sleep I will leave you to-night. My little talk may not have proved as interesting or as "finished" a production as you may have anticipated, but I have said my say in my own way and I trust you will "pass my little imperfections by."

I hope I may be able to be with you at each meeting of the Commandery so long as the members can gather together and renew their youth at these pleasant reunions; but when the time comes that they are no more to gather

together on earth, I trust I may be permitted, in the future world, to once more go along the line, and with a proper salute to the Great Commander of us all, make the old familiar report—"All present or accounted for."

HOW I CAME TO BE IN THE ARMY,  
—AND—  
GENERAL E. A. PAINE'S PLAN OF FEDERAL  
SALVATION.

BY SURGEON WILLIS DANFORTH,\* U. S. V.

(Read March 3d, 1886.)

LOOKING steadfastly into and through the faces before me to-night, I see not only the officers of an hundred battles, but also the long lines of men who bore with you the brunt of the fight—seventy-five thousand strong. I see them stemming the angry tide of war. I hear your voices above the din of the conflict, urging them forward—now by the right and now by the left flank—bringing up your batteries to break the center. I see your flag torn by shot and shell, yet proudly waving in the breeze of heaven, signifying to the world your willingness to die for the freedom of man. I behold an insolent foe yielding *at last* to the sturdy blows delivered by your hands through years of bleeding strife. I look over your muster rolls and see that you were honorably discharged the service twenty-one years ago; some to the fields of labor and the peaceful pursuits of life, and some to that undiscovered country from whose bourne none return. I see their upturned faces in the narrow trenches—low and long—sleeping in the valleys, on the hillsides, aye, in the wilderness and the watery deep.

I confess that it is with distrust of the past, and of the office of memory itself, that I can realize what we have passed through,—the grand, amazing spectacle of two millions of men in arms, the bloody strife, the thunder of

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\* Died, June 5th, 1891.

battle, the dead and wounded, the fiery struggle when death grew frantic with his own work of slaughter. That you and I should have been, aye, actually were, witnesses of and participants in this grim trade of war, that cut down a hundred thousand of our best citizens, and laid a hundred of our finest cities in ruin and ashes, beggaring our treasury and fixing a debt of upwards of three thousand millions upon the Republic; that we should have been actors in this great drama, should have gone through those fearful trials, seen the grave close over our comrades, and now stand here almost a quarter of a century from those stirring scenes—alive and well—is indeed a matter of the greatest possible moment to us individually; devolving upon us a sacred regard of the obligations of our noble Legion to perpetuate the blessings of liberty we now enjoy, purchased by the blood of our patriot dead, and our own united efforts and sacrifices.

A résumé of my war experiences would fill a small volume, but I shall present for your consideration to-night only two sections of my army life: first, how I got into the service, and second, Gen. E. A. Paine's plan of federal salvation. When the war commenced in April, 1861, I was anxious to go at once to the front, but our state (Illinois) put only ten regiments into the field and I could not get into these, and so waited until Gen. Lyon was killed at Wilson's Creek, Mo., some time in August of that year. This so affected me that I could not sleep nights. I felt that our cause and country would be lost if I did not go, and that, too, immediately. I wrote to my wife, who was twenty miles away on a visit, that I had laid down the lancet and taken up the sword; that if she wanted to see me, she must come quick.

Gen. Fremont was in command at St. Louis, the Union arms were driven back from almost every field, the sky

was black with death and destruction to our cause. Illinois was not raising any troops. I was practising medicine in Joliet, Ill., had just been expending my last dollar in assisting my brothers in Kansas to make that a freestate, and was in poor condition to leave my wife and two children, the elder eight years old, with no visible means of support. However, my country was bigger than my family, and unless I went to the front the country would (in my estimation) be lost. So I went to St. Louis to see Gen. Fremont, September 1st, 1861. Judge I. G. Wilson of Chicago had just returned from there and told me it would take a week to get an audience of the general, that he had spent ten days in obtaining an interview.

Nothing daunted I presented myself before the general's head-quarters, and as the guard passed the iron gate I slipped through. "Halt sir!" shouted the sentry. "Is Gen. Asboth here?" said I, "I must see Gen. Asboth," and in a moment more I was at the general's desk, was introduced to Gen. Fremont, got a commission as captain of cavalry—there being no opening for a surgeon, advised Gen. Fremont how to ration and handle his men in a better manner than he was then doing, and securing an order for transportation was on the *outside* in one hour from the time of running the guard. I was commissioned captain in the Fremont Huzzars, which was to be the general's body guard while he opened the Mississippi valley. I was to take the right and lead the way. I returned to Joliet, held meetings at school-houses around, and raised forty men and took them to St. Louis; returned to Joliet to learn that Governor Yates had issued orders forbidding recruiting in the state for regiments out of the state, and sheriffs were directed to arrest officers so recruiting.

The country was arousing. Price had captured Mulligan at Lexington, Mo. Fremont was superseded. Curtis

was in command at St. Louis. Poor Fremont had no arms for his soldiers. He set all the blacksmiths in St. Louis to making spear points so as to arm about five thousand raw recruits with John Brown pikes, and just as he got ready to move was superseded. The Huzzars, to which my company was to be attached, proved to be a disorderly set of foreigners, principally Dutch. Illinois was bestirring herself to recall her scattered sons and I felt my state pride touched, so I obtained leave of General Curtis to cross the Mississippi and cast my lot with Illinois. I took my men to Dixon, Ill., where John Dement was then raising a brigade regiment (*i. e.*, a regiment of infantry, a section of artillery and a squadron of cavalry). Went into camp; took a letter from Col. Dement; went to Springfield to see Governor Yates, who said he had just received orders to put everything into artillery, no more cavalry to be organized. Sorry, but he could not help it. I started for Dixon with a heavy heart, but found the Chicago Evening Journal on my way in which it was stated that Col. Jos. W. Bell, late of the War Department, was commissioned to raise the 13th and last Illinois cavalry regiment, headquarters at 88 Randolph street. I repaired to that number and found Col. Bell who gladly accepted my company, assuring me that he was going to equip the finest regiment in the service. Col. Bell was fifty years old and had been with Gen. Cameron, Secretary of War, and gave great promise as a military officer. I went to Dixon, reported to Col. Dement, harangued my men, turned over my equipments and in a pouring rain took the train for Chicago. Marched to Col. Bell's headquarters to find that his orders had been revoked and he had gone to Washington to see about it. Not knowing what to do I finally went to a restaurant keeper, told him my story, asked him to ration my fifty-four men on con-

dition that I would pay him if the governor did not. He accepted my proposition, and we lodged in the second story of a store building for ten days, during which time eighteen of my men came down with the measles. I took them to the city hospital, and finally Col. Bell's orders were restored and we went into Camp Douglas and were mustered into service on the 31st of December, 1861, four months from the time I left Joliet for St. Louis.

Drilling and equipping our regiment being accomplished, we were ordered to St. Louis, and left on the same day that ten thousand prisoners from Fort Donelson arrived in Chicago. From St. Louis we were ordered to Pilot Knob, Mo., eighty miles. I remember well our first day's march; we left the barracks on Sunday morning in a pouring rain, intending to go twelve miles out on a macadamized road to the Maremec river, but our guide turned to the left and took us to Jefferson Barracks, seven miles through the mud, where we arrived at dark, leaving half our wagons and several thousand dollars worth of sabers and ordnance stores along the way. One-half our men were drunk that day, and it took three days to get ready for a forward march again. Finally we arrived at the Knob, and I was assigned to the command of Fort Henry, and appointed provost marshal of Southeast Missouri, which office I administered emphatically in the interests of Union men, silencing several rebel pulpits, arresting several rebel judges, etc.

It was here that I first saw the most remarkable book ever published in the South: "Cotton is King, and Pro-Slavery Arguments." This book is the product of some of the best thinkers of the age, and essays the defense of slavery, elevating it into a God-given institution, whose social, economic, political, scriptural, moral and ethnological characteristics commend it alike to the statesman,

philosopher and reformer, as calculated to subserve the best interests of humanity on earth. The book was published in 1860 and constituted the text of southern rights, claims and hopes. It is a master-piece of sophistry, replete with subtle argument. When I had concluded the reading of it, I was more than ever convinced that the war would be a fierce, protracted struggle; the chivalric South would contend for its doctrine as tenaciously as the Romanist for his bible.

Our regiment spent the spring in escorting trains, scouting and scouring the country from Cape Girardeau to the Black river. Finally we were assigned to Hovey's Brigade, Gen. Steele's Division, Curtis' Army, and marched to Helena, Ark., encountering Parsons' Texan Rangers at the Cache river, where an engagement followed, in which there were about three hundred killed and wounded. On coming out of the fight, I found the cantle of my saddle riddled with bullets. Among the mortally wounded, I found the rebel chaplain, and called our chaplain to minister to him, and was both amused and instructed by this ministry of sorrow.

The incidents of the march,—our hopes, fears and encounters, might not interest you overmuch. We arrived in Helena on one-quarter rations, to find transports containing commissary stores awaiting us; having marched over three hundred miles. Helena was at that time the most southern point on the Mississippi occupied by federal troops, being July, 1862. The rebels were very belligerent, and encounters were frequent. It was about this time that a lot of mercenary jews had obtained permits from the treasury department to gather cotton, and made their advent among us, demanding and obtaining protection in their stealing. Many a time have I been ordered to report my company at headquarters with two



days rations and forty rounds, and there would find the quartermaster department with twenty wagons, a section of artillery and a company of infantry, embarking on a steamer for some cotton landing, piloted by the faithful negro, returning in a day or two with fifty or a hundred bales. Once we were attacked by sharpshooters while landing, and lost ten men before we could defend ourselves. So the summer of 1862 wore away in skirmishing, stealing cotton, and endeavoring to perpetuate slavery by conforming to Halleck's order No. 3. Our marches and counter-marches to Little Rock, etc., poisoned wells, venomous rebel women, and encounters, make up a more or less monotonous picture of army life in an enemy's country.

I resigned as captain, and was appointed as surgeon of the 134th Illinois Infantry Volunteers, 1200 strong. The regiment was raised in Chicago and contained young men of the best families there. Col. W. J. Hancock, president of the Board of Trade, raised the regiment, but his health failing him, Col. McChesney took command. We were ordered to Columbus, Ky., and went into camp there. Western Kentucky was then under command of Brig. Gen. Prince, headquarters at Columbus. The rebels were very belligerent, and carried on a heavy contraband trade, supplying the enemy with salt, quinine, etc. Gen. Prince was oblivious to the real state of affairs. I was appointed medical director by Gen. Prince. The rebels were organizing for a raid upon Paducah. Guerillas made frequent attacks upon our troops, and in one of their encounters, we captured one of their captains who had received a severe wound in the head, shattering the bones of the left side of his face. He was under my care, and had so far recovered as to be able to be up and dressed, when Gen. Prince was superseded by Gen. E. A. Paine (Uncle of Hal.

bert E. Paine). Gen. Paine made his headquarters at Paducah, and ordered me and the 134th Regiment to report there to duty. He also ordered Captain Kesterson, the guerilla, to be sent there.

Gen. Paine was about fifty years old, a lawyer by profession, spare frame, nervous temperament, quick as lightning, and emphatically loyal to our cause. He resembled Gen. Jackson more closely than any man I met in the army. A brief sketch of his plan of federal salvation will conclude my reminiscence.

Arriving at his headquarters he at once reappointed me his medical director, ordered the guerilla captain to be brought before him and sentenced him to be shot at six A. M. the next day. (I attended the execution.) He then put P. B. Jacobs, a rebel sympathizer, on a United States horse requiring him to visit every rebel commander in the district and read them his proclamation as follows: "I have this day shot Captain Kesterson, taken prisoner in guerilla warfare, and shall shoot in like manner all prisoners so taken, and if I am credibly informed of retaliation being practised on Union men living in my district I will walk out five of the most prominent citizens of Paducah and shoot them dead for every Union life so taken. Gen. E. A. Paine, Brig. General."

We held Jacobs' father and two brothers as hostages for his return within ten days. Jacobs returned on time with the signatures of rebel commanders on the back of the proclamation. While this was going on Gen. Paine exiled fifty of the most prominent rebel families to Canada. I saw them go under command of Captain Norton and a company of colored soldiers (former slaves of these masters). They were sent to Detroit and landed at Windsor, and remained there until the rebellion closed. With your permission I will read a letter which I wrote to the Chicago Tribune. It outlines Gen. Paine's plan of salvation.

"PADUCAH, KY, Sept. 1st, 1864.

"This district was, when Gen. Paine took command July 20th, 1864, in a sad plight, guerillas swarmed along every highway, no Union man's life was safe outside our pickets, and our pickets were within rifle shot of the Ohio and Mississippi from Paducah to Hickman. Disloyal people and rebels actually grew fat and wealthy in the district: they were bold, defiant and arrogant in their bearing and demands. Union men were cowed down, desponding and discouraged. In fact, they said and believed, that in order to ensure any favors, to obtain any contract or position, it was actually necessary to be a rebel. A heavy contraband trade was carried on (by the so-called loyal rebels) within our lines and the enemy's. Quinine, dry goods, salt, whiskey, and in fact every staple of trade found its way directly into rebel camps. The enemy, holding control of the body of the district, had free license to conscript men, money and mules, for their armies. Such was the state of things when Brig. Gen. Paine took command.

"No sooner had the General established his headquarters than he was called upon by several delegations of rich and influential citizens. The first delegation was in the tobacco interest—and there are millions of dollars worth of tobacco raised and put into market in Western Kentucky. They had a plan to suggest to the General which, if he would adopt, would work admirably throughout the district. The second delegation was in the cotton interest. They too had a plan which, if the General would adopt, would deliver the district from trouble. The third was the bank delegation. If the General would not tax them, if he would adopt their plan, all would go well. Then came the fourth, fifth and sixth delegations each in its turn suggesting the better way. In no case was the interest of the delegation represented to be taxed, abridged,

or in any way crippled, and upon the favorable reception of it was made to depend the welfare of the Union cause in this district.

“The General heard their suggestions and replied to them substantially as follows: ‘Gentlemen, it is a notorious fact that this district is intensely disloyal. It has caused more trouble to the government than all your tobacco, cotton, banks and business is worth. The question is not how much money you men can make this year. ’Tis not how much tobacco, cotton or hemp you can grow. The only question on trial here is: Are you people ready for the federal salvation? If so, well; if not, you must die. I have a plan to suggest and I hope God will give me grace to sustain it. My plan will be the only plan of federal salvation in this district. It is substantially as follows: The first and great commandment is that all you disloyal, rebellious people shall not circulate one dollar of capital in all this land—not a dollar. No debt or bill of exchange can be paid without my signature, and I pledge you I will not approve any money transactions of a disloyal man. All his capital, all his money, every cent of it, shall be placed at the disposal of the Government. I will teach you that having encouraged this rebellion, having comforted and aided your country’s enemies, you must, aye, shall, reap a traitor’s reward.

“‘It is now the fourth year of the war, and you rebels have not learned the grand, solemn truth that the life and peace of this great nation are worth more than the life or peace of an individual. You will never feel this until you are made to feel the want of a nation’s defense and support,—made poor that you may become rich—made weak that you may know how to prize strength. Talk about your rights! Why, you have no rights to talk about. A loyal citizen is the only one left with any rights at this

time. And yet you come to me asking for a banking privilege. Great God! The devil might as well ask the Almighty for a front seat in heaven. No; if in your prosperity you have despised this great and good Government, you may soon have the privilege to love it in your adversity. Not only this, but you ought, aye, you must fight for this Government. You are all of you able-bodied men, but think yourselves too good to fight, afraid of federal bullets or something else. And when I come to get your niggers to make soldiers of them you set up such a howl. Why a nigger is worth a thousand dollars, you can't spare him. Too cowardly to fight yourself, you are too mean and stingy to allow your nigger to go, and yet you are harping about your rights—that miserable insane idea, 'Southern rights,' Southern aristocracy. Just as if a man born in Kentucky is better than a man born in Illinois, or either of them better than a man born in Maine or Massachusetts. That is what is troubling you people here and the sooner you get rid of it the sooner you will find the way to peace again. I intend to tie up every dollar of money now in the hands of rebels in this district—every dollar of it, gentlemen.

“The second commandment is that all of you notorious rebels get out of your houses and leave my district so that Union men and women may come here to help me redeem this country. What do I care about your tobacco interest? the market value of your niggers or cotton? If you were loyal to your government your interest in stocks and bonds would be, aye, always has been, protected and defended. Not a man in West Kentucky can point his finger to a single act by which the government ever oppressed him—not one. If you then rebel against this government so generous, so true and good to you—if you rebel against it how is it that you come to me? Standing as I do in the

field of battle against you rebels, perilling my life to redeem my country from the danger into which you have plunged it, do you, can you, be so insane as to suppose that I shall spend a moment's time in guarding your interests in stocks and trade? No. I have other matters to attend. I have come here to offer you federal salvation, to protect and defend Union men, to show you that they are the very salt of the earth, to teach you that the sooner you cluster about them the better it will be for you.

“Your plans, gentlemen, are all good for your cause but not for mine. We have wasted too much time already in trying your plans. We lose by it every time. Our streets are already red with the blood of Union men sacrificed while we have been listening to and trying your plans. Look at Tennessee. Look at Missouri. It's no use, gentlemen, no use. My mind is made up, my plans are all arranged. I was here in 1861 and advised you then of the better way, the only way to peace. I told you what would come if you persisted, and now, after three years, I return to you again and find that you have not improved in anything except your wealth. Rebellious, proud, defiant, betraying our cause, actually leading Forrest's army in here and clapping your hands as his murderous fire swept away the life of our nation's defenders, it is high time that you were made to feel the effects of your disloyalty and I intend that you shall feel them. I shall shoot every guerilla taken in my district and if your Southern brethren retaliate by shooting a federal soldier I will walk out five of your rich bankers, brokers and cotton men and make you kneel down and shoot you. I will do it, so help me God. You men of such large influence will be held responsible for the peace of this district. If a Union man is murdered by these guerillas here, the same fate awaits five of you gentlemen. I have sworn it and it shall be done. I am going

to manage this district so that when I am done with it the men and women who remain can come together in the name of the Lord and say that 'we belong to the United States.'

"Such in substance was Gen. Paine's plan. Unlike commanders generally he persistently refused all overtures made by rebels, refused to eat with them, refused their proffered hospitalities, ate his own bread and butter and sat under his own vine and fig tree; took a straight-forward, high-minded course, never for a moment forgetting that he was the representative of a mighty republic struggling for victory over treason and rebellion. It is now a little over thirty days since he took command, and matters in West Kentucky never presented so promising a face before. It is objected that Forrest has not been at liberty to visit West Kentucky and that the apparent is not a real improvement. It is not so; the condition of the district is not in any sense determined by the apparent quiet or professed loyalty of traitors, *not at all*. It has been, and is now, too often the misfortune of our generals and department commanders that traitors flatter but to deceive them, that professed loyalty and assumed quiet are only the silent yet sure preparation for deeper crime and more widespread ruin. Gen. Paine operates upon the supposition that a rebel (now in the fourth year of the war) will not change his course until he is compelled to. To reach the wealthy and business portion of the community he issues his bank order, of which the following is a copy:

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT WESTERN KENTUCKY.

PADUCAH, July 20th, 1864.

General Orders No. 7—1.

All banks within the limits of this district (except the post of Cairo) are prohibited from paying out any money

or making any transfer except by special permission from these headquarters.

By command of Brig. Gen. E. A. PAINE.  
PHELPS PAINE, *Captain and A. A. General.*

"This order tied the hands of every business rebel in the district. He was at liberty to pay debts to Union men only. True, he could deposit money in bank but no draft on that deposit in favor of a rebel would be honored. All his funds were, and still are, tied up in bank and his right to them will be tested by due process of law hereafter. Money—that ever changing lever of trade, commerce and loan rebel money, is virtually dead in the district and deposit subject to adjudication and Union draft hereafter.

"In Paducah, and in fact throughout the district of Western Kentucky, there are a large class of landlords who are rich in houses and lands, the rents of which bring them in princely fortunes. To do federal justice to this class the General issued his rent order, as follows:

HEADQUARTERS DISTRICT WESTERN KENTUCKY.

PADUCAH, KY., July 23d, 1864.

General Orders No. 6.

1. All persons occupying houses and barns and other buildings, all persons occupying lands as tenants or otherwise, are positively prohibited from paying rent for such use and occupation except to landlords and owners who are unswerving, unconditional and undeviating Union persons or corporations.

2. All persons so using and occupying such buildings will, on the 1st day of August, attorn to the government of the United States and make their payment of rents to the Post Quartermaster at the nearest post in this district.

3. No payment of rents between this day and the 1st day of August, 1864, will be valid.

By command of Brig. Gen. E. A. PAINE.  
PHELPS PAINE, *Captain and A. A. General.*



"This order substantially furnished the chapter converting all the profits and emoluments of rebel landlords to the United States, opening their eyes to the enormities of their armies and assuring them that they must not ask further protection from a government whose life they were striving to take. Added to this, the General added an *ad valorem* tax of twenty-five per cent on all tobacco, cotton or other merchandise sold in this district by rebel sympathizers, the money to be paid to Maj. Bartling, provost Marshal at Paducah, for the purpose of a contingent fund to meet the wants and necessities of Union refugees, from whatever direction, located in this district, and to pay \$5,000 to every widow whose husband has been killed in federal service in Western Kentucky.

"Reader, ask yourself what remains of the rebellion in the district of Western Kentucky? Verily nothing but the forlorn hope of getting Gen. Paine removed or his orders revoked. If they fail in this forlorn hope the rebellion dies, not to live again in this district. Within ninety days the quartermaster's department will receive enough money from the rent order to pay its current expenses, and within that time every dollar of capital belonging to rebels will be under control of federal officers. Rebels' stocks of merchandise, houses and lands will be in process of confiscation.

"Rats instinctively leave a sinking ship. Already the mass of rebel sympathizers are beginning to take themselves away from here. 'Central America' grates harshly upon their ears. Gen. Paine's plan of federal salvation does not suit them. If his plan was inaugurated upon a more general scale the property of rebels would greatly contribute to pay the expenses of the government.

WILLIS DANFORTH,

*Medical Director, District West Kentucky."*

Twenty-one years has elapsed since this letter was written. Gen. Paine and most of those who opposed him at Paducah are dead, and yet I still believe that his policy and treatment of his country's enemies was righteous altogether. It was my opinion then, and is now, that there was too much rose water in Halleck's and many of our generals' treatment of rebels. It gives me comfort to realize that I did what I could, when I could, to discourage the enemy and help to bring a lasting peace to our blessed country, to realize that our flag is still in the sky, respected at home and abroad as the emblem of national sovereignty, freedom and equality.

## THE UNION CAVALRY.

BY CAPT. MOSES HARRIS, U. S. A.

(Read February 4th, 1891.)

**T**HIRTY years ago this great nation, now so happy, prosperous and united, rent and torn by the dissensions of political parties, was trembling upon the verge of civil war. The South, conscious that its wealth, represented by human chattels, was menaced by the humane influences of an advancing civilization, resolved to disrupt the republic and set up a government of its own, the corner stone of which should be slavery. The sword once drawn, no recourse remained but a fight to the bitter end. The hostile lines were arrayed, and all the resources of a mighty people, material and intellectual, were for four long years devoted to harsh and unrelenting war. It is impossible that such a struggle could have been wanting in valuable lessons in the art of war, or that no substantial improvement in that art should have been made. And yet such is the strength of old world prejudice that we find the nations of Europe steadily ignoring the lessons set before them, preferring to acquire the same knowledge at the expense of lives sacrificed on bloody fields of battle.

In no branch of the military art was greater advance made than in the use of cavalry, and I will endeavor, so far as may be practicable within the limits of this paper, to invite attention to the peculiar qualities which distinguished the Union Cavalry in the war of the rebellion, to some of its achievements, and to indicate the origin of its remarkable efficiency. For four centuries, or since the invention of gunpowder, the great masters of the art of

war had sought in vain to produce a soldier that could do effective fighting both on horseback and on foot. It remained for the qualities essentially necessary to this type of soldier to be found in the American cavalryman, whose intelligence, untrammelled by any sentimental ideas or traditions, prompted him to make vigorous use of all the offensive powers in his possession to accomplish the object which he kept steadily in view—the defeat and overthrow of his enemy. This versatility of resource gave to the cavalry a power of independent action which under skilful leadership was destined to achieve the most important results and to mark an epoch in the history and development of the cavalry arm. The origin of these distinguishing characteristics is to be looked for in the nature of the service for which the cavalry of our regular establishment was organized. The effect of that service was to fix so indelibly its character that subsequently in its association with the nation's volunteers it was enabled to leave its unmistakable impress. This cavalry force owed its origin to no desire of the people to possess a showy and dashing body of horsemen for parade purposes, but was the outgrowth of the stern necessity which compelled the pioneers of western civilization to fight for every foot of ground which they occupied. By those pioneers the soldiers of the regular army were welcomed as staunch and faithful allies, and, united as they were by the bond of common dangers and hardships, they possessed mutual feelings of kindness and respect.

The mounted force of the regular army in April, 1861, consisted of two regiments of dragoons, one of mounted rifles, and two of cavalry. This force was augmented by an additional cavalry regiment organized by the President in May, 1861, and confirmed by a subsequent Act of Congress. By the Act of May 31, 1861, the whole mounted

force was designated as cavalry, the regiments being numbered consecutively according to the date of their respective organizations.

The 1st Dragoons, now the 1st Cavalry, was organized by the Act of March 2, 1833, its first Colonel being that distinguished pioneer, statesman and soldier, Henry Dodge, of Dodgeville, Wis., who resigned its command, July 4, 1836, to become the first Governor of the territory of Wisconsin. He was succeeded by the Lieutenant Colonel of the regiment, that other distinguished soldier so identified with the progress of western civilization, Stephen Watts Kearny. The history of the 1st Dragoons from the date of its organization to the outbreak of the war with Mexico includes service in nearly every territory west of the Mississippi, and in its numberless encounters with the wild tribes of the west its officers and men were educated to make use of the stratagems of their wily foe, and in that self-reliance which is the attribute of the American soldier, submitting cheerfully to all privations and sacrifices, and without prejudice making use of any and all legitimate means of success. The regiment as a body had not the good fortune to be permitted to share in the glorious victories of our armies on Mexican soil. Six companies formed a part of the Army of the West, which, under Gen. Kearny, marched from Fort Leavenworth in the spring of 1846 to the conquest of New Mexico, Chihuahua and California, and after the fall of Santa Fe accompanied that general through the unknown deserts of Arizona to California. On this march, other resources having failed, the regiment was mounted on mules taken from the dismantled wagon trains and, at the end of a march of fearful hardship, encountered and defeated, after a severe engagement, at San Pasqual, Cal., a superior force of Mexican cavalry—the character of its mount in no way injuring its efficiency.

Those fortunate companies which accompanied our victorious armies of invasion took their full share of the work, as also the glory won by the cavalry in those brilliant operations. From the close of the war until 1861 the fragments of the regiment were scattered from New Mexico westward to the Pacific coast and as far north as the British line. At the outbreak of the war the 1st Cavalry was probably in no respect superior to the other mounted regiments of the army, and yet, as the oldest organization, it seemed to possess some of that staidness and solidity of character which we associate with age, and to be imbued with a sense of the importance of exemplifying in its character the solid and enduring qualities of steadiness and reliability, rather than to seek the applause which follows dashing and brilliant actions.

The 2d Regiment of Dragoons was organized by the Act of May 23, 1836. The character of its service was much the same as that of its elder brother, the 1st. It had, however, in the first years of its existence, an exceptionally hard experience in the everglades of Florida, where Billy Bowlegs, Sam Jones, Tustanugge and other redoubtable and cunning chieftains led its troopers many a weary tramp through malarious swamps, under a tropical sun, where the conditions were almost inconceivably adverse and cruel. A harsh school, but one which launched the new regiment upon its career with the conviction that no difficulties were too great to be conquered by patient and courageous effort. In a spasm of economy Congress in 1842 decided to forego the expense of giving this regiment a remount and converted it into a regiment of mounted riflemen, a mistake which was corrected two years later by restoring its horses and former designation.

The years following the Florida war found the 2nd doing efficient service in the south west, and upon the

outbreak of the Mexican war in convenient proximity to the field of operations, all of the companies but one, with its Colonel, William S. Harney, in command, forming a part of the army of occupation under Gen. Taylor. After rendering most valuable and important services in the early operations of this army, the charge of May's squadron at Resaca de La Palma being the most brilliant incident, six of its companies were transferred to the army of invasion under Gen. Scott, so that the regiment was represented on every battlefield of the war. After peace was declared four of the companies marched to California, but in '49 were sent east for recruitment. The regiment continued its service in Texas and New Mexico until the troublous times in Kansas brought it into that region, from whence it marched, in the fall and winter of 1857 and 1858, to Utah—a march of great hardship and suffering. The headquarters of the regiment remained in Utah from this time until the outbreak of the rebellion, its companies, however, being scattered from Kansas to Oregon. It was a perfect type of the mounted force of the regular army, unexcelled in efficiency and *esprit*, and justly proud of its traditions and record of service.

The regiment of Mounted Rifles was organized upon the declaration of war with Mexico. It was unfortunate in losing its horses while *en route* to Vera Cruz by a severe storm in the Gulf of Mexico, and so, with the exception of one company, served dismounted to the close of the war. For a new regiment its services were exceedingly efficient and distinguished, it being conspicuous in every battle of the campaign from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico; the storming of the Belen Gate, where its Colonel—Loring—lost an arm, being an achievement of exceptional brilliancy. In the years following the Mexican war the service of the Rifles was mainly in Texas, where, in its operations

against the hostile Comanches, Kiowas and Lipans, it worthily maintained the standard which had been fixed by its predecessors the Dragoons. By a combination of circumstances the Rifle Regiment was deprived of taking an active part in the notable campaigns of the rebellion, and its services rendered on the border during this period are overshadowed by the magnitude of contemporaneous events.

The necessity for an additional force for the protection of our extended frontier becoming increasingly apparent, two new cavalry regiments were raised by the Act of March 3, 1855. The political condition of the country was well represented in the personnel of the officers appointed to these regiments. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, embraced the opportunity to provide for his political adherents among the southern volunteers who had won distinction in Mexico, and a large proportion of the original vacancies were filled from this class. A sprinkling of civilians from northern states, who had served in the late war, was thrown in, and the number completed by selecting for promotion officers from other regiments of the army, the South being well represented. That excellent judgment and care was exercised in the selection of these officers is evident from the large number who were afterwards found among the distinguished generals of the civil war. Robert E. Lee, the two Johnstons and William J. Hardie, of Confederate fame, were field officers of these regiments, as were also the Union patriots Sumner, Sedgwick, Thomas and Emory. These two regiments also gave to the Confederate side the cavalry leaders Stuart, Lomax and Ransome, and to the armies of the Republic, Stonemen, Stanley, Bayard and Pleasonton.

From its organization until the spring of 1861 the 2nd Cavalry was stationed in Texas, where it was incessantly



engaged in expeditions against the hostile Comanches, and in defending the border against the forays of the Indians and scarcely less savage banditti from across the Rio Grande. When the traitor Twiggs sought to transfer the resources of the military department under his command to the insurgents, the regiment, in March, 1861, made its escape, and having rendezvoused at Carlisle Barracks was promptly recruited and equipped for the field. The service of the 1st Regiment during the same period was in Kansas and New Mexico, a portion of the regiment participating in the Utah expedition. In addition to its successful campaigns against the Cheyenne and Kiowa Indians the regiment rendered important service in the preservation of peace between the warring factions of unhappy Kansas.

Although the service of these two regiments was identical in character to that of the Dragoons they appear to have been influenced to some extent by their designation, and to have placed a greater reliance upon the distinctive cavalry weapon—the sabre. In preparation for a campaign against the Cheyenne Indians, in the spring of 1857, Col. E. V. Sumner caused the sabres to be sharpened, and that this was no idle pretence was afterward made apparent when, on the 29th of July the same year, he led six troops of his regiment to the charge with drawn sabres against a superior force of Cheyenne warriors in battle array. The result was the complete rout of the Indians, who fled abandoning their villages and all their belongings. The greater portion of this regiment, which in the reorganization was designated the 4th, remained on the frontier until the close of the year 1861, and its fragments were not finally assembled until the spring of 1862, from which period it became identified with the Army of the Cumberland.

The new regiment organized by the President in May, 1861, and afterwards designated the 6th Cavalry, was officered, chiefly, by transfers from the line of the army, cavalry and infantry; a considerable number of old soldiers were attracted to it by the prospect of promotion, so that upon taking the field it did not differ materially from the other regular regiments, and soon, by its deeds, proved itself worthy of their fellowship.

The cavalry force which was at the disposal of the government at the outbreak of hostilities in 1861, was, in all that relates to discipline, instruction, and *esprit de corps*, in the highest state of efficiency. Some slight disorganization, incident to the defection of southern officers and the transfer of the regiments from their distant frontier stations to their new field of activity, was inevitable, but its losses having been made good, it took the field with as much alacrity and enthusiasm as did the volunteers. Its officers were educated soldiers; and their experience in Indian warfare had developed in a high degree the qualities of forethought and self-reliance, and accustomed them to the responsibilities of independent command. It is true, that, as relates to numbers, their commands were often insignificant, but the principles governing the art of war are unchangeable, and their practical application, on ever so small a scale, has an educational value which no amount of theory can replace. The captain who leads his little company against a savage foe, into remote and desolate regions, with no reserves, and no resources beyond his pack-train and the soldierly courage and spirit of his command, knowing that defeat can mean only death, may have a sense of responsibility as profound as the general who risks the chances of battle with an army of a hundred thousand men.

The value of this frontier school of experience is seen in the fact that a large proportion of the successful generals of the war, on both sides, were among its graduates. Whether serving with the cavalry or the infantry it matters little. In active frontier work there was little distinction, the cavalry being dismounted or the infantry mounted as the occasion required, the methods used being very similar, and the experience gained of equal value. The enlisted man in the cavalry of the old army was of a type somewhat different from that of the cavalry soldier of to-day. The plains of those days—the great American desert—with its indefiniteness of outline, and its wonderful stories of hunting, trapping and Indian warfare, possessed a charm for adventurous youth which attracted to the ranks of the cavalry a class of young men who, if somewhat reckless in character, possessed more than the average of intelligence, courage, and other soldierly qualities. Before the close of the war many of them had won promotion in the regular service, while others, receiving volunteer commissions, were useful as instructors, thus assisting to impress upon the new force some of the characteristics of the regulars.

In the light of experience, it may be believed that the services of this excellent and efficient force of cavalry could have been best utilized by permitting each of the several regiments to form the nucleus of a brigade; a sufficient number of volunteer regiments being added to make the strength of each brigade about three thousand men. By this method the regulars would have been given an opportunity to take their full share of work, and, by the example of their efficiency, to have stimulated and instructed their comrades of the volunteers. In the third year of the war this was accomplished, in one instance, and no cavalry brigade in the Union armies, east

or west, excelled in efficiency Minty's Brigade of the Army of the Cumberland, composed of the the 4th Regulars, 4th Michigan and the 7th Pennsylvania. But, of course, in those first blundering years of the war, that which should have been done was not done, and those things which should not have been even thought of, were given the most vigorous attention. The regulars presented a neat and soldierly appearance, very gratifying to look upon; the men were intelligent and made excellent orderlies; and what new general, brimming over with knowledge of the whole theory of the art of war, could resist the temptation to take a squadron for his own particular escort? And such is the weakness of human nature, that even the regulars may be excused for being flattered and charmed by the seductions of such special and important duty, which brought them so close to the staff, and permitted them, as they dashed along at the heels of the general, to look down a little upon the common line troops which were fit only for the prosaic, every day duties, of hard marching and fighting.

But there came a time when the folly of all this playing at war was seen, and the regulars were, at last, given the opportunity to show what their fighting quality was, side by side with the volunteers. And it needed only that companionship of battle to make them true brothers in arms, united by the kinship of blood poured out in the same sacred cause. Thenceforth all unkindness of feeling and all misunderstandings were impossible. While the regulars exemplified the value of discipline, and correct methods in camp and field, the volunteers reciprocated by showing the value—the fighting force—of that patriotic impulse which had prompted them to abandon countinghouses, workshops, colleges and homes, to respond to the Nation's trumpet call—to arms. The regulars gave their educated

and experienced officers to command and instruct, and when their squadrons were weakened by the casualties of battle and the field, the losses were made good by transfers from the volunteer ranks. This process of assimilation was continued, the volunteers acquiring the characteristics of the regulars, and the regulars those of the volunteers, until all distinction was merged in the resulting compound—the American cavalryman.

There is a general agreement of professional opinion that, under the most favorable circumstances, at least one year is required to transform a raw recruit into an efficient cavalry soldier. It would, therefore, be unreasonable to expect that the government could, from its citizen volunteers, organize an efficient mounted force in a shorter period. But, as a matter of fact, a much longer time was required, and it is not until the third year of the war that the cavalry, in either the eastern or western armies, is found taking its proper and legitimate place in the operations of the war. There were, certainly, instances of successful encounters with the rebel cavalry, and some independent expeditions were undertaken, with varying degrees of success; but the first two years of the war may be considered, for the cavalry, as years of education and formation, in which its enduring characteristics were developed and fixed by adversity and trial. This slowness of the North to produce an efficient cavalry force has been attributed to a variety of causes; its presumed inferiority to the South in the matter of horsemanship being given a prominent place. Whatever foundation, in fact, this supposition may have, it would seem that a sufficient explanation may be found in the failure of those in authority to recognize the importance and true functions of the cavalry arm.

Gen. Scott announced the opinion in 1861 that, owing to the wooded and broken character of the field of oper-

ations and the improvement in rifled firearms, the role of the cavalry in the approaching contest would be unimportant and secondary in its character. That Gen. McClellan shared this opinion is evident from the fact that in the organization of the Army of the Potomac the cavalry arm was neglected, and that in all of his operations he appears to have made no effective use of such cavalry as was available. He says in his report that "it was intended to give at least one regiment of cavalry to each division, besides forming a reserve of the regular regiments and some picked volunteer regiments," but that circumstances beyond his control prevented the completion of this design. McClellan was one of those generals who, destitute of experience, was dominated and controlled by theory. The books said that each division should have a force of cavalry, and he was unable to perceive that conditions might exist which would render this organization undesirable. The result of thus dividing up his cavalry was to place it at the disposal of generals without experience, who still further divided it so that each brigade, almost, was provided with its troop or squadron whose duty it was to add to the importance of the general by following him about, to provide orderlies for dashing young staff officers and strikers for headquarters. After having thus degraded his cavalry and brought upon it undeserved contumely and reproach, we find this same general, in his report of operations, complaining in October, 1862, that his cavalry was broken down, and that he was thus placed at a disadvantage with the enemy, who possessed an efficient cavalry force. The same error was committed in the west. The force of 10,000 cavalry in Buell's army when it marched to Shiloh in the spring of 1862 was frittered away by attaching the regiments to the several infantry divisions of the army. A few months later, when the rebel leaders—

Morgan and Forrest—were striking blow after blow at the army's extended line of communications, an attempt was made to organize independent cavalry commands to oppose them; but the regiments had been demoralized by the character of their service, the officers selected to command were wanting in capacity, and the improvised brigades were powerless to check the active and vigorous operations of those bold troopers.

The subject of remounts was one which required early and serious attention. The inexperience of our volunteers and the shortcomings of the quartermaster's department resulted in a terrible waste of horse flesh. Often on a short allowance of forage, exposed without shelter to the storms of winter, and left to stand in the mud until their hoofs separated from the flesh, they died by thousands, while other thousands were rendered worthless for efficient service. The resources of the over-taxed quartermaster's department were inadequate to make good this enormous waste, and through the rascality of contractors and inspectors vast numbers of worthless horses were purchased which died before they reached the front. Some idea of this waste and extravagance may be had from the fact that during the first two years of the war 284,000 cavalry and artillery horses were purchased by the government, while it is doubtful if at any time during that period we had more than 60,000 cavalry in the field. These abuses finally reached such a point that vigorous methods were instituted to correct them. Remount camps were established, where the newly purchased horses were collected and cared for, and to which the dismounted troopers were sent to be again equipped for the field. In July, 1863, the Cavalry Bureau was organized, whereby cavalry officers were charged with the responsible duty of inspecting the

horses presented by the contractors, a measure which improved greatly the character of the remounts and increased the efficiency of the cavalry arm. With increased experience the cavalymen learned to take better care of their horses, and although the losses continued to be large, they were due to the severity of the service required rather than to the carelessness and indifference which had previously prevailed.

The system of tactics in use by the cavalry when the war broke out was a translation of the French dragoon tactics, which had been adopted by the War Department in 1841. The experience of our mounted force on the frontier had demonstrated their unfitness to the conditions prevailing on this continent, and, in 1859, Col. Philip St. George Cooke, of the Dragoons, was ordered to prepare a new system. His work was completed and approved by the War Department in October, 1861; but those stirring times were not favorable to the introduction of new tactical systems, and although his work possessed great merit it did not come into general use. The practical common sense of the American soldier is, however, superior to tactical defects. As the cavalry of the army on the frontier had ignored tactics when they failed to meet the requirements of the occasion, so the cavalry of the war period refused to be bound by their limitations. Deployments were made always by the shortest lines, an emphatic suggestion in homely language to "get there" often taking the place of the tactical command. But there was no want of promptness in getting there when a fight was on hand. Nevertheless the lack of a proper system of tactics may be presumed to have restricted to some extent the true functions of the cavalry, especially in the use of large masses on the field of battle.

The cavalry did not escape the difficulties incident to armament and equipment which the other arms of



the service encountered in the early days of the war, but all deficiencies, in quantity at least, were soon supplied. George B. McClellan, then a captain of cavalry, had returned from an official tour of observation of the armies of Europe in 1860, and, as a result of his investigations, had recommended for the approval of the War Department a cavalry saddle and other horse equipments. The equipment was adopted, but, in the interest of economy, was modified by covering the saddle with raw hide instead of leather, and denuding the whole equipment of all ornamentation. The ornamental part was not essential, but raw hide proved a very unsuitable material for saddle covering; the alternate wetting and drying to which it was subjected in field service causing it to crack and split open in a disagreeable way. With this exception it was a very excellent and serviceable equipment, and with some modifications has been continued in service to the present day.

There was no hesitation in giving the volunteer cavalry the armament which had been that of our mounted force since its first existence—the carbine, pistol and sabre. The carbines were of various patterns, but generally breech-loaders—the Sharps holding first place until the advent of the Spencer in 1863. These breech-loading carbines had not the range and penetration of the infantry rifle, but the increased rapidity of their fire gave them such a superiority over the muzzle-loaders that dismounted cavalry often withstood with confidence largely superior forces of infantry. The Colt's revolver held its place to the end of the war, and although seldom used as a charging weapon was invaluable in the melee and as a defensive arm for patrols and couriers. The confidence which the regulars had long felt in the sabre was shared by the volunteers as soon as some training and experience in its

use had rendered its grasp familiar. As a charging weapon it was sometimes pitted against the pistol, but I believe no instance of its failure to assert its superiority has been recorded, and its successful use brought into existence a moral force which became an important factor in cavalry efficiency.

The discipline of the cavalry did not differ from that of the other arms. It was that of the American volunteer, which, if lacking in some of the minor features of etiquette in camp and field, was yet all sufficient on the day of battle to keep him steadily to his duty, even to that last supreme sacrifice of the soldier—his life for the nation's cause.

The vital necessity of success appears to have inspired the rebel leaders, at the outset, with the importance of making practical and vigorous use of all their powers; and I think it is undeniable that we find in all of their operations a less rigid adherence to theory, and a greater readiness to adapt their resources to the existing conditions. They certainly preceded us in putting into the field an efficient cavalry force. They possessed in Stuart a cavalry leader of great originality of character and acute intellect, whose faith in the power of the cavalry arm had been confirmed by his frontier experience. He was an officer in Sumner's regiment, and was wounded in the charge upon the Cheyennes in July, '57. The Confederate government did not fail to recognize his great value, and gave to him its unfailing confidence and support. The earlier successes, however, of Stuart, as well as those of other leaders of the rebel cavalry in the west, were due rather to the fact that we had no mounted force with which to oppose them than to the prowess of their horsemen or their excellence as leaders. They had succeeded in getting their mounted forces first into the field, and had pretty

much their own way until we had prepared a force to set against them. They were enabled to do this by making the cavalry a favored corps, in which the troopers were treated with more consideration than were the plodding infantrymen; owning each his horse, and receiving from the government a per diem compensation for its use. This attracted to its ranks young men of the land-owning class, who were good riders, eager for distinction, and with that enthusiasm for their cause which made it possible to dispense with a very rigid discipline. It was with cavalry of this type that the earlier successes of the Confederates were achieved. But those elements which had at first contributed to their success, proved subsequently a source of weakness. The force did not possess a cohesive power sufficient to withstand the disintegrating processes of war. After each campaign or expedition it was necessary to furlough large numbers of men to enable them to recuperate their tired horses or to procure new mounts. As the enthusiasm of the earlier days wore away, and the country became impoverished by the waste and destruction of the war, it became increasingly difficult to keep the ranks of the cavalry recruited by these means, and the force partook more and more of the partisan character which had from the first distinguished it. Some gallant squadrons did keep the field to the last, but, from the opening of the spring campaigns of 1863, its supremacy was of the past, and the instances in which it escaped disaster when encountering the Union horsemen were rare.

The chief uses of cavalry in modern war are, to conceal and cover the movements of the army, and to obtain information concerning the movements of the enemy. If in addition it shall be able to undertake, successfully, independent operations against the enemy's lines of supply, and on the field of battle, by its timely charges, avert dis-

aster or decide the victory, we then have cavalry of the highest possible type of efficiency. By a glance at some of the work of our cavalry during the last two years of the war, let us see to what extent it filled these requirements.

In the west, Grierson's raid through Mississippi marks the beginning of cavalry independence. On this expedition, Grierson, with the 6th and 7th Illinois Cavalry, traversed the country from La Grange, Miss., to Baton Rouge, La., a distance of over three hundred miles, in sixteen days, destroying fifty miles of railroad and telegraph lines, capturing over five hundred prisoners, and destroying immense quantities of supplies and war material. Although the success of this expedition was due in a great degree to rapidity and secrecy of movement, yet the enemy's cavalry, in considerable force, was encountered with success on several occasions.

From the time that General Rosecrans assumed command of the Army of the Cumberland, he was untiring in his efforts to organize an efficient cavalry force. During the campaign of Stone River, although the cavalry of his army comprised but ten small regiments, it rendered excellent and important service against the vastly superior forces of the enemy, meeting them without fear when opportunity was afforded. The six months encampment of the Army of the Cumberland at Murfreesboro, from January to June, 1863, was a period of activity and education for the cavalry. The rebel cavalry, under Forrest, Van Dorn, Morgan and Wheeler, swarmed on every side. An opportunity for a fight was never wanting, and in its various encounters the cavalry of the Army of the Cumberland acquired that dash and self-confidence which distinguished it to the end of the struggle. Certainly, success was not invariable, but adversity is a useful element in the

formation of character, and when the cavalry failed to assert its superiority it was never from a lack of courage or soldierly spirit.

Upon the movement of the army, on the 23d of June, 1863, the cavalry was still inferior in numbers to that of the enemy; but it continued to perform, efficiently, all of the duties which properly devolve upon the cavalry arm. Operating on the right flank of the army, Gen. Stanley, with Mitchell's division and Minty's brigade, on the 27th of June inflicted a crushing defeat upon Wheeler, capturing his artillery and about five hundred prisoners, and driving him into and across Duck River with such precipitation that large numbers of his men and horses were drowned in the stream. In the operations preceding the battle of Chickamauga the usefulness of the cavalry was much impaired by the illness of its chief, Gen. Stanley. Nevertheless it was not wanting in activity, and the stubborn resistance made to the advance of Bragg's army from Ringold, on the 18th of September, by Minty's and Wilder's brigades, thus affording time for the concentration and alignment of the army, was a service of the greatest value. After the battle of Chickamauga, if there was a momentary lack of vigilance in permitting Wheeler to cross the Tennessee and get to the rear of our army, there was no want of vigor in the pursuit, which limited greatly the destructive effects of the raid, and resulted in the almost complete destruction of Wheeler's command. While the armies under Gen. Grant were preparing to attack the enemy on Missionary Ridge, the scarcity of forage caused the dispersion of the cavalry, so it was not at hand in sufficient force to reap the fruits of that victory. One brigade, however, under Colonel Long, contributed in no small degree to the discomfiture of Bragg's army by operating, on the day of the battle, in the rear of its right

wing, destroying several miles of railroad and large depots of supplies.

It would be wearisome to attempt a recital of the many expeditions and engagements of the cavalry consequent upon the advance of the combined armies under Gen. Sherman, from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and from Atlanta to the sea. If not always successful, its operations were conducted with boldness and independence, and although outnumbered by the rebel cavalry under those bold and enterprising leaders, Forrest and Wheeler, it never failed to courageously meet them; and in summing up the results of the cavalry operations of the Union and Confederate armies in the west, the balance will be found strongly in its favor. Its activity was not confined to meeting the rebel cavalry, but, by seizing upon advanced positions and holding them against the assault of the enemy's infantry, it contributed in no small degree to the success of our arms.

At the battle of Nashville, the cavalry, under Gen. James H. Wilson, commanding the Cavalry Corps of the Division of the Mississippi, took a distinguished part. In the movement to turn the enemy's left, fighting both mounted and dismounted, it vied with the infantry in attacking the enemy's entrenchments. Coon's brigade of Hatch's division, charging dismounted, first captured a redoubt of four guns, and, with the support of the infantry, carried a second one in the same manner. In the first day's fighting the cavalry had turned and taken in reverse the enemy's left flank. On the second day, the character of the country forbidding mounted operations, the whole force was pushed forward dismounted, and participated with the infantry in the successful assault which resulted in the rout of Hood's army; then, regaining their saddles, the troopers were soon in pursuit of the fleeing enemy.

The division of General Knipe, finding the enemy strongly posted near Franklin, charged him in front and flank, and carried the position, capturing four pieces of artillery and five hundred prisoners. The pursuit being continued, on the evening of the day following the battle the enemy was discovered in a strong position at West Harpeth; charges were ordered in front and flank, and the whole force was routed, with the loss of its artillery and many prisoners. In this battle and pursuit the highest type of cavalry efficiency was displayed.

The operations of the cavalry force under Gen. Wilson, in March and April, 1865, which resulted in the capture of Selma and Montgomery, Alabama, are of exceeding interest, but time and space will admit of their mention only. The charge of Long's small division of fifteen hundred men, in an unsupported line, upon Forrest's fortified position at Selma has, for gallantry, scarcely a parallel in the history of the war. Van Horn says: "A single line without support advanced in utmost exposure for five or six hundred yards, leaped a stockade five feet high, a ditch five feet deep and fifteen wide, and a parapet six to eight feet high, and drove Armstrong's brigade, the best of Forrest's command, over fifteen hundred strong, in rout from works of great strength and advantages of wonderful superiority, and this was done while sixteen field guns were playing upon them." Scarcely less brilliant was the storming of the fort at West Point, Georgia, on the 16th of April, by the brigade commanded by Col. La Grange of the 1st Wisconsin Cavalry. The storming party was composed of detachments from the several regiments of the brigade. The signal being given, the enemy's skirmishers were driven into the fort, when it was discovered that the ditch was too wide to pass. But the assaulting party refused to retreat, and remained under fire until bridging material

could be collected, when they again rushed to the charge, scaling the works and capturing the entire garrison.

But, leaving these western horsemen who ride over hostile batteries and infantry lines, or, dismounted, charge infantry intrenchments and storm fortified positions with equal facility and indifference, let us see what sort of a cavalryman the favored armies of the east have been able to produce. The deplorable condition in which the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac was left by Gen. McClellan, was not much improved by his successor, Gen. Burnside. The only effective force consisted of one small division under Pleasonton, which found itself powerless when opposed to Stuart's strong and efficient corps. It remained for Gen. Hooker to appreciate the fact that cavalry had higher functions than to furnish orderlies, couriers and escorts. He organized the twenty-seven regiments which he found scattered through the army into a corps of three divisions, to which was attached five batteries of artillery. The cavalry was thus given its proper relation to the other arms of the service in the organization of the army, and from that time forth its efficiency was assured and acknowledged.

Fortune did not favor the first independent expedition of the new cavalry corps. The movement was ordered by Gen. Hooker, in connection with that of the army upon Chancellorsville, with the purpose of breaking the enemy's line of communication and cutting off his retreat in case of defeat, which was counted upon. Gen. Stoneman, with the whole corps, except one brigade under Pleasonton which was left with the right wing of the army, crossed the Rappahannock on the 29th of April. On the 30th he detached Averell's division to watch and attack the enemy's cavalry towards Rapidan Station, and through some confusion or deficiency in orders this division did not rejoin



him, but made its way back to the rear of the army. Stoneman, after penetrating to the rear of Lee's army as far as Thompson's Cross-roads, conceived the idea of dispersing his command, likening it to an explosive shell, each fragment of which would exert as much damage as the original projectile. Accordingly the 3,500 men to which his command was reduced were divided into seven different detachments, each of which was to inflict as much damage as possible, and then either rejoin the commander, who remained at Thompson's Cross-roads with one regiment, or seek the protection of our lines in other directions. All of these detachments, after inflicting more or less damage on the communications and supplies of the enemy, got back without disaster. The corps probably gained something in the way of increased confidence and experience; but, with reference to the original purpose of the expedition it was a failure, due, undoubtedly, to the absurd plan by which the force was scattered and dispersed, instead of being concentrated to fight the enemy.

Much greater brilliancy attended the operations of the small brigade under Pleasonton which preceded the advance of the 11th and 12th Corps upon Chancellorsville. On the night of April 30th the 6th New York Cavalry, under Lieut. Col. Duncan McVicker, made a most gallant charge against one of Fitz Hugh Lee's regiments, which after a bloody combat was routed, and in its wild flight in the darkness carried confusion into the remainder of the brigade. On the evening of the 2d of May, after the rout of the 11th Corps, the advance of Jackson's victorious corps was checked by the exertions of Gen. Pleasonton and the brave troopers under his command. In this effort the charge of the 8th Pennsylvania Cavalry against the advancing troops of Rodes' division, near Dowdall's Tavern, was, in its conception and execution, of heroic

character. Charging with drawn sabres, the regiment penetrated and threw into confusion the lines of the enemy, losing three out of its five commissioned officers who led the charge—all killed.

In the campaign of Gettysburg the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac was, for the first time in its history, given an opportunity to perform those duties of reconnoissance and observation which are such essential and important functions of the cavalry arm. The execution of these duties involved frequent encounters with the rebel cavalry, in which our troopers, by proving themselves in no respect inferior to their adversaries, acquired confidence in their powers and an *esprit de corps* which never deserted them. Beverly Ford, Brandy Station, Aldie and Upperville are names to quicken the heart-throbs of every cavalryman, but their details must be here omitted. Who can estimate the value of the services performed by the cavalry in this campaign? It was the wise perception of its commander, Alfred Pleasonton, which recognized the strategic position at Gettysburg. By the intelligent and hearty co-operation of the commander of the 1st Division, John Buford, that position was seized on the afternoon of June 30th, and, by the splendid dismounted fighting of his division for four long hours on the morning of July 1st against Hill's veteran corps of infantry, eight times its strength, held for us until the corps of Reynolds and Howard could come up. It was the steadfast and determined fighting of Gregg's division, assisted by Custer's brigade of Kilpatrick's division, from 2 P.M. until dark of July 3d, which thwarted the efforts of Stuart to fall upon the right and rear of the Union lines during the progress of Pickett's desperate charge. And it was the cavalry alone which presented any obstacle to the retreat of the invading army and its free and safe recrossing of the

Potomac, at Williamsport and Falling Waters, ten days after its defeat at Gettysburg.

In the marchings and counter-marchings of the army in Virginia, during the months of September and October, 1863, and in the Mine Run campaign, the cavalry continued to perform efficiently all of the duties which fell to its lot. It frequently encountered the rebel horsemen, and, if not always successful, it never suffered disastrous defeat and never failed to win the respect of its adversaries. That its operations during this period were not of a more brilliant character may be attributed to the timorous policy which governed the movements of the army at this time, and to the wasting of its strength by an excessive amount of outpost and escort duty. Hooker's conception of consolidating the cavalry and giving it a leader with the independent powers of a corps commander had not been realized. The strength of custom and tradition had been too strong, and although the corps organization continued to exist, the divisions and brigades were separated and ordered here and there, to guard wagon trains, or to perform outpost and reconnoitering duty as might seem proper to the commanding general, the corps commander being little more than a staff officer at army headquarters.

It may be presumed that it was the desire to apply a corrective to this condition of affairs which prompted Gen. Grant, upon assuming command of the Union armies, to ask the President for a new commander for the cavalry; and that in Sheridan he discerned a personality which would not bend to any subordinate position. How he must have smiled in spirit when Meade came to him with the account of that fiery interview in which the new cavalry commander had told him that since he insisted on giving directions to the cav-

alry without consulting or notifying its proper commander he could thenceforth command it himself, that he would give no more orders. His quiet suggestion that Sheridan should be permitted to go out and make good his promise to whip Stuart showed his entire appreciation of the situation.

And now, at last, under a leader worthy to command it, the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac is given an opportunity to show its value as an independent fighting force. Gen. Meade's order of May 8, 1864, required the commander of the cavalry corps to immediately concentrate his available mounted force and proceed against the enemy's cavalry, and after the supplies were exhausted to proceed to Haxall's Landing on the James River and there communicate with Gen. Butler. Only the very briefest outline of this expedition is here possible. The command, consisting of the three divisions of the corps commanded respectively by Generals Merritt, Gregg and Wilson, aggregating a little more than 8,000 men, marched on the morning of May 9th. It succeeded in passing around the flank of Lee's army without encountering any troops of the enemy; but about 4 P. M., after crossing the Ta River, the rear guard, which consisted of Davies' brigade of Gregg's division, was attacked by Wickham's brigade, which was afterwards reinforced by Lomax's. A sharp conflict ensued which lasted until dark, resulting in the repulse of the enemy. As soon as Merritt's division had crossed the North Anna, Custer's brigade was detached and sent to Beaver Dam Station on the Virginia Central Railroad. A force of the enemy was here met and defeated, and four hundred Union prisoners released. The station was burned, and two locomotives, three trains of cars, ninety wagons, 1,500,000 rations and an immense quantity of medical stores were destroyed, besides eight or ten miles of the railroad.

The news of this destruction and that the Yankee cavalry was marching on the capital created the greatest consternation in Richmond. Stuart's cavalry, on the morning of the 10th, made an attack on the divisions of Wilson and Gregg, but was repulsed. Stuart now realizing his mistake in attempting to stop the Union cavalry by attacks in the rear, hastened, by a forced march, to interpose between it and Richmond at Yellow Tavern. Sheridan's column marched leisurely some fifteen to eighteen miles on the 10th and encamped unmolested on the south bank of the South Anna. Davies' brigade, being detached to Ashland Station on the Fredericksburg Railroad early on the morning of the 11th, destroyed a train of cars and locomotive and the railroad for some distance. Stuart having reached Yellow Tavern on the morning of the 11th, in advance of the Union forces, was first attacked by Merritt's division and driven off the Brook turnpike to the east, where he took up a strong position, his force fighting dismounted behind breastworks and barricades. Here he was attacked in front by Gibbs' and Deven's brigades, the fight being desperate in character, while Custer with two regiments dismounted drove the enemy's right, and, an opportunity offering, charged mounted with the 1st Michigan and the 1st Vermont, the 7th Michigan in reserve, routing that flank of the enemy's line and capturing two guns. The attack being pressed in front at the same instant, the whole rebel force was routed and driven from the field in confusion. And here drooped the plumes of the fiery Rupert of the South—Stuart, the magnificent—the pride of the Confederacy. Stricken to the death while endeavoring in vain to rally his broken ranks, doubtless his proud soul would have preferred the death which was his rather than to have lived to witness the defeat and humiliation of his cherished squadrons.

At 11 o'clock the same night the corps resumed its march towards Richmond, the intention being to penetrate within the outer line of works, and, turning to the left, to reach the Mechanicsville pike on the south side of the Chickahominy, marching from thence to Fair Oaks. Gen. Wilson, whose division had the advance, found about daylight further progress in this direction blocked by the strong position of the enemy, whose works at this point extended close to the Chickahominy. The alternative which was now presented involved the crossing of the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge, which was found to have been destroyed, with the rebel cavalry, now under Fitz Hugh Lee, strongly posted on the opposite bank of the stream. Merritt's division was ordered to repair the bridge and effect a crossing. The column was now placed with the fortifications of Richmond well manned on its right and front, an impassable river on its left, and a force of the enemy's infantry and cavalry on its right and rear. There was, however, no anxiety about the result and no confusion. The troopers of the 1st Division worked steadily at the bridge under the fire of the enemy; two regiments were dismounted, and the men making their way across by a railroad bridge further down the stream drove in the rebel skirmishers. The bridge being completed the division crossed, dispositions were made, the strongly intrenched position of the enemy was assaulted, and he was driven off the field in confusion. Meanwhile a vigorous attack of the enemy on the divisions of Gregg and Wilson was repulsed, and the whole command crossed to the north side of the Chickahominy without further molestation.

The corps, without further severe fighting, proceeded to Haxall's Landing on the James, where it found forage and rations, rejoining the army at Chesterfield Station on

the 24th of May. This expedition gives a most perfect illustration of the power of independent action existing in cavalry of the American type when properly led and commanded. The corps had marched in a leisurely manner around the flank of Lee's army, and, proceeding along his line of communications, had destroyed many miles of railroad and immense depots of supplies. In its endeavor to stop the destructive march of this column, his cavalry had been defeated with the loss of its greatest commander. The victorious corps, after carrying consternation and dismay to the rebel capital by thundering at its very gates, defeated the enemy's combined forces of infantry, cavalry and artillery, and withdrew at its leisure with the independence of movement befitting an army composed of the three arms of the service. Notwithstanding the fact that this expedition had revealed in so remarkable a manner the independent power and value of the cavalry arm, such was the power of prejudice, reinforced by theory, that it was only secure from disintegration and dispersion through the continued self-assertion and championship of its courageous leader.

It is impossible here to follow the victorious progress of the Cavalry Corps in those further operations of the Army of the Potomac which resulted in its change of base to the James River, and its investment of the enemy's fortified position at Petersburg. Some idea may be formed of the character of the work performed by the cavalry during this period from the fact that Gen. Sheridan estimated his casualties during the months of May, June and July, 1864, at between 5,000 and 6,000. On the 1st of August, 1864, the 1st and 3d divisions of the corps were ordered with Gen. Sheridan to the Shenandoah valley. In its new sphere of action the superiority of our cavalry was at once asserted. Not only was the cavalry of the enemy

utterly powerless before it, but, by its splendid dismounted fighting, it proved itself upon more than one occasion superior to the best infantry of Early's veteran army. And that its efficiency as cavalry was not impaired by this dismounted work was demonstrated at the battles of Winchester and Cedar Creek, where it was used with decisive effect in mounted charges with the sabre against infantry lines. At the battle of Winchester it opened the fight by forcing the crossings of the Opequan dismounted against the enemy's infantry. After its dismounted work was completed it regained the saddle and by successive charges against the left of Early's intrenched line threw it into confusion, capturing a battery of five guns and 1,200 prisoners, thus ensuring the defeat and rout of the opposing army. The war affords no other example of such use of cavalry on the battlefield.

In the first part of October the Confederate cavalry in the valley had received a new commander in the person of Gen. T. W. Rosser, who enjoyed a great reputation as a cavalry leader. Upon his arrival with his Laurel Brigade he was hailed as the saviour of the valley, and the chastisement of the Yankee cavalry was eagerly looked for. As our forces were retiring up the valley, destroying the forage and other supplies, Rosser became unpleasantly aggressive, whereupon Gen. Sheridan halted his army to give this new commander an opportunity to try conclusions with the Union cavalry. The meeting took place at Tom's Brook on the 9th of October, and resulted in the most surprising rout and pursuit on record. The rebel divisions were attacked simultaneously on the Back Road by Custer and on the Valley Pike by Merritt, charged with impetuosity, smashed in pieces, and pursued on the jump for twenty-six miles, eleven guns and everything on wheels being captured, along with a multitude of prisoners.



This was about the last time that the rebel cavalry unaided attempted to meet our troopers. After the disaster on the morning of the 19th of October at Cedar Creek, the cavalry was dismounted, and with Getty's division of the 6th Corps took up a position which was held until the reorganized army, inspired by the presence of the indomitable Sheridan, was ready to advance; then remounting it contributed to the overthrow of the enemy by vigorous charges upon his flanks, and, pressing forward in pursuit, recaptured all of the artillery which had been lost in the surprise of the morning, taking in addition twenty-four guns, large trains of wagons and ambulances and many prisoners.

The brilliant record of Sheridan's cavalry corps was fitly completed by its services in the campaign which terminated with the surrender of the rebel army under Robert E. Lee, at Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865. Seizing Dinwiddie Court House on the 29th of March, it held it against a determined attack, on the 31st, by the enemy's largely superior forces of cavalry and infantry combined, under Gen. Pickett. On the morning of April 1st it drove the enemy into his strong earth works at Five Forks, and, on the afternoon of the same day, with the assistance of the 5th Corps, assaulted the position, which was brilliantly carried, the enemy being thrown into complete disorder and rout, with the loss of his artillery and thousands of prisoners. Lee's army having abandoned its works in front of Petersburg, the cavalry dashed eagerly in pursuit. The fleeing army was first confronted at Jettersville, but a general attack being delayed, it was enabled to escape. The cavalry then, moving rapidly across country in a direction parallel to the enemy's line of retreat, dashed into his long column at Sailor's Creek, on the 6th of April, cutting off Ewell's

corps. The 6th Corps coming to the assistance of the cavalry, this whole corps was forced to surrender, after making a most gallant resistance which cost many lives on both sides. With untiring energy the cavalry was now directed on Appomattox Station, where, on the morning of the 8th, it forced the enemy off the railroad and back to Appottomax Court House, sharp skirmishing being kept up until the morning of the 9th, when the Army of the James, which had marched all night, relieved the cavalry line just in time to repulse an attack of the Confederate infantry which had been intended to break through the thin line of dismounted cavalrymen. Every trooper was now conscious that the supreme moment had arrived. The divisions were mounted, the trot and gallop were sounded, and the long columns were sweeping around the left of the Confederate lines to take position for a last decisive charge upon their exposed flank, when the white flag is seen, the last ditch is found—Lee has surrendered.

Sheridan possessed in a high degree the characteristics of a great cavalry leader. He was prudent in his conceptions, impetuous in action, and in the heat of battle was able to preserve that calmness and clearness of judgment which is inseparable from the highest courage. But in no respect was his greatness more apparent than in his prompt recognition of the immense increase of defensive, and consequent offensive, power given to the cavalry arm by the improvement in fire weapons. He clearly perceived, what few other commanders appear to have comprehended, that cavalry which could use breech-loading arms with effect dismounted, and at the same time preserve its ability to make successful charges with the sabre mounted, was capable, with the assistance of artillery, of undertaking any operations within the power of the three arms of the service combined; its celerity of movement giving it

an immense advantage over infantry. It is true cavalry of this type must possess great intelligence, and it is quite possible that no other nation will be able to produce such a force. Certain it is that in no war since our own has cavalry been used as Sheridan used it. English writers have recognized the peculiar qualities of the American cavalry, but with stupid persistency call it mounted infantry; and, in attempting to profit by our experience, it is noticeable that not only English but other nations have organized mounted infantry, which they are pleased to imagine resembles the American cavalry. They appear to be ignorant of the fact that the same cavalry which fought so efficiently dismounted, charged successfully with the sabre against intrenched lines of veteran infantry, and that it was in this combined efficiency that its remarkable strength consisted.

One of the objects of this Order, as declared by its constitution, is "to foster the cultivation of military science." It may be presumed that the companions of the Loyal Legion who led the nation's hosts in "the battle for the right" have now no military lessons to learn. They will never again "set squadron in the field," or lead their battalions to victory. A few more years and their places will be filled by a new generation. And it is for these future defenders of the Republic—our successors in this Order—that the lessons of the past are filled with significance. Theory, in military science, is the fruit of experience; but the theory which is the outgrowth of our own sufferings and sacrifices possesses for us a value immeasurably greater than any which can come to us from foreign soil.

The lesson to which attention has been, very imperfectly, invited by this paper, teaches that cavalry efficiency in this country will in the future be developed on the same lines as in the past. The nation's reliance for war will con-

tinue to be her volunteer soldiers; and all attempts to ingraft upon our military system special characteristics of foreign armies, which are not adapted to the conditions which prevail in this country, and which are opposed to the practical common sense of the American people, must be injurious in their effect and finally result in failure. There is, unfortunately, among all professional students, a tendency in this direction. The science of war is of such vast importance to the nations of Europe that the ablest minds of the age are engaged in its development. In yielding to our admiration for the intellectual power displayed by these writers, and perceiving the force of their illustrations as applied to the conditions which surround them, we are prone to adopt with too much readiness the theories which they advocate in preference to the teachings of our own practice; and this tendency will increase as, year by year, we become further removed from the actualities of our own experience.

Let us then hope that when this Order shall have ceased to be an association of veteran officers united by the bond of companionship-in-arms, it will continue to be animated by a lively interest in military art and science, and that an abiding faith may be cherished in the methods by which the life of the nation was saved by the Union volunteers.

## THE SECOND WISCONSIN AT THE FIRST BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

BY BVT. BRIG. GEN. THOMAS S. ALLEN, U. S. V.

(Read October 1, 1890.)

WHEN the shot fired at Fort Sumter "was heard around the world," an uprising of the loyal people of the country took place, which for numbers and unanimity of purpose had never been equalled since the time when Peter the Hermit issued his call upon the faithful to rise in their majesty and wrest the scepter of tyranny in the Holy Land from the grasp of Moslem usurpers. Abraham Lincoln's call for volunteers touched the chords of patriotism, which for years had been lying dormant, as the appeals of Peter waked up the religious sensibilities of the faithful of the middle ages. The one, addressed to uneducated masses of the old world, was tinctured more or less with fanaticism; the other, addressed to the masses of an intelligent nation, was an "appeal to all loyal citizens to favor, facilitate and aid this effort to maintain the honor, the integrity and the existence of our National Union, and the perpetuity of popular government, and to redress wrongs already long enough endured." As is well known the famous Crusades were doomed to ignominious failure, although attended with wonderful acts of heroism, leaving the fields of Eastern Europe and Western Asia strewn with the bodies of millions of warlike but deluded knights and peasants; while the proclamation of President Lincoln resulted in military organizations of a peaceful people, which, after a terrible four years' contest, established "Liberty and Union" on a foundation so firm that nothing

less than the degeneration of a race of patriots can cause or permit its destruction.

Wisconsin responded to the call of the War Department for a single regiment, by the tender, in less than seven days, of thirty-six full companies. The 1st Regiment, enlisted for three months, and the 2d Regiment, organized as a three years regiment, went into camp—one at Milwaukee and the other at Madison—at about the same time. The former was sent to the Shenandoah Valley and the latter to Washington, it being the only Wisconsin regiment present at the first Bull Run. Although I had enlisted and drilled with company "H" of the 2d, and intended to serve in said company, having been asked by the Miners' Guards, of Mineral Point, to take command, I accepted, and left the state with the regiment as captain of company "I," reaching Washington on the 25th day of June, 1861. It is safe to say that not a man in the regiment knew anything of actual warfare, although nine companies, including mine, were organized from as many independent companies of state militia, actuated by a common motive and by similar patriotic impulses, yet differing as to policies and parties. And yet, perhaps, some of us had felt somewhat of the martial ardor of the old cripple, who, after a long service, "hobbled home on crutches," singing as he drew near the old homestead:

"My father was a farmer good,  
With corn and beef in plenty;  
I mowed, and hoed, and held the plow,  
And longed for one-and-twenty.

"For I had quite a martial turn,  
And scorned the lowing cattle;  
I longed to wear a uniform,  
Hear drums, and see a battle."

As was the case with the first regiments to respond in other states, so our ranks were filled with the best young

blood of Wisconsin, and officered by men, many of whom subsequently, in their present and higher stations, made their mark on various fields of action. Among them, without disparagement to others, may be named Capt. George H. Stevens, promoted to lieutenant colonel, and killed at Gettysburg; Capt. Wilson Colwell, killed at South Mountain; Capt. David McKee, promoted to lieutenant colonel of the 15th Wisconsin, killed at Perryville; Capt. Gabe Bouck, promoted to colonel of the 18th Wisconsin, commanding that regiment through the Vicksburg and other campaigns; Capt. Wm. E. Strong, promoted brigadier general, by brevet, served on staff of Gen. McPherson; Capt. Randolph, killed at second Bull Run; Capt. John Mansfield, promoted to colonel of the 2d Wisconsin, and brevet brigadier general, commanded the Iron Brigade, and was subsequently lieutenant governor of California; Lieut. John Hancock, promoted to colonel of the 14th Wisconsin. The regiment numbered a trifle over one thousand men. Our field officers were Col. S. Park Coon, Lieut. Col. Peck, and Maj. Duncan McDonald.

On our way to Washington we drew seven hundred and fifty muskets at Harrisburg, and marched through Baltimore at about ten o'clock at night. A howling mob of rebels and their sympathizers crowded the streets, uttering the wildest imprecations on the men who dared to desecrate the soil of "My Maryland." It was with difficulty that our men were restrained from opening fire. During the march I walked for several blocks on the flank of my company with City Marshal Kane, who was a good conversationalist, and pretended to be a loyal citizen. He certainly performed his duty that night. Shortly afterwards, however, his sympathies drove him into the ranks of the rebel army. Arriving at Washington we went into

camp on Seventh Street, next to the 5th New Hampshire, whose leading fifer used to charm us with his wonderful rendering of the reveille (our drum corps couldn't play). Besides, our brass band afforded us daily exhibitions of tunes of excruciating melody, and of marching time, to which no man, excepting a broken-legged cripple, could possibly keep step. It was here that we had our first experience of regular army inspection. All our field officers, including the adjutant, had gone down to the city early one morning to see that the Capital was properly protected, and that the President and other officials were performing their duty. I was officer of the day in camp. All went on swimmingly during the day. Pie-women, and smugglers of the army fluid which sometimes inebriates, had been duly examined, and passed or bounced, as the case might be, while the several companies had been through their regular drills, and the camp guards been scientifically relieved. It had been ascertained that for one day at least a regiment could be run without a colonel or adjutant. But about twelve o'clock at night, a call was heard ringing out on the night air: "Officer of the Day! Post Number One!" Supposing, of course, that our out-posts had been attacked by a force of rebels from the other side of the Potomac, the officer of the day, who was making his rounds on the opposite side of the camp, clad in all the habiliments and trappings of war, including sash, hastened to the post designated. There he found the sentinel and officer of the guard contending with Gen. Mansfield, the old veteran who commanded the Department of Washington, who, accompanied by his staff, demanded admittance to our camp. He was making the "Grand Rounds." The General appeared to be very angry at the refusal to admit him. He said that on demand of the sentinel he had given the password, but was still



refused at the point of the bayonet, and he had threatened to put the sentinel under arrest—all to no effect. I saw the situation at once, and informed him that owing to the absence of the field officers and adjutant, I had received no password for the day, and was compelled to use that of the preceding day; that I presumed his password was correct, but that, as I did not know either himself or the password, he could not be admitted. Assuming to be indignant, he rode along the whole line of sentinels, trying his password on each one, without success. What passed between him and the field officers was never confided to me; but that was the last time we were ever without the proper password.

Gen. Mansfield, his hair already silvered, as he sat on his horse that night, was an officer of distinguished appearance, and being the first general officer we had ever seen, for the time he became our beau-ideal of a soldier. He was killed at Antietam while bravely pushing the 12th Corps into action. Having displayed our prowess in conquering the rebellion in Washington, we moved on the 2d day of July across the Potomac, and planted ourselves on the sacred soil of Virginia, some two miles in front of Fort Corcoran, doubtless for the protection of that fortress. That this movement was a success, is proved by the fact that the fort was never captured by either rebel cavalry or infantry, even though Beauregard's whole army was within thirty to forty miles of it at the time, and never dared to come much nearer so long as they knew the 2d Wisconsin was there. Such is the respect shown by an honorable enemy to an invincible foe.

We remained in this camp two weeks, learning camp duty, tactics and field movements, under our lieutenant colonel, who had studied at West Point for two years, varied by an occasional drill under two young lieutenants

of the regular army. How the boys wished they had one of them for colonel! for the recent defeat of Gen. Butler at Big Bethel and the ambush of Gen. Schenck near Vienna, had already filled their heads with imaginary "masked batteries," and their own observations suggested the advantage of having educated officers. They had not, however, learned that with a little hard work, natural capacity, and study and pluck, the volunteer officer soon became as successful a regimental commander as the most cultured graduate of our military academy.

Under pressure of public opinion, voiced by Brigadier Generals Horace Greeley, Murat Halstead, and other generals of the editorial profession who laid out all the great campaigns of the war in their dingy sanctums, Gen. Scott, with the sanction of President Lincoln, ordered Gen. McDowell to move "on to Richmond by way of Manassas with such forces as were present in front of Washington," guaranteeing that Gen. Patterson should prevent any junction of Gen. J. E. Johnston with Beauregard; assuring him that "if Johnston joins Beauregard he shall have Patterson at his heels." McDowell showed great energy, and a week later, on the morning of July 16th, ordered a general movement of his army to the front, to begin that afternoon. Without going into details, it is enough to say that that part of the army which marched towards and reached the front amounted to less than 28,000 men with 49 guns, to encounter an army at Manassas of over 32,000 men and 57 guns. (See Nicolay's "Outbreak of the Rebellion," page 174.)

At about two o'clock P. M. of the same day we were moved out of camp on the road to Vienna, leaving behind us about one hundred men unfit for duty, under Lieut. Hunt, whose obesity was a guarantee of his inability to march. Recognizing the at-that-time uncontrollable habit

of the men to fall out of the ranks for water, I had caused the canteen of every man in the company to be filled with strong, cold tea, which greatly lessened their temptation. After a march of twelve miles, at sundown we bivouacked for the first time without tents. Our march was resumed early the next morning, under strict orders from the War Department against foraging, issued to us by Gen. Wm. Tecumseh Sherman, our brigade commander, subsequently the commander of the "March to the Sea," now one of the few great generals living, whose name is a household word in almost every family of this country, and whose fame is wide as the world. General orders had also been issued forbidding the harboring of fugitive slaves in our camps, and ordaining that all such as might escape into our lines should be returned to their masters. This was a concession made with the vain hope that the rebels of the South and pro-slavery copperheads of the North might be induced—the one to lay down its arms, and the other to stand by the Union as patriots. Both orders met with the disapproval of the men in the Union army, who declared that they did not propose to go hungry with provisions in sight, nor to become "nigger-hunters" to placate those who were fighting to destroy the government.

It was not very late in the afternoon when one of my men, Budlong, who stood six feet four inches in his shoes, and who had been missing for an hour or so, came to me and said: "Captain, Gen. Sherman orders me to report to you under arrest." "Why? what have you been doing?" "Oh, nothing but helping myself to rations. You see our meat is so salt I cannot eat it, and I thought fresh mutton would taste better. I had a quarter on my shoulders, making my way to the regiment, when the General happened to ride along with his staff, and caught me." "Didn't you know the orders against foraging?"

said I. "Yes, but I was hungry, and it was rebel mutton, anyhow." "Well, what became of the mutton?" "Why, the General told one of his orderlies to have it cooked for his (the General's) supper. He then said he would attend to my case after we had whipped the rebels at Bull Run." This was the last ever heard of the matter officially. I never doubted that Gen. Sherman sympathized with the men then as always on this question.

We bivouacked the next night near the old Fairfax plantation. About dark the same culprit came to me, saying: "Captain, there is a nice lot of sheep up on the plantation. Our boys are terrible hungry, and as our muskets are all stacked under orders not to let them go out, I don't see what I am to do." "Have you forgotten the orders?" "No, but it is too bad that we should fare worse than the d—d rebs who are trying to destroy the government we came down here to save." "Well, Bud., it is against orders to shoot anything but rebs. My pistol hangs on my belt on one of the stacks, but you must not touch it." I walked off, and what was my surprise and indignation, an hour or two later, to find that my whole company were feasting on the sacred mutton of one of the F. F. V.'s of Virginia.

The march to Centerville was a delightful one, although many, unaccustomed to marching, and especially to carrying knapsacks and "forty rounds," fell to the rear to come up later in the day. It seems almost like yesterday that, on reaching the crest of a hill, the long column of troops with its batteries of artillery in advance of us, could be seen for a mile or two, colors flying, arms glistening, drums beating, bands playing, and war putting on a holiday attire. The thought then arose—can it be possible that such an array of brave men, so well armed and equipped, and so enthusiastic, should suffer the disgrace of defeat,

and ever be compelled to halt on its way to the rebel capital? The idea was preposterous, and the thought that such a result was one of the uncertainties of war was not without its pain. The experience was new, and doubtless many besides myself were reflecting on the possibilities and impossibilities. That most of our regimental officers possessed confidence in the result was attested by the fact that they had hired a private wagon to carry their trunks containing their best uniforms and clothing; for we were all dressed in the dilapidated gray with which we left our state, while the officers had provided themselves with the regulation blue, to be used only on dress occasions. For myself, some bird had whispered into my ear that it would be just as well to leave baggage in camp. The result will be seen hereafter. But the spirits of all were gay, as is usual with men in the presence of novelty, especially when cheered by hope, and the feeling that they are serving a cause just in the sight of Heaven.

During the day a young mounted officer rode past us, who attracted general notice. He wore long, flowing locks, a hat and plume, à la Murat, and was uniformed in a royal purple silk velvet jacket, brilliant with gold trimmings. His cavalier style caused admiration and wonder, being so different from anything we had ever seen. "Who is it?" was the universal interrogation. It was soon known that it was young Custer, fresh from West Point, who had been sent forward by Gen. Scott with dispatches for Gen. McDowell. From that time forward his course was watched with peculiar interest. It was his cavalry that came up to us just after my regiment, the 5th Wisconsin, had captured Maj. Gen. Ewell at Sailor's Creek, April 6th, 1865, three days before Lee's surrender.

On the evening of the 18th, Gen. Tyler, commanding 1st Division, was ordered to make a reconnoissance to-

wards Blackburn's Ford, some three miles south of Centerville, on the road to Manassas, and not to bring on an engagement. Taking Col. Richardson's brigade and a light battery he pushed forward, attacked and drove back a division of Longstreet, who, being reinforced by Early's brigade, in turn advanced, driving in and disorganizing the 12th New York. An order by Tyler to fall back, was executed. Sherman's brigade, with the 2d Wisconsin, had been sent for, with orders by some ignoramus to double-quick to the field, only a short three miles from our camp. The day being excessively hot, it may be easily imagined that green men with knapsacks tried the experiment for a few rods, and then eased off into a rapid march. As we approached the top of the hill overlooking the ford, we were met by a stream of fugitives, who were subjected to a storm of raillery by our boys. "Where are you going?" "What is the matter?" The invariable reply was: "We are all cut to pieces!" Considering the fact that the total loss of that regiment was only five men killed and nineteen wounded, the nature of the terrible tragedy may be surmised. However, we pushed on, and in a short time filed off into the woods on the right, forming line of battle. The fight continued for some time, being simply an artillery duel. Shell and solid shot crashed through the trees over our heads, and frequently close enough to keep the men dodging long after danger was past.

This was our first experience under fire, and our "first baptism of blood," but not a man left the ranks. Only one man was killed and two wounded by the bursting of a shell in our left company. The total losses of the day were: Union, 56 killed and wounded; Rebels, 63 killed and wounded.

As to the particular feelings or impressions of being under fire for the first time without an opportunity of

returning it, each man has his own. I can only remember that a sense of my responsibility as captain of a company overpowered whatever feelings I might have had of personal danger, even though the sound of the shrieking shells was anything but agreeable. This first lesson taught us, as did the lessons of four years afterwards, that while the sound of big guns was more terrific, the real danger in battle was the whistling "minnie," which reached one without note or warning.

Gen. McDowell was anxious to make his attack on Beauregard on Saturday, the 20th, before assistance could reach him from Johnston's army. But it was not until Saturday evening that he and his engineer officers could find a ford, which was not strongly entrenched and guarded, by means of which he could surprise and attack the rebel army in flank and rear. To attack in front would have been a useless massacre. On that evening he issued his orders for the forward movement at two o'clock Sunday morning. The divisions of Hunter and Heintzelman were to move to the right and cross Sudley Springs Ford, attack the rebel flank and rear, driving Evans' brigade from the Stone Bridge, while Tyler's division was to demonstrate in front. Sherman's and other brigades, were to cross at or above the Stone Bridge as soon as the road was clear, or the enemy driven from our front. McDowell's strategy was perfect. Gen. Sherman afterwards said it was "one of the best-planned battles of the war, but one of the worst-fought." Gen. Johnston, who was in command of the rebel army during the fight, said: "If the tactics of the Federals had been equal to their strategy, we should have been beaten."

But, leaving details of the battle behind, simply stating that, owing to the lack of promptness on the part of one division, the attack was necessarily delayed for two

hours, the loss of which was one of the prime causes of our final defeat.

At two o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 21st, we moved out of camp, marching and halting, mostly halting, as usual on night marches, for somebody to get out of the way, until after daylight, when we crossed Cub Run, and, ascending a hill overlooking the Bull Run valley and the Stone Bridge, we filed to the right of the road, and formed line of battle. Ayres' battery was with us, and kept up a random firing on the batteries defending the bridge. We had a magnificent view of the historic stream and of the battle grounds beyond, which was a high plain, steep bluffs along the bank, the plain broken by ravines. Here we waited for several hours, momentarily expecting to see the smoke and hear the guns of our attacking divisions. It was not until eleven o'clock that the ball opened, and the sun was pouring down its fiercest rays. Hunter and Heintzelman had crossed the ford, and rattling musketry and puffs of smoke indicated that the skirmishers were at work. Soon the advancing lines came into view; our lines, preceded by the skirmish line, pushing forward, and the rebels as rapidly falling back. What a shout went up from our brigade! It meant, "Hurrah, boys; we have got 'em!" On and on press our troops, who continued to draw nearer to the bridge and to us, in perfect lines of battle. Soon the rebels took to their heels and Stone Bridge was ours. It looked then as though the whole rebellion was conquered. Now was our time. Knapsacks were thrown into a heap, and guard placed over them. Gen. Sherman had discovered a ford half a mile above the bridge, passable for infantry, but not for artillery. To this he directed his brigade, the 2d Wisconsin leading. Marching to the ford under fire from a rebel battery, we waded through, climbed the precipitous ascent



to the field above, and pushed forward in pursuit. How different was the scene presented to us, thus far, from that of a few hours later!

Having crossed the Warrenton pike, we were halted and ordered to lie down. The rebels had been driven across the pike and had made a stand on a hill running from the Henry house northeast to Bull Run. What happened there, not being all within the range of my view, I quote from Nicolay's account, the briefest as well as one of the best written, as follows:

"When, at about half past two o'clock, the batteries of Ricketts and Griffin were ordered to move forward from the Dogan Heights across the valley to the top of Henry Hill, they did so with the feeling that the two regiments ordered to follow and support them were tardy, inadequate and unreliable. Other regiments, moving forward to the flank attack, could not well be observed because of the uneven ground and the intervening woods and bushes. The rebels had disappeared; there was a complete lull in the battle. But danger was no less at hand. Hardly had Ricketts taken his post before his cannoneers and horses began to fall under the accurate fire of near and well-concealed rebel sharpshooters. Death puffed from bushes, fences, buildings, and yet the jets of flame and wreaths of smoke were the only visible enemy to assail. Officers and cannoneers held on with desperate courage; some moved to new positions to foil the rebel range. Griffin's battery came and took place alongside; eleven Union guns and thirteen Confederate guns were confronted at short range in a stubborn and exciting duel. But now the rebel regiments, seeing the dangerous exposure of the Union batteries, were tempted to swarm out of their cover. They pressed cautiously but tenaciously upon Ricketts. Griffin, absorbed in directing the fire of his guns against the rebel batteries,

was suddenly startled at seeing a regiment advancing boldly on his right, in open view. Their very audacity puzzled him. They could hardly be friends, he thought; yet was it possible that foes were so near and would take such a risk? Instinctively he ordered his guns to be charged with canister and trained upon them. Yet at the dreadful thought of pouring such a volley upon a Union regiment, he once more hesitated and held a brief colloquy with Major Barry, chief of support. 'They are Confederates,' replied Griffin in intense excitement; 'as certain as the world they are Confederates.' 'No,' answered Barry, 'I know they are your battery support.' Griffin spurred forward and told his officers not to fire. The mistake proved fatal. During this interval of doubt the Confederate regiment had approached to point-blank range and levelled their muskets just as Griffin gave his order to desist. Griffin's canister would have annihilated the regiment; but now the tables were turned, and in an instant the regiment's volley had annihilated Griffin's and Ricketts' batteries. Officers and men fell, smitten with death and wounds, and horses and caissons went tearing in wild disorder down the hill, breaking and scattering the ascending line of battle. Under this sudden catastrophe the supporting regiments stood a while, spellbound with mingled astonishment and terror. They were urged forward to repel the advance on the guns, but the unexpected disaster overawed them; under the continued and still advancing volleys of the same rebel regiment, they fired their muskets, turned and fled.

"These disabled batteries, visible to both armies, now became the center and coveted prize of an irregular contest, which surged back and forth over the plateau of the Henry hill; but, whether because of confusion of orders, or the broken surface of the ground, or more probably the

mere reciprocal eagerness of capture and rescue, the contest was carried on, not by the whole line, but by single regiments, or at most by two or three regiments moving accidentally rather than designedly in concert. Several times the fight raged past and over the prostrate body of Ricketts, lying wounded among his guns, and who was finally carried away a prisoner to Richmond. The rebels would dash forward, capture the batteries, and endeavor to turn the pieces on the Union lines; then a Union regiment would sweep up the hill, drive them back, and essay to drag the guns down into safe possession. And a similar shifting and intermitting fight went on, not merely on this single spot, but also among the low concealing pines of the middle ground in front, as well as in the oak woods on the Union right, where at times friend became intermingled with foe, and where both sides took occasional prisoners near the same place.

"In this prolonged and wasteful struggle the Union strength was slowly and steadily consumed. Arnold's battery crossed the valley to the support of Griffin and Ricketts, but found itself obliged to again withdraw. The Rhode Island battery took part in the contest as well as it might from the hill north of Young's Branch. Brigade after brigade—Sherman's, Franklin's, Wilcox's, and finally Howard's reserve, were brought forward—regiment after regiment was sent up the hill—three times the batteries were recovered and again lost."

The above corresponds with my own observations, excepting that we were the last on the right of the line to make the charge. As we moved forward I distinctly saw two pieces of Ricketts' battery, over which the forces on each side were contending, hauled to the rear. Men from some of the repulsed regiments, which had charged before us, straggled through our ranks, while others remained

with us. Just then, too, on the hill, beyond range of our guns, we saw the famous but somewhat mythical Black Horse Cavalry rushing across our front, after a futile attack on the New York Zouaves to our left. This cavalry consisted of only a few companies raised in the vicinity of Warrenton, and was valuable only as scouts, or for the purpose of picking up stragglers. Its success in the latter direction was demonstrated before the day ended.

The crest of the hill in front of us, upon which the rebels had massed their infantry and artillery, was of a semi-circular form, so that when our regiment pushed on to the summit our left and center was facing south, while the four right companies faced east and south-east, our flank not far from the Sudley Springs road. This was an obstacle in the way of any concerted action, since no command could be heard along the whole line, nor was more than half the regiment visible at the same time. Col. Coon had been temporarily transferred to Sherman's staff, leaving Lieut. Col. Peck in command. For some reason known to himself, the latter had dismounted and sent his horse to the rear, thus rendering it impossible for him to command so large a regiment, especially in such a position. Capt. Stevens', Ely's and my company were on the extreme right of the line; at least no troops were visible on our right, nor was any firing heard in that direction.

As we mounted the crest we were met by distinctive volleys of musketry, which were promptly returned, but it was impossible to push our line forward against the evidently superior forces massed in our front. The fire had continued for some time, when an officer on foot, dressed in blue uniform, ran down the rear of our line exclaimingly wildly: "For God's sake, stop firing; you are shooting your friends." Fearing this might be true, many of our men hesitated to continue firing, until by

orders and appeals they were induced to begin again. Not long afterwards the same, or another, officer repeated the performance, with precisely the same exclamations. Whether this was a ruse on the part of the rebel officer, or whether he really supposed from our being dressed in gray that we were also rebels, may be a matter of doubt. But taking into consideration the ruse by which our batteries had just been captured, and subsequent attempts to deceive our troops by hoisting the Union flag, I am satisfied that it was a premeditated piece of iniquity. Whatever may be thought of it, the effect on our men was the same. They were certainly confused by doubt. To satisfy them, I picked up the musket of a wounded man, advanced to the front, saw distinctly a rebel flag, fired at the color-bearer, and induced my men to re-open fire. I continued to fire for some minutes, or longer, until my attention was called to an enfilading fire from the woods on our right. The fact that Johnston's troops from Winchester were expected, and that this was in the direction of the railroad by which they would arrive, explained our view of the situation. About this time Col. Peck appeared on foot and asked me what I thought of this flank fire. My answer was that we could not maintain ourselves very long unless we were reinforced in that direction. He replied that that was his opinion, and left. Not very long after this, but how long I do not know, as the flight of time in a fight is a matter of conjecture, the Colonel appeared again in our rear and gave the order: "Fall back to re-form!" This was an indication that the left and center of our line, which we had neither seen nor heard from since the fight began, had met with no better success than the right, which turned out to be the fact.

An extract from Gen. Sherman's report is as follows: "This regiment (the 2d Wisconsin) ascended to the brow

of the hill steadily, received the fire of the enemy, returned it with spirit, and advanced delivering its fire. This regiment is uniformed in gray cloth, almost identical with that of the great bulk of the secession army, and when the regiment fell into confusion, and retreated toward the road, there was a universal cry that they were being fired upon by their own men. The regiment rallied again, passed the brow of the hill a second time, but was repulsed in disorder."

Whether Col. Peck's order to fall back was given to the whole regiment or not, I cannot say. But, so far as the right companies were concerned, they began to fall back without waiting for orders from their company officers. It was then the confusion began, and owing to the mixture of men of the different companies it was impossible to maintain order or discipline. The result was that the whole regiment fell back across the turnpike, where there was a rally around the colors and a movement with nobody in command toward the ford by which we had crossed. This must have taken place about four o'clock, as it was dark when we reached Centerville some five or six miles away, every man on his own account, owing to confusion and strife in crossing the fords, Stone Bridge and the bridge at Cub Run, which were blockaded by broken-down teams. On reaching Centerville I was informed by our hospital steward, in charge of the field hospital at that place, that Gen. Sherman had just passed through towards Washington, giving him orders to tell such of the 2d Wisconsin as passed, to make their way back to their old camp on the Potomac at once.

The general description of the retreat is too well known to be repeated. Members of congress, newspaper reporters, soldiers and spectators of the fight formed a confused mass of humanity. Just at the rear of Centerville, at the

camp we had left at 2 o'clock in the morning, Capt. McKee and myself gathered together some two or three hundred men, and under the command of the former, marched in good order to our camp near Fort Corcoran, arriving there about twelve o'clock the following day, having marched and fought some thirty-six hours without rest or sleep, probably not less than fifty miles, the last twelve hours in a soaking rain.

Here we found Lieut. Hunt had orders from Gen. Sherman to burn our tents and move immediately to the fort. After consulting together, we concluded to have some dinner, and take a rest; and finally moved to the fort, shortly before dark. The wagon containing the officers' baggage never returned.

The loss of the 2d Wisconsin in this campaign was 24 killed and 103 wounded, a total of 127. The loss of Sherman's brigade was 317, killed and wounded. Our army lost an aggregate of 1496, killed and wounded. The loss of the rebel army was 1969, killed and wounded.

The first great battle of the war was fought and lost. The reasons need not be repeated. They are fairly stated in the report of Gen. McDowell, and in the various histories of the war.

I cannot refrain from saying that, in my humble opinion, Gen. McDowell was among the most capable of our army officers. His failure at Bull Run, however, aroused the ghouls of the press to charge him with incapacity, with disloyalty, and with drunkenness—three as baseless charges as were ever aimed at the reputation of a capable, loyal and temperate man. But for these vile slanders he might have had command of the Army of the Potomac, which under him would not have fought only to be repulsed or defeated through all its campaigns until it held its own at Gettysburg. His brilliant strategy was

imitated by Gen. Hooker at Chancellorsville, who, with ten times the odds in his favor, failed in his tactical movements. Three days before the opening of the second Bull Run fight, in 1862, while we were camped near Warrenton, Gen. McDowell rode along our front. Acknowledging my salute, and after a short conversation in which he referred to the charges against his loyalty, he asked: "Well, Major, how would your boys like to have another fight on the old Bull Run battle ground?" To this I replied that they would appreciate highly a chance to pay off old scores. He then remarked very decisively: "We will meet the rebels on the same ground within a week and we shall win." It was not his fault that the prediction was not fulfilled.



## LIBBY PRISON—THE ESCAPE.

BY BVT. BRIG. GEN. HARRISON C. HOBART, U. S. V.

(Read June 3, 1891.)

**T**HE battles of Chickamauga were fought on the 19th and 20th of September, 1863. The 21st Wisconsin, which I then commanded, formed a part of Thomas' memorable line and fought through the battles of Saturday and Sunday. At the close of the second day Thomas' corps still maintained its position and presented an unbroken front to the enemy, but the right of our army having fallen back the tide of battle was turning against us. To avoid a flank movement our brigade was ordered to leave the breastworks, which they had held against the severest fire of the enemy during the day, and fall back to a second position. Here only a portion of the men, with three regimental standards, were rallied. A rebel battery was instantly placed in position on our right, and rebel cavalry swept between us and the retreating army. Being the ranking officer among those who rallied, I directed the men to cut their way through to our retiring line. I was on the left of this movement to the rear, and, to avoid the approach of horsemen, rapidly passed through a dense cluster of small pines and instantly found myself in the immediate front of a rebel line of infantry. I halted, being dismounted, and an officer advanced and offered me his hand, saying he was glad to see me, and proposed to introduce me to his commander, Gen. Cleburn. I replied that I was not particularly pleased to see him, but, under the circumstances, should not decline his invitation. I met the General, who was mounted and being cheered by

his men, and surrendered to him my sword. He inquired where I had been fighting. I said "Right there," pointing to the line of Thomas' corps. He replied: "This line has given us our chief trouble, sir; your soldiers have fought like brave men; come with me and I will see that no one insults or interferes with you."

It was now after sundown and the last guns of the terrible battle of Chickamauga were dying away along the hillsides of Mission Ridge. A large number of prisoners of war were soon gathered and marched to the enemy's rear across the Chickamauga. Here we witnessed the fearful results of the battle. The ground strewn with the dead and wounded, the shattered fragments of transportation, and a general demoralization among the forces, told the fearful price which the enemy had paid for their stubborn advance. More than fifteen hundred Union soldiers, prisoners of war, camped by a large spring to pass the remainder of a cold night, some without blankets or overcoats, and all without provisions. The next day we were marched about thirty miles to Tunnel Hill where we received our first rations from the enemy. On this march the only food we obtained was from a field of green sorghum. Here we were placed in box cars and taken to Atlanta. On arriving at this place we were first marched to an open field outside of the city, near a fountain of water, and surrounded by a guard. Kind-hearted people came out of the city bringing bread with them which they threw to us across the guard line. Immediately a second line was established, distant several rods outside of the first, to prevent them from giving us food. From this place we were marched to the old slave pen, and every man, as he entered the narrow gate, was compelled to give up his overcoat and blanket. I remonstrated with the officers for stripping the soldiers of their necessary clothing, as an

act in violation of civilized warfare and inhuman. The men who were executing this infamous duty did not deny these charges, but excused themselves on the ground that they were simply obeying an order of Gen. Bragg from the front. That night I saw seventeen hundred Union soldiers lie down upon the ground without an overcoat or blanket to protect them from the cold earth or shield them from the heavy southern dew.

The next morning we were ordered to take the cars and proceed on our way to Richmond. These men arose from the ground, cold and wet with the night-damp, and under my command organized and formed in column by companies, and marched to the depot through one of the main streets of Atlanta singing in full chorus the "Star Spangled Banner." Crowds gathered around us as we entered the cars. A guard with muskets accompanied the train. On the last day of September, after traveling more than eight hundred miles from the battlefield of Chickamauga, we arrived at Richmond, and the officers of the Cumberland Army, to the number of about two hundred and fifty, were marched to Libby Prison. This building has a front of about one hundred and forty feet with a depth of one hundred and five. There are nine rooms, each one hundred and two feet long by forty-five feet wide. The height of the ceiling from the floor is about seven feet. The building is also divided into three apartments by brick walls, and there is a basement below. On entering the prison we were severally searched and everything of value taken from us. Some of us saved our money by putting it into the seams of our garments before we arrived at Richmond. The officers of the Army of the Cumberland were assigned to the middle rooms of the second and third stories. The lower and middle room was used as a general kitchen, and the basement imme-

diately below was fitted up with cells for the confinement and punishment of offenders. These rooms received the sobriquet of "Chickamauga."

The whole number of officers of the army and navy in prison at this time was about twelve hundred—as intelligent and brave men as I met during the war—all having access to each other except those in the hospital. There were no beds or chairs and all slept on the floor. I shared a horse blanket with Surgeon Dixon, of Wisconsin, which was the only bedding we had for some time. Our bread was made of unbolted corn and was cold and clammy. We were sometimes furnished with fresh beef, corn beef, and sometimes with rice and vegetable soup. The men formed themselves into messes and each took his turn in preparing such food as we could get. At one time no meat was furnished for about nine days, and the reason given was that their soldiers at the front required all they could obtain. During this period we received nothing but corn bread. Kind friends sent us boxes of provisions from the north, which were opened and examined by the confederates, and if nothing objectionable was found, and it pleased them, the party to whom a box was sent was directed to come down and get it. Many of these were never delivered. Every generous soul shared the contents of his box with his more unfortunate companions. Had it not been for this provision our life in Libby would have been intolerable.

There was no glass in the windows and for some time no fire in the rooms. An application for window glass, made during the severest cold weather, was answered by the assurance that the confederates had none to furnish. The worst affliction, however, was the vermin which invaded every department. There was another peril which was fortunately unknown to us during our imprisonment.

Fearing a raid would be made by our cavalry into Richmond, to liberate the federal prisoners, the rebel commander caused the prison to be mined, and ordered it to be blown up if our troops should enter the town. Each officer was permitted to write home the amount of three lines per week, but even these brief messages were not always allowed to leave Richmond.

A variety of schemes were adopted to improve or kill time. We played chess, cards, opened a theater, organized a band of minstrels, delivered lectures, established schools for teaching dancing, singing, the French language, and military tactics, read books, published manuscript newspapers, held debates, and by these means rendered life tolerable, though by no means agreeable. An incident occurred, after we had been in prison some time, which made a deep impression upon everyone. Some of our men had been confined in a block not far from Libby, called the Pemberton building. An order had been issued to remove them to North Carolina. When they left their line of march was along the street in our front, and when they passed under our windows we threw out drawers, shirts, stockings, etc., which they gathered up; and when they raised their pale and emaciated faces to greet their old commanders there were but few dry eyes in Libby. Many of them were making their last march. Our sick were removed to the room set apart on the ground floor for a hospital; and when one died, he was put in a box of rough boards, placed in an open wagon and rapidly driven away over the stony streets. There were no flowers from loving hands, and no mourning pageant, but a thousand hearts in Libby followed the gallant dead to his place of rest. We were seldom visited by any person. The only call I received was from Gen. Breckenridge, of Kentucky; I had known him before the war. During our interview I referred to the

resources of the North and South, and asked him upon what ground he hoped the Confederacy could succeed. His only reply was that "five millions of people, determined to be free, could not be conquered."

There being no exchange of prisoners at this time, projects of escape were discussed from the beginning. One scheme was for a few persons at a time to put on the dress of a citizen and attempt to pass the guard as visitors. A few actually recovered their liberty in this manner. Another plan was to dig a tunnel to the city sewer, which was understood to pass under the street in front of the prison, and escape through that to the river. This project might have succeeded had not the water interfered. The final and successful plan was the following: On the ground floor of the building, on a level with the street, was a kitchen containing a fire-place, at a stove connected with which the prisoners inhabiting the rooms above did their cooking. Beneath this floor was a basement, one of the rooms in which was used as a store room. This store room was under the hospital and next to the street, and though not directly under the kitchen was so located that it was possible to reach it by digging downward and rearward through the masonry work of the chimney. From this basement room it was proposed to construct a tunnel under the street to a point beneath a shed, connected with a brick block upon the opposite side, and from this place to pass into the street in the guise of citizens. A knowledge of this plan was confided to about twenty-five and nothing was known of the proceedings by the others until two or three days before the escape. A table knife, chisel and spittoon were secured for working tools, when operations commenced. Sufficient of the masonry was removed from the fireplace to admit the passage of a man through a diagonal cut to the store room below, and an excavation was then made

through the foundation wall toward the street, and the construction of the tunnel proceeded night by night. But two persons could work at the same time. One would enter the hole with his tools and a small tallow candle, dragging the spittoon after him attached to a string. The other would fan air into the passage with his hat, and with another string would draw out the novel dirt cart when loaded, concealing its contents beneath the straw and rubbish of the cellar.

Each morning before daylight the working party returned to their rooms, after carefully closing the mouth of the tunnel, and skilfully replacing the bricks in the chimney. An error occurred during the prosecution of this work that nearly proved fatal to the enterprise. After a sufficient distance was supposed to have been made, an excavation was commenced to reach the top of the ground. The person working carefully felt his way upward, when suddenly a small amount of the top earth fell in, and through this he could plainly see two sentinels apparently looking at him. One said to the other: "I have been hearing a strange noise in the ground there." After listening a short time the other replied that it was "nothing but rats." The working party had not been seen. After consultation this opening was carefully filled with dirt and shored up. The work was then recommenced, and after digging about fifteen feet further the objective point under the shed was successfully reached. This tunnel required about thirty days of patient, tedious and dangerous labor. It was eight feet below the street, between sixty and seventy feet in length, and barely large enough for a full grown person to crawl through by pulling and pushing himself along with his hands and feet.

When all was completed the company was organized and placed under my charge. The men having provided

themselves with citizens' clothing, which had at different times been sent to the prison by friends in the north, and having filled their pockets with bread and dried meat from their boxes, commenced to escape about seven P.M. on the 9th of February, 1864. In order to distract the attention of the guard a dancing party with music was extemporized in the same room. As each one had to pass out in the immediate presence of confederate soldiers when he stepped into the street from the outside of the line, and as the guard were under orders to fire upon a prisoner escaping, without even calling him to halt, the first men who descended into the tunnel wore that quiet gloom so often seen in the army before going into battle. It was a living drama; dancing in one part of the room, dark shadows disappearing through the chimney in another part, and the same shadows reappearing upon the opposite walk, and the sentinel at his post, with a voice that rang out upon the evening air, announcing: "Eight o'clock, Post No. one," and "All is well!" and at the same time a Yankee soldier was passing in his front, and a line of Yankee soldiers were crawling under his feet. The passage was so small that the process of departure was necessarily slow, a few inches of progress only being made at each effort, and to facilitate locomotion outside garments were taken off and pushed forward.

By this time the proceedings had become known to the whole prison, and as the first men emerged upon the street and quietly walked away, seen by hundreds of their fellows who crowded to the windows, a wild excitement and enthusiasm was created, and they rushed down to the chimney clamoring for the privilege of going out. It was the intention of those who constructed the tunnel that no others should leave until the next night, as it might materially diminish their own chances of escape. But the thought of



liberty and pure air, and the death-damp of the dark, loathsome prison, would not allow them to listen to any denial. I then held a parley and it was arranged that the rope upon which we descended into the basement, after the last of the party had passed out, should be pulled up for the space of one hour—then it should be free to all in the prison. Having joined my fortunes with Col. T. S. West, of Wisconsin, we were the last of the party who crawled through. About nine o'clock in the evening we emerged from the tunnel, and cautiously crossing an open yard to an arched drive-way, we stepped out upon the street and walked slowly away, apparently engaged in earnest conversation. As soon as we were out of range of the sentinel's guns we concluded it would be the safest course to turn and pass up through one of the main streets of Richmond, as they would not suspect that prisoners escaping would take that direction. My face being very pale and my beard long, clinging to the arm of Col. West, I assumed the part of a decrepit old man who seemed to be in exceeding ill-health and badly affected with a consumptive cough. In this manner we passed beneath the glaring gas lights, and through the crowded street, without creating a suspicion as to our real character. We met the police, squads of soldiers, and many others who gave me a sympathizing look and stepped aside on account of my apparent infirmities. Approaching the suburbs of the town we retreated into a ravine, which enabled us to leave the city without passing out upon one of the main streets. While in prison I copied McClellan's war map of Virginia which aided us materially in this escape. Our objective points were to cross the Chickahominy above New Bridge, then cross the Yorkville Railroad, then strike and follow down the Williamsburg pike.

After resting and breathing the pure air the first time

for more than four months, we resumed our journey—agreeing not to speak above a whisper—avoiding all houses and roads, and determining our course by the north star. In crossing roads we traveled backwards that the footsteps might mislead our pursuers. We soon came in sight of the main fortification around Richmond, and instantly dropping upon the ground we lay for a long time listening and watching for the presence of sentinels upon that part of the line. Being satisfied that there were none in our immediate front, in the most silent and cautious manner we crossed over the fortification and pursued our way through a tangled forest. Coming to a piece of low ground, tired and exhausted, we lay down to rest. Our attention was soon attracted by the presence of a series of excavations, and on a close examination we found we were resting upon the battlefield of Fair Oaks, and among the trenches in which the Confederates had buried our dead; and, although it was the midnight hour, a strange feeling of safety stole over me, and I felt as if we were among our friends. It was the step and voice of the living that we dreaded. At early dawn (Wednesday) we crossed a brook and went up a hillside of low, thick pines to conceal ourselves and rest during the day. The valley of the Chickahominy lay before us. While in this concealment we saw a blood-hound scenting our steps down to the place where we jumped over the brook, it then went back and returned two or three times, but finally left without attempting to cross the little stream. Later in the evening we went to the river and worked till after midnight to make or find a crossing. The water was deep and cold, and, failing to accomplish our purpose, we turned back to a haystack and covering ourselves with hay rested until the first light of morning (Thursday). Going back to the river we followed down its course until we found a tree

which had fallen nearly across the stream. Discovering a long pole we found that it would just touch the opposite shore from the limbs of this tree. Hitching ourselves carefully along this pole we reached the left bank of the Chickahominy river. We now felt as if escape was possible; but hearing a noise like the approach of troops (for we were satisfied that the enemy's cavalry must be in full pursuit), we fled into a neighboring forest. As we approached the center of a thicket my eye suddenly caught the glimpse of a man watching us from behind the foot of a fallen tree. I concluded that we had fallen into an ambush, but our momentary apprehension was joyfully relieved by the discovery that this new made acquaintance was Col. W. B. McCreary, of Michigan, and with him Maj. Terrence Clark, of Illinois, who were among the first who had gone through the tunnel, and were now passing the day in this secluded place. The Colonel was one of my intimate friends, and when he recognized me he jumped to his feet and threw his arms around me in an ecstasy of delight.

By this time the whole population had been informed of the escape and the country was alive with pursuers. We could distinctly hear the *reveille* of the rebel troops and the hum of their camps. Thus reinforced we agreed to travel in company. It was arranged that one of the four should precede, searching out the way in the darkness and giving due notice of danger. At dark we left our hiding place and cautiously proceeded on our way. Late at night we crossed the railroad running from Richmond to the White House, our second objective point. Here Col. West saw a sentinel sitting close by the railroad asleep, with his gun resting against his shoulder. Just before daybreak we went into a pine wood after traveling a distance of more than twenty miles, and weary and tired we lay down to rest.

The morning (Friday) broke clear and beautiful, but with its bright light came the bugle notes of the enemy's cavalry who were in the pines close by us. We instantly arose and fled away at the top of our speed, expecting every moment to hear the crack of the rifle or the sharp command to halt. We struck a road and about-faced to cross it—the only time that we looked back. We pursued our rapid steps until we came to a dense chaparral, and into this we threaded our way until we reached an almost impenetrable jungle. Crawling into the center we threw ourselves upon the ground completely exhausted. A bird flew into the branches above us as we lay upon our backs, and the words burst from my lips: "Dear little bird! Oh, that I had your wings!" As soon as friendly darkness again returned we moved forward, weary, hungry and footsore, still governed in our course by the north star. During all this toilsome way but few words passed between us, and these generally in low whispers. So untiring was the search, and so thoroughly alarmed and watchful were the population, that we felt that our safety depended upon a bare chance. Again making our way from wood to wood, and avoiding farm houses as best we might, till the light of another morning, we retired to cover in the shade of a thick forest. Saturday night the journey was resumed as usual. It was my turn to act the part of picket and pilot. While rapidly leading the way through a wood of low pines I suddenly found myself in the presence of a cavalry reserve. The men were warming themselves by a blazing fire and their horses were tied to trees around them. I was surprised and alarmed; but recovering my self-possession, I remained motionless and soon perceived that my presence was unobserved. Carefully putting one foot behind the other I retreated out of sight, and rapidly returned to my party. Knowing that

there were videttes sitting somewhere at the front in the dark we concluded to go back about two miles to a plantation, and call at one of the outermost negro houses for information. We returned and I volunteered to make the call while the others remained concealed at a distance.

I approached the door and rapped, and a woman's voice from within asked "who was there." I replied that "I was a traveler and had lost my way, and wished to obtain some information about the road." She directed me to go to another house but I declined to do so, and after some further conversation the door was opened, and I was surprised to find a large, good-looking negro stand by her side, who had been listening to the interview. He invited me to come in, and as soon as the door was closed he said: "I know who you are; you're one of dem 'scaped officers from Richmond." Looking him full in the face, I placed my hand firmly upon his shoulder and said: "I am, and I know you are my friend." His eyes sparkled as he repeated: "Yes, sir; yes, sir; but you mustn't stay here; a reg'ment of cavalry is right thar," pointing to a place near by, "and they pass this road all times of the night." The woman gave me a piece of corn bread and a glass of milk, and the man accompanying me I left the house, and soon finding my companions our guide took us to a secluded spot in a cane-brake, and there explained the situation of the picket in front. It was posted on a narrow neck of land between two impassable swamps, and over this neck ran the main road to Williamsburg. The negro proved to be a sharp, shrewd fellow, and we engaged him to pilot us round this picket. After impressing us in his strongest language with the danger both to him and to us of making the least noise, he conducted us through a long cane-brake path, then through several fields, then directly over the road, crossing between the cavalry reserve and their vi-

dettes, who were sitting upon their horses but a few rods in front, and then took us around to the pike about a mile beyond this last post of the rebels. After obtaining important information from him concerning the way to the front, and giving him a substantial reward, we cordially took his hand in parting. If good deeds are recorded in heaven this slave appeared in the record that night.

The line of the pike was then rapidly followed as far as Diascum River, which was reached just at light Sunday morning. To cross the river without assistance from some quarter was found impossible. We tried to wade through it but failed in the attempt. We were seen by some of the neighboring population which largely increased our danger and trepidation, for we had been informed by our guide that the enemy's scouts came to this point every morning. After a while we succeeded in reaching an island in the river, but could get no farther, finding deep water beyond. We endeavored to construct a raft but failed. The water being extremely cold, and we being very wet and weary, we did not dare attempt to swim the stream; and expecting every moment to see the enemy's cavalry, our hearts sank within us. At this juncture a rebel soldier was seen coming up the river in a row boat with a gun. Requesting my companions to lie down in the grass, I concealed myself in the bushes close to the water to get a good view of the man. Finding his countenance to indicate youth and benevolence I accosted him as he approached. "Good morning; I have been waiting for you; they told me up at those houses that I could get across the stream, but I find the bridge is gone, and I am very wet and cold; and if you will take me over I will pay you for your trouble." The boat was turned in to the shore, and as I stepped into it I knew that boat was mine. Keeping my eye upon his gun I said to him: "there are

three more of us," and they immediately stepped into the boat. "Where do you all come from?" said the boatman seeming to hesitate and consider. We represented ourselves as farmers from different localities on the Chickahominy. "The officers don't like to have me carry men over this river," he said, evidently suspecting who we were. I replied: "That is right; you should not carry soldiers or suspected characters." Then placing my eyes upon him I said: "Pass your boat over!" and it sped to the other shore. We gave him one or two greenbacks and he rapidly returned. We knew that we were discovered and that the enemy's cavalry would very soon be in hot pursuit, therefore we determined, after consultation, to go into the first hiding place, and as near as possible to the river. The wisdom of this course was soon demonstrated. The cavalry crossed the stream, dashed by us, and thoroughly searched the country to the front, not dreaming but we had gone forward. We did not leave our seclusion until about midnight and then felt our way with extreme care. The proximity to Williamsburg was evident from the destruction everywhere apparent in our path. There were no buildings, no inhabitants, and no sound save our own weary footsteps; desolation reigned supreme. Stacks of chimneys stood along our way like sentinels over the dead land.

For five days and six nights, hunted and almost exhausted, with the stars for our guide, we had picked our way through surrounding perils toward the camp fires of our friends. We knew we were near the outpost of the Union troops and began to feel as if our trials were nearly over. But we were now in danger of being shot as rebels by scouting parties of our own army. To avoid the appearance of spies we took the open road, alternately traveling and concealing ourselves that we might recon-

noitre the way. About two o'clock in the morning, coming near the shade of a dark forest that overhung the road, we were startled and brought to a stand by the sharp and sudden command, "Halt!" Looking in the direction whence it proceeded we discovered the dark forms of a dozen cavalymen drawn up in line across the road. A voice came out of the darkness asking "Who are you?" We replied: "We are four travelers." The same voice replied: "If you are travelers come up here!" Moving forward the cavalry surrounded us, and carefully looking at their coats I concluded they were gray, and was nerving myself for a recapture. It was a supreme moment to the soul. One of my companions asked: "Are you Union soldiers?" In broad Pennsylvania language the answer came, "Well we are." In a moment their uniforms changed to a glorious blue, and taking off our hats we gave one long, exultant shout. It was like passing from death unto life. Our hearts filled with gratitude to Him whose sheltering arm had protected us in all that dangerous way. Turning toward Richmond I prayed in my heart that I might have strength to return to my command. I was afterwards in Sherman's advance to Atlanta, the march to the sea and through the Carolinas, entered Richmond with the Western Army, and had the supreme satisfaction of marching my brigade by Libby Prison.

NOTE.—One hundred and nine prisoners escaped through the tunnel that night, of whom fifty-seven reached our lines.



## BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS, AND DEATH OF GENERAL WADSWORTH.

BY CAPTAIN ROBERT MONTEITH, U. S. V.

(Read January 6th, 1886.)

**A**S the last one year and a half of my service in the army was on staff duty, I will endeavor to relate an incident at the battle of the Wilderness, which, although personal to myself, will serve to show the responsibility often imposed upon a staff officer, and the results depending upon his ability to perform the duty required of him.

In the spring of 1864, when Grant crossed the Rapidan and commenced operations "on that line" which took him "all summer" and winter, too, I was serving on the staff of General James S. Wadsworth who commanded the 4th Division of the 5th Army Corps. The army crossed the river in two columns; the right, composed of the 5th and 6th Corps, the left of the 2d Corps. The 5th Corps was the advance of the right column, and crossed the Rapidan at Germanna Ford on the morning of May 4th, followed by the 6th Corps, and bivouacked that night at the Old Wilderness Tavern, a point where the plank road from Germanna Ford intersects the Orange Court House and Fredericksburg turnpike, the 6th Corps camping nearer the river. The 2d Corps crossed further down the river at Ely's Ford, and bivouacked at Chancellorsville. Thus the morning of May 5th found the Army of the Potomac on the south side of the Rapidan, with all its trains, and in that portion of Virginia called the Wilderness.

It is perhaps necessary that the characteristic features

of this region should be fully realized in order to gain a just appreciation of the difficulties attending the performance of duty during the singular and terrible struggle that ensued. The whole face of the country is thickly wooded, with an occasional opening, and intersected by a few narrow wood roads. But the woods of the Wilderness have not the ordinary features of a forest. The original timber had nearly all been cut down, and in its place had arisen a dense undergrowth of low-limbed and scraggy pines, stiff and bristling chincapins, scrub oaks and hazel. It is a region of gloom and the shadow of death. Maneuvering was out of the question; the troops could only receive direction by point of the compass and were soon hidden from the sight of the commander, as no officer could see ten files on either side of him. Artillery was wholly ruled out of use and cavalry still more useless. The dispositions for the continuance of our advance on the 5th of May were made on the supposition that our advance through the Wilderness would not be interfered with, and the two columns were moving a long distance apart, the 5th Corps being ordered to a point on the Orange Court House plank road called Parker's Store, and the 2d Corps to Shady Grove Church, a considerable distance south. The 5th Corps had not advanced far before it met with opposition; the cavalry were driven back by a strong infantry force. When Gen. G. K. Warren, who commanded the 5th Corps, reported this fact to Generals Grant and Meade they said it was but a small force that the enemy had left to watch our movements while the main force sought a new position, and ordered Warren to attack and capture or disperse it. Warren counselled that it would be better to wait the arrival of the 6th Corps; that if but a small force was there it could have but little effect on the great campaign on which we

were entering, and if a large force was found we would be prepared for the emergency; but he was overruled and ordered to attack with the force in hand, and it soon developed that Ewell's whole corps was there, holding a strong position across the turnpike.

In this attack the 5th Corps lost about 3,000 men without being able to accomplish anything, and fell back to the original line held in the morning. It also developed that the other corps of the Confederate army were advancing on the Orange Court House plank road, a road which runs parallel with the turnpike, but about four miles south, and Getty's division of the 6th Corps was ordered forward to get possession of the intersection of the Brock road with the Orange Court House plank road, which is about four miles east of Parker's Store, with orders to hold it at all hazards until the arrival of the 2d Corps, which had been recalled and ordered there by way of the Brock road. This was a strategic point, and the possession of it by the enemy would cut our army in two. Getty, though hard pressed, held his ground until the arrival of Hancock, when an attack was ordered.

The terrible rattle of musketry, distinctly heard at the position held by the 5th Corps, told the deadly work going on in those dense woods. At this time Wadsworth's division was ordered to the support of Hancock, but, as it had to march several miles in line of battle through an interminable thicket, it arrived too late to be of any assistance that day, so the troops lay on their arms all night, in good position to attack in the morning. After our lines had been adjusted satisfactorily and the staff had returned to the General with that information, he remarked "that as our ammunition was pretty well exhausted some one would have to go back to the train for a supply, and also to Gen. Warren for orders," and turning

round to me said: "Capt. Monteith, you had better go." I was soon in the saddle, and accompanied by two orderlies started on my mission, and taking a course due north, with the north star as my guide, came out of the woods at the proper place, went to Gen. Warren's headquarters, received my orders, and then to the ammunition train. Taking ten pack mules, each loaded with two thousand rounds, I started on my return trip, followed by a large number of officers' servants anxious to reach their masters with supplies, horses, etc. I entered the woods at the point where I came out, but could find no guiding star to steer my course by going south, but kept on in what I supposed was the right direction, until I came to an opening and could see the light of fires, and could hear distinctly the noise of troops moving hurriedly forward. Halting my train, I dismounted to reconnoiter, and creeping along the edge of the woods soon discovered that instead of taking the ammunition to our troops I was making straight for the enemy and was then very close to them. I had gone too far to the right.

My anxiety increased, fearing that the animals would make a noise that would betray us to the enemy, or that I might not be able to reach the division in time. I therefore retraced my steps to the north as quickly as possible, got out of the woods, and re-entered them farther to the left, where I found a line of sentinels posted at speaking distance to serve as a guide to persons desiring to reach the front; but this had been done subsequent to my leaving. I reached the division about three o'clock in the morning, and had barely time to distribute the ammunition when it was the hour to attack, and a bloody battle followed in which all the ammunition was required. This was the most anxious night spent during my service, and the task the most important and difficult to perform.

At early dawn on the morning of the 6th our division moved forward to the attack, and striking the enemy in the flank drove them back across the plank road, then wheeling to the right drove them west on the plank road for a mile or more. Here a halt was called to reform our line, but now the enemy's reinforcements came up, and, although various trials were made during the forenoon, no farther advance could be made.

I shall always remember the heroic conduct of Gen. Wadsworth on this occasion; how he led his troops forward on that plank road, but the gallant example which would have been invaluable in open ground, could only be seen by those near him, and was lost to those hidden in the thicket. There was then a lull in the engagement for some time—until about twelve o'clock; during this time I was alone with the General. He told me that he felt completely exhausted and worn out; that he was unfit to command, and felt that he ought, in justice to himself and his men, to turn the command of the division over to Gen. Cutler. He asked me to get him a cracker, which I did. I have often thought since, that had a little more time been afforded he might have retired from the command, and thus the life of this brave and patriotic soldier been spared. But now the attack of Longstreet commenced, and in a few minutes the troops on our left gave way, and our line was forced into the retreat, although the most heroic efforts were made by Gen. Wadsworth to stem the current. His last words to me were: "I will throw these two regiments on their flank," meaning the 56th Pennsylvania and 76th New York, "and you hurry forward the 1st Brigade," and in this effort he fell with a bullet through his head, and the whole line was driven back to the ground occupied by the 2d Corps in the morning. Thus ended the battle of the Wilderness, a battle which no man could see,

and whose progress could only be followed by the ear, as the sharp and crackling volleys of musketry and the alternate Union cheer and confederate yell told how the fight surged and swelled. The battle continued two days, but decided nothing, and its only result appeared in the tens of thousands of dead and wounded in blue and gray that lay in the thick woods.

## AMONG THE PONTOONS AT FITZHUGH CROSSING.

By LIEUT. THERON W. HAIGHT, U. S. V.

(Read December 7th, 1887.)

**I**T may be well to state at the outset of this paper that inaccuracies may be expected in it. What is proposed to be given is the impression made on my memory by the events of a night and succeeding morning, of which there is no complete record in existence anywhere, so far as I know; and in recalling the incidents of which I have only the assistance of a meagre pocket diary, with brief entries made while I was exhausted by labor and want of sleep. Human memory is not wholly reliable at best, and I cannot hope that my own recollections of a portion of the preliminary work before the battle of Chancellorsville will be all that one could desire, since the greater engagement so soon eclipsed the smaller ones; and, especially, since the closing of my term of service, a few weeks after that time, brought into view the home which I had not seen for more than two years, and which I was still boy enough to regard as the one object of the heart's profoundest aspiration and affection.

I was in command of my company on the night of the 28th of April, 1863. The captain was suffering from the effects of wounds received eight months before in the battles about Bull Run, where the company had felt the focal fire of Longstreet's and Jackson's troops in the memorable charge of the last day's fighting on that historic ground. Of about fifty of us who had participated in that desperate effort, and in the conflict of the night before at Groveton, only five could be found to answer to

the calling of their names on the occasion of the bi-monthly muster of August 31, 1862, the next day after the failure to carry the old railroad embankment. Of course, a number of our men who had been absent in hospital or on detached service during the events of Pope's North Virginia campaign, with others who had recovered from the effects of wounds received at that time, had returned to their duties in the field; but we were still unable to bring more than forty men to the front, for recruiting of old regiments was not then much in fashion, and reorganization for the war was unknown. We had marched on that warm April day of which I am speaking from our old camp at Acquia Creek to Falmouth, and from Falmouth a few miles down the north bank of the Rappahannock, and had composed ourselves at nightfall for a sleep, such as soldiers know how to enjoy and appreciate after a whole day of wearisome work and travel. Before we had resigned ourselves to slumber, however, an order was received to be in instant readiness to march again, and we reluctantly gave up the idea of rest. At about ten o'clock in the evening the command was given to fall in, and the ranks were immediately formed, no one among us knowing where we were to go or when we would stop.

As a matter of fact, we did stop at a distance of thirty or forty rods from our starting point. Those who can recall any personal experience of the moving of armies by night, especially in the east and during the first two years of the war, do not need to be reminded that one of the first orders given to troops after getting fairly started on the road was to halt, and that after this order there was generally a season of confusion and impatience, lasting for what seemed an almost interminable time, before it became clear to the minds of the officers in charge what the course of the march should be, and how it ought to be



carried forward. This occasion was no exception to the general rule, and after standing in the ranks for a while, waiting for the official intellect to clear itself enough to assume direction of affairs, the boys began to rest themselves by sitting down, and at last many of them were asleep on the ground when another instruction for forward movement was received; and directly, in the darkness of the warm spring evening, the whole valley filled with vapors from the river and its damp shores, we groped and stumbled along as we were guided until the road was found occupied with a long train of pontoons and their appurtenances for bridge building. The pontoons were of wood, large and heavy as they had to be in order to sustain, after being anchored in a river, the timbers connecting them with one another, the plank road resting upon those timbers, and the heavy guns to be drawn over the bridges thus constructed. Our brigade (the one made picturesque by our "red-legged" comrades of the Brooklyn 14th, and by the bright trappings of the Harris Light Cavalry and of Gibbons' regular battery, the one which was then numbered *first*, of the 1st Division of the 1st Army Corps) turned aside and marched along until it was abreast of the train, when the infantry were halted and ordered to unload the boats.

The way in which volunteer soldiers used to undertake such a piece of work is a familiar memory to all participants in the great internecine conflict. Though the pontoons were awkward things to handle they were speedily lifted from their trucks and deposited alongside of the road. With the quick perception of the soldiers of those days it became understood by all that this act was preliminary to a silent crossing of the Rappahannock, and that the cumbrous boats were to be conveyed to the river shore by the hands of the soldiers themselves, in order to

avoid giving that information to the enemy which would have been conveyed by the noise of the unwieldy train, if that had rumbled down to the water with its usual accompaniment of clattering timber, of shrieking mules, and of swearing drivers. Therefore the further orders to carry this wagon train load of heavy boats and timbers was not at all unexpected, and the work was cheerfully undertaken by the men, who had no idea, however, of the distance which they were to overcome. Planks and beams from the train were laid on the ground transversely to the line of march. The muskets and other impedimenta were disposed of to the best practicable advantage. The flat-bottomed pontoons were lifted over upon the cross timbers, each end of each bearing plank or timber was hoisted breast high by a brave and willing pair of hands, and the long lines of men moved forward with the boats borne between them. For some time the march was continued in silence, as had been intended from the first, but as the long minutes wore on, with no signs of shore apparent, the burden of carriage became too great for the soldiers' strength. Obligated by the compulsion of fatigue to stop sometimes for rest, the intervals of marching forward became shorter, and voices had to be used to prevent irregularity in lowering the boats as well as to halt those in the rear of a group too tired to proceed farther. With every fresh effort the burden became less tolerable, and occasionally a man, who had strained every nerve to keep up with his fellows, would collapse and leave a vacancy, the filling of which was sure to cause more or less confusion. Finally the officers had to take hold with the men and silence became impracticable. Hour after hour we struggled along, stumbling, cursing, and panting for breath under the ponderous burdens. It seemed as though the river was withdrawing from us and could never be reached. The damp

meadows over which we were groping our way became as mortar under our feet. Man after man dropped to the ground unable to sustain the work. Morning was coming on apace and still no sign of the Rappahannock. The babbling of many tongues swelled up from the ranks, and from the distant hills came the sound of cock-crowing, the precursor of breaking day.

It was evident that the intended surprise of the rebel works across the river could not be accomplished, and that, without the help of the trains, the pontoons could not be brought to the river before daylight. So the wagons were brought up, the boats and timbers reloaded, and our all-night work cast aside as naught. A thick fog covered the river as we reached the shore with the pontoon train at our elbows, and again the work of unloading was begun. So thick was the dank river-cloud in which we were enveloped that we could see only a few yards away when the increasing daylight turned its dense darkness to a ghostly white. We were at a narrow section of the river locally known as Fitzhugh's Crossing, and from the top of the bluffs on the opposite side we could hear the taunting salutations of the rebels, who promised to fill us with lead as soon as they should be able to see us. There was, in fact, good reason to suppose that these promises would be made good to all intents and purposes. The line of rifle-pits occupied by the enemy on the opposite bluffs was of a somewhat more workmanlike character than was generally shown in their defenses of that character. Following the bends of the river, the main ditch was of the ordinary depth and width of our own rifle pits, with the excavated soil thrown towards the river in suchwise as to protect the occupants to the height of nearly five feet. The river fog was slowly dissolving, and if we should become visible from the bluffs across the river before our

pontoons should be deposited at the water's edge we would undoubtedly prove easy victims to the aim of a line of riflemen firing over an earthwork as high as their shoulders. We therefore worked industriously to accomplish our task, and before the fog had grown thin enough to be seen through from the other side of the river, the pontoons were placed on the shore with their noses in the water and the planks and connecting timbers deposited in heaps behind them. In the meantime a scattering fire of the confederate infantry had been opened upon us at random, but without any effect until the work of unloading was completed. By this time the sun had risen and outlines of moving objects could be distinguished from one bank to the other. A sharp fusilade from the other bank was experienced and bullets whistled about our ears and tore up the ground in our immediate vicinity, though I do not remember any casualties in our regiment from this source. A few shots were then fired from our own side, but we were directly ordered to fall back and cease firing. Sleepily and wearily we obeyed, but without taking the trouble to form ranks. Twenty-four hours of almost continuous strain on nerve and muscle had changed the majority of us into half inert quantities of flesh and bones. We lay down on the ground, as favorable places were discovered, without exerting ourselves so far as to get out of musket range of the enemy. The 4th Brigade of our division—known among us then as the Wisconsin Brigade, but afterwards renowned throughout the west as the Old Iron Brigade—marched down past us, and a sufficient number of the boys filled some of the boats amidst the pattering of bullets from the earthworks on the southern bank. Gen. Wadsworth, eagle-eyed and white-haired, leaped into the stern of one of the pontoons, dragging his horse after him by the bridle. Our batteries from behind us made the

air over the rebel line white with exploding shells, so that they were glad to keep their heads under shelter, and the troops pushed across while the rebel batteries from the hills beyond threw their exploding shells over the river for our own entertainment.

It was a splendid sight to see the little blue-coated crowd rush up the bank along with the white-headed general, and a few moments afterwards to see the rebels swarm out of their rifle pits into the open, chased hotly by the vigorous boys from the west. Some dozens of Confederates took refuge in a barn on the open plateau, but a few well-directed shells sent into the building were an inducement for them to come out and give themselves up. About a hundred prisoners were taken from among the occupants of the rifle-pits, and the 1st Brigade was still trying to get a little sleep between the fires of the opposing batteries. About noon, however, the bridges were completed, and we were ordered across to take our places in the late rebel works, which followed the windings of the Rappahannock for a long distance on the crest of the river bank. But our labors were not completed even then. Far into the succeeding night the boys toiled with spades and pickaxes, throwing the earth, which had been piled up at the side of the rifle-pits toward the river, over upon the other side of the entrenchment, as a defense on our own front. Then we were permitted to take a rest, which was enjoyed until the order arrived, a few days after, for the 1st Corps to recross the river and march to Chancellorsville.

The time seems to have arrived when it is considered good form to sneer at the Union soldiers of the civil war. Even men who fought bravely in the field, and endured manfully the hardships and privations of campaigning, are often ashamed to speak of that part of their past his-

tory, as though there was something about the matter for which they ought rightfully to suffer blame and reproach. This does not seem to me reasonable or profitable from a patriotic standpoint. The young men of 1861 were of the same blood as the young men of to-day, and the latter doubtless have brawn, brain and temper like those of the generation by which the country's integrity was saved, and under similar circumstances would comport themselves as their fathers and elder brothers did in the war to suppress the rebellion. But it fell to the lot of that generation to face death in a thousand forms for the accomplishment of their supremely patriotic purpose; and, if that fact is to their credit, let credit be given them. If discreditable, let us together accept the discredit. In the present paper I have recalled an incident in which fighting does not occupy a prominent place, in order to show that the battlefield was not the only scene of soldier life in which pluck was required and exposure to danger occurred. Of the men who helped carry the pontoons at Fitzhugh's Crossing nearly all were disabled to a greater or less extent by the night's work, and some were struck with death. I think that not a half a dozen of the whole number of my own company ("K," of the 24th N. Y.) are alive at this time, and none of us are in as sound bodily health as we should have been but for that night's experience. Of course, we would not be eligible to the pension list on that account if we needed pensions; for among us all, in the darkness and under the benumbing influence of sleeplessness, who could testify that he knew his comrade's ever-diminishing hold upon healthful life certainly began at that precise time? There were more things in the campaign life of a soldier than are dreamt of in the philosophy of a pension legislator.

## THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND UNDER BUELL.

By **LIEUT. EDWARD FERGUSON, U. S. V.**

(Read December 5, 1888.)

**O**N the 8th day of October, 1861, the reorganized 1st Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers was mustered into the United States service, and on the 22d of that month was ordered to proceed to Louisville and report to Gen. Wm. T. Sherman, then in command of the Department of the Cumberland. As I am to contribute something from my personal recollections of the Army of the Cumberland under Buell, and as a member of the regiment referred to performed all of my second term of active service within the period that the army was so commanded, I will endeavor to comply so far with the request as to give, from the standpoint of a young and obscure unit of that army, a brief sketch of such matters as came within my personal observation or knowledge. In doing this I must necessarily confine myself almost wholly to my regimental surroundings; but, as many of you will remember, this army passed much of its first year of service in isolated detachments, coming together as an army on not more than two or three occasions after the occupation of Nashville, and the range of vision of most of us was therefore about equally limited. If I appear to dwell too much, therefore, upon my local surroundings, let this be taken somewhat as my excuse, and the balance attributed to my pride in belonging to an organization that acquitted itself so well in the engagement that was so disastrous to the reputation of its army commander.

The 1st Wisconsin arrived at Jeffersonville, Ind., oppo-

site Louisville, on the 30th of October, and while camped at that point, and acquiring by severe and constant drill the rudiments of its service education, the change in army commanders occurred which marks the period we are now recalling. On the 9th of November, 1861, General Order No. 97, War Department, discontinued the Department of the Cumberland and constituted the Department of Ohio, assigning Gen. Buell to its command, and that general assumed command on the 15th. The day before this change in commanders was consummated the 1st Wisconsin struck tents at Jeffersonville, and crossing the river by ferry marched through Louisville and proceeded down the river by steamer to West Point, a fortified point at the mouth of Salt River. December 2d Gen. Buell issued an order giving brigade and division organization to the troops under his command, and the 1st was assigned to Gen. Negley's 7th Brigade (much to the gratification of those of us who had served under him during our three months' service) of Gen. McCook's 2d Division. On the 3d we left West Point to join the main body gathering about Camp Nevin, and began the series of severe marches that marked the regiment's first year of service.

The months following were uneventful, until the fall of Fort Donelson opened the gate to Nashville, when we marched into that capital with the main body of the army, where we remained until April 2d. As Gen. Negley was assigned to duty at Columbus, we were not permitted to share the honor obtained by that portion of our army that participated in the engagement at Pittsburg Landing, and grumbled not a little at the assignment to "cracker line" duty.

When, however, four of our companies were permitted to take part in what proved to be the first expedition to Chattanooga, we that were selected felt that there were



compensations in every lot, for the air of mystery that surrounded this expedition from its commencement until we arrived opposite Chattanooga, the beautiful scenery, and the quiet and peace of a country heretofore unvisited by our army, gave it an element of romance that was very agreeable after the humdrum routine of the past few months.

From Columbus to Fayetteville, through Winchester, Cowan and Jasper, and up and along a ridge of the Cumberland Mountains, Negley's command moved rapidly, being cumbered with no unnecessary baggage or supplies, and arrived opposite Chattanooga on the evening of June 7th, having met with no serious obstacle to our progress, excepting a skirmish between our advance and a brigade of the enemy at Jasper, and that causing us but little delay.

A bombardment of the city began immediately upon our arrival, with such field pieces as the mountain road permitted us to bring with us, and was renewed in the morning. This, together with the feigned attempts to cross the river that night, accomplished what we afterwards understood to be the object of the expedition, as the constant whistling of locomotives during the night announced the arrival of large reinforcements from Cumberland Gap, the point we were to relieve by drawing troops to the defense of Chattanooga and thus permit the capture of the Gap by our Gen. Morgan. The return trip began the morning of June 8th, without anyone waiting for his second cup of coffee, and accomplished with a celerity that proved that a soldier is tougher than a mule, for while but a very small number of soldiers succumbed to the severities of that 270 mile march, every team of our supply train came back with less than its complement of mules. We rejoined our regiment at Stevenson, Ala., and a few days rest and full rations soon placed us in condition

for the usual round of duties, which consisted, as with most of our army at that time, of guard duty on the line of the railroad, with frequent raids in pursuit of mythical cavalry and other walks for our health sake, until August 19th, when Gen. Bragg having commenced his march of invasion, with Nashville as his supposed objective point, we were taken to that city, packed in and on top of box cars. This was so new and agreeable an experience after our long marches that we who were on top of the cars, sinking our fears of bush whackers picking us off on the one hand, or the cars pitching us off the old rickety track on the other, enjoyed to the full a night's ride at the frightful rate of speed of perhaps five or ten miles an hour. At Nashville a new brigade was organized, with our Col. Starkweather in command, and assigned to Rousseau's Division of McCook's Corps as the 28th Brigade. The race with Gen. Bragg to Louisville ended, we had a glimpse of "home and friends once more" in the persons of our new comrades but old friends of the 21st and 24th Wisconsin regiments, and the former regiment was assigned to our brigade. The morning of October 1st saw the "Army of the Cumberland under Buell" start on its last campaign under that designation, and with full confidence in its ability to capture Gen. Bragg's army if he could be overtaken, but this seemed likely to prove too much for us. The marches during the following seven days were so irritatingly slow and apparently purposeless, the weather so warm and the roads so dusty, and to add to it all the supply of water so poor and scanty, I do not doubt that the vigor of attack and stubbornness of resistance on the part of that portion of the army that participated in the battle of the 8th was largely due to the fact that its blood was up with the mercury. With several other of my "tenderfooted" brethren, I had as a result of blistered feet and indisposi-

tion to active exercise, the latter caused by drinking stagnant water, been compelled, I think for the first time in my army experience, to seek the shelter of an ambulance on the morning of the battle, and found its cushioned seats or cots much more comfortable than later in the day. As we drew near the point of the subsequent battle the sound of heavy firing in the front caused a general stampede from the ambulance, each being eager to join his regiment before its location should be changed, and in passing along the line I was struck with the air of confidence that seemed to pervade the whole line. The army was certainly ready for battle if the commander was, and every order was obeyed cheerfully and with alacrity.

Starkweather's Brigade, having arrived at an eminence near a belt of wood, and the firing having almost ceased and no large body of the enemy appearing near, was ordered to rest, but not straggle, and many availed themselves of the opportunity to regale themselves with a light lunch.

Gen. Rousseau soon interrupted this frugal repast with an order to take the position assigned us, and we were marched by the flank to the crest of a ridge that gave us an unobstructed view in all directions, with the exception of our front, where a piece of wood, several hundred yards from our position, immediately claimed our attention. Starkweather's Brigade, on the left of the whole line, and the 1st Wisconsin on the left of the brigade, supporting Bush's Indiana and Stone's Kentucky Batteries, had little time for meditation, for Jackson's Division, or that part of it sent out to break the first force of the attack, was soon being driven down upon us through the woods, and the singing of stray bullets over our heads, that seem more trying to the nerves than when more actively engaged, reminded us that our work was being cut out

for us. Here let me digress to mention an incident that did much to arouse the enthusiasm of our men, if aught had been needed.

Gen. Rousseau, our division commander, and a brave as well as loyal Kentuckian, seemed inspired with all that is best in the state's right devotion to the state of one's birth, and with a courage that seemed almost foolhardy, in his desire to impress upon us the importance of clearing his state of invaders, rode down our line, and, twirling his hat upon his sword-point, called out to our men: "Now, boys, you stand by me, and I will by you, and we will whip — out of them!" The effect was not lost, but inspired all with an appreciation of the importance of our position and a determination to hold it if possible. That resolution was soon put to the test, for the scattering of Jackson's force, followed soon after by our 21st Wisconsin, left no organized body between the enemy and the two batteries that had been shelling them vigorously ever since their first appearance through the trees.

It is due to the 21st Wisconsin to say here, as every one familiar with the facts said at the time, that no discredit could attach to their conduct in that engagement. It was a new regiment, almost entirely unacquainted with the simplest battalion movements, and when they had fought as well as they could in such a position, there was nothing left for them but to get into the position in their own way that they would have been taken to more deliberately had they been familiar with battalion movements. Many of them rallied on our line and fought well with our regiment, while many of them I fear lost their lives in the shower of grape and canister now being poured out by the batteries on the rapidly advancing enemy. The guns were worked as long as men enough were left to load and fire, and then were left to our care. With the order

to rise came one to fire, and both were obeyed promptly by all but the poor fellows whose call had come while lying as close to the ground as circumstances permitted. The dense cloud of smoke from the rapid discharge of cannon and advancing musketry hid the enemy with an almost impenetrable veil, but they were near enough to leave no doubt as to where a shot would do most good, and they seemed to be able to calculate with equal accuracy as the first shot was the last that many of our men were permitted to fire, and nearly half the regiment was swept away by the shower of bullets that poured in from the advancing column and during the brief but savage struggle that ensued for the possession of the guns. The contents of a "buck and ball" cartridge apparently, from coming at the same instant, here interfered with my usefulness to either the regiment or myself, and if I had had any intention of walking off the field, which I had not, a further perforation, this time of my foot, would have settled that question.

The memory of the almost intolerable thirst and pain that followed, the being gathered up in a blanket by sympathizing comrades and friends, and transported as tenderly as possible in an ambulance to the deserted house taken as a field hospital, is much clearer than the more important events that followed. So also was impressed upon my mind the picture of the examining surgeon's cot in front of the house, with its flaming torch to aid him in his examination of the wounds that determined the assignment; the being placed upon a large bed already occupied by a one-armed comrade, while the floor was literally covered with improvised beds containing other specimens of shattered humanity. One thing I am glad to remember is that of all that number of wounded men not one was bemoaning his lot, but each appeared to be trying to outdo the other in absurd remarks that would call out a

burst of laughter. Occasionally a careless attendant would stumble in the half darkness over some recumbent form and call forth a volley of — remonstrances, but it would so soon be followed by the ready laugh at some new suggestion of the advantage in having a limited number of sound members, that the general cheerfulness was preserved during the waking hours of that long night.

But I find I have made this sketch more personal in its character than I had intended in one direction, though I confess to an intention of making it personal in another. That any man who suffered loss from the results of that battle, and which many of us believe were due to preventable causes for which the army commander was alone responsible, should feel somewhat bitterly towards him, even at this late day, is, perhaps, not strange; but I have never seen what appeared to me a reasonable explanation of the mildness of the censure of his conduct in that campaign. That so many lives should have been lost with so little to show in the way of results, and so needlessly, in view of the large number of unengaged troops, only awaiting the command to go to the aid of the almost overpowered troops of McCook's Corps, would seem to demand that the responsible army commander should suffer some severer penalty than being simply relieved of his command. If the statement, current in the army at that time, that he was said to have made, that "McCook had gotten himself into the scrape by disobeying his positive orders not to bring on a general engagement, and could now get out of it himself," was in any degree true, no punishment could have been too severe for him. That he was not popular with his troops has been generally attributed to his being too severe a disciplinarian, but I think I will be borne out in the assertion by most of those who served under him that that was not the true reason. I do not know of any respect in which he excelled most of

our army commanders in requiring proper discipline; but he had the unfortunate faculty, probably due to his want of confidence in, or contempt for, volunteers as soldiers, of arousing the antagonism of his troops by the general tone of his orders and the contemptuous remarks on their want of discipline, publicly and freely attributed to him.

That this army afterwards, under more trusting and trusted commanders; won for itself a name for valor and discipline, was due more largely to the different methods of his successors than to his (Gen. Buell's) organizing power, for it was the universal experience in our late war, that the volunteer soldier could be led by justice, kindness and sympathy up to any point of excellence, but was made sullen and disobedient by what was thought to be injustice or tyranny. That the army displayed the best qualities at Pittsburg Landing and Perryville is attributable to the fact that it fought under the eye and direction of its immediate corps or division commanders; and I know I am not alone in saying, that though with my regiment through the whole year, I never, to my knowledge, saw Gen. Buell either on the march or field. It could be said of him, as of but few of our army commanders, that he had but few adherents or friends and was apparently indifferent to that fact. That this was not due to his being a regular army officer is evident from the fact that Gen. Thomas, also a regular officer and with the reserve that such training gives, was beloved by the whole army, and could be known and spoken of familiarly as "Pap Thomas" without loss of either dignity or the most profound respect. To this noble man, brave and discreet soldier and perfect commander, the Army of the Cumberland always turned in time of trouble or disaster, and finally its prayer was granted, and it became the "Army of the Cumberland under Thomas."

## OUR THIRD CLASS COMPANIONS.

By GEN. LUCIUS FAIRCHILD, U. S. V.

(Read January 5th, 1887.)

NO subject could be presented to a gathering of Companions of the Loyal Legion which would meet with more interest than the one you have asked me to read a paper upon at this meeting. No members of our society are held in higher esteem than our Third Class Companions. To them we give our most earnest fraternal love; and whenever they honor us with their presence at our meetings, a warm welcome always awaits them.

We love and honor them for services which, in their way, were as valuable, as necessary to success, as those rendered in the field to sustain the cause for which you fought, for which many of you shed your blood, and for which each of you would have given his life, had that last greatest sacrifice been demanded by fate.

It needs no words of mine to demonstrate the utter uselessness of armies in the field, no matter how large, how well equipped, nor how enthusiastic or brave they may be, without the material support and encouragement which can only come from the united effort of a patriotic body of citizens in civil life at home. That the most efficient army that ever marched would soon be utterly useless for effective campaign work, unless it received the earnest support of the people for whom it was fighting, is proven by all history. It is, indeed, self-evident.

You who were so lately hotly engaged in a war of gigantic magnitude, you who were a part of that great union army that mustered three millions of freemen in its ranks, know that, without this, whatever efforts you and



your comrades may have put forth, however brave you may have been, however zealous and earnest, however generous in the expenditure of your heart's blood, however fierce the battles fought, however numerous temporary victories—there could, there would have but one ending of that horrible civil war; permanent success could not and would not have been with you; the contest could have closed but with one result. The blessed political union of the states of this blessed republic must have been dissolved in blood. That which we fondly call our country, and dearly love as the home of liberty and fraternity among men, would long before this have been blotted from the list of nations.

I hardly dare think what would have taken its place, but I am certain that the patriotic men at the front, and the no less patriotic citizens at home, saved this land and this people from utter and irretrievable ruin; saved our fellow citizens of the states which attempted to secede from the results of their folly.

Ours was the only war of the world wherein the defeated party gained the greater victory, reaped the greater benefit from the results of the war. I believe that to be so; aye, I think I know it to be true; and you who aided so largely in accomplishing that great victory, in conferring this inestimable benefit upon those who were in arms against the Union, have the deep comfort of knowing that your former enemies in the field, now once more your fellow citizens, have not suffered in any material interest nor in any political good. You now know that what was believed by the Confederates to be a crushing, terrible disaster, was such a blessing as rarely comes to a people. The new, free South will attest it.

But I am wandering a little from the subject of the toast. I have said this much, Mr. Commander, only to

set forth the reasons for our love and veneration for our brothers who, though they neither handled the rifle nor the sword, were, in all those bloody days, in the truest sense, our comrades.

To illustrate in some permanent way their highest appreciation of the patriotic endeavors of these fellow citizens, and to honor the Loyal Legion by having the names of a few representative men of this great body enrolled among its members, the founders of this society resolved to institute a Third Class membership, giving each Commandery the right to elect "gentlemen in civil life who during the rebellion were especially distinguished for conspicuous and consistent loyalty to the national government, and who were active and eminent in maintaining the supremacy of the same." The number of such members cannot exceed the ratio of one to thirty-three of the first class.

Who are the men elected as such companions? When I have read to you some of their names and records in brief, each of you may at once say to himself, "I know many such men, with a record as patriotic." Well, thank God, you can truthfully say this. If you could not, we should not to-night rejoice in a restored Union. Remember that but very few such gentlemen can be elected to a membership in the Loyal Legion. Those selected by the suffrages of the companions represent many thousands more who were in like manner efficient workers for the republic during the war.

Let us for a few minutes look at the roll and some of its names. By chance, I first take up the roll of Illinois, and I find first on the list of Third Class companions the name of

Elihu B. Washburn. What need I say as to the record of this gentleman? His name stands for all that goes to

make up a patriotic, honest citizen of this republic. Nine times a member of congress, serving in that capacity during the war with such efficiency that none in all the broad land stood before him in usefulness to his country.

Ezra B. McCagg was one of the earliest members of the United States Sanitary Commission and president of the Northwestern branch. I quote from his record. "He was a constant, every-day worker, and with his clear head, good judgment, and unfailing industry, did more than words can ever tell to make that organization what it was to our armies in the field." His services are well known and highly appreciated by tens of thousands of veterans.

The Michigan Commandery has happily chosen Gen. James E. Pittman, a gentleman who gave himself with rare fidelity and zeal to the work of raising, organizing, equipping, and drilling troops. As paymaster general, inspector general, and member of the state military board, he was closely identified with all the measures which had so much to do with placing well organized Michigan troops promptly into the field. His Michigan companions say of him, that "there was no more zealous, earnest, unselfish and patriotic friend of the great cause."

The young Commandery of Minnesota has given to our rolls the names of two of her most distinguished citizens:

Alexander Ramsey, the first war governor of the state, and afterwards a member of the United States senate. No man in all this land labored more patriotically for the Union than did Governor Ramsey.

Henry M. Rice was United States senator from Minnesota during the first two years of the war; and, as a member of the Committee on Military Affairs, was enabled to give most efficient service to our country. Throughout

the struggle he was always patriotic, always efficient, and always helpful.

The New York Commandery has elected :

Gen. Samuel C. Vanderpool, who, as surgeon-general of New York, efficiently organized the medical departments of over two hundred regiments, and served as volunteer surgeon at the front. He was especially thanked by the Secretary of War for valuable aid rendered.

Dr. Lewis B. Steiner was elected because of efficient and long-continued services in the Sanitary Commission. He occupied in that organization prominent positions, and gave most valuable aid to our armies.

Gen. Franklin Townsend, with the advantage of long experience in the militia of New York, was, during the war, enabled to render especially valuable services. This he did so zealously as to command the attention of his fellow citizens.

Gen. John B. Woodward was conspicuous for active loyalty during the war; he was always foremost in all movements for the benefit of our soldiers and sailors, thus rendering services in aid of the Union cause not easily to be forgotten.

Gen. John Meredith Reed, as adjutant general of New York, rendered most efficient service in organizing the New York regiments. He worked with patriotic zeal until he was literally broken down and worn out.

L. B. Wyman took such a lively interest in the welfare of the members of various New York regiments, and their families at home, that, at an early day, in recognition of his conspicuous services, he was elected a companion.

Gen. John Watts De Peyster, Sr., won the honorable distinction of being the recipient of the only brevet-major-generalship ever conferred, after debate, by a special law of his native state. It was conferred for "meritorious

services rendered to the National Guard, and to the United States, prior to and during the rebellion."

The Commandery of the District of Columbia has added to the list :

H. B. Anthony, United States senator from Rhode Island, whose record during the war is well known to you all. His eminent services in the senate and his untiring efforts in his own state rendered him conspicuous for loyalty.

Gen. Chester A. Arthur, late President of the United States, was elected in recognition of the invaluable services he rendered as quartermaster general of New York, in equipping and forwarding troops from that state during the war.

S. J. Kirkwood was one of the war governors of Iowa, and in that position gave most valuable services to the Union.

Charles Knapp testified to his love for the Union by presenting a fully equipped battery of light artillery to the Government; and he rendered constant and kindly aid to our soldiers in the field.

The Massachusetts Commandery has added to the order :

Franklin Brigham Fay, who was especially prominent in self-sacrificing and most efficient care of the sick and wounded at the front. He was the organizer and chief of the Auxiliary Relief Corps of the Sanitary Commission in the field, in May, 1864.

John Murray Forbes was conspicuous for his earnest and efficient helpfulness during the war. He was constantly active in many ways in aiding to maintain the supremacy of the national government.

Edward Wilkinson Kinsley was the friend and trusted agent of Governor John A. Andrew, and rendered patriotic

service by his careful supervision of Massachusetts troops in the field.

Henry P. Kidder was generous in his gifts of money for the support of all loyal interests. With an unselfish love for his country, he gave freely his time and money, and, without faltering, he always labored for the Union cause.

Colonel Henry Lee rendered distinguished services as lieutenant colonel and aid-de-camp on the staff of the governor of Massachusetts, from July 12th, 1861, to June, 1864. He was especially active in furthering the formation of regiments in 1861. No man led him in earnest efforts to give to the national government loyal support. Always and everywhere Colonel Lee was prompt and untiring in the discharge of his duty.

James Lovell Little rendered devoted service by personal efforts to recruit men for the army, and by his constant care of the soldiers and their families. Those who were especially kind to the wives and children of the comrades at the front have a warm place in the hearts of all who were in the service, and Companion Little could have no better passport to our fraternal love.

Gen. Edward Carrington Mauran was adjutant-general of the state of Rhode Island during the war, and in the administration of his office displayed such zeal and distinguished ability as to win the thanks of the general assembly of his state and the esteem of his fellow citizens.

Henry Little Pierce was a leader in all efforts to recruit our armies and maintain our finances. His prominence and influence gave to him the opportunity to be most useful to the cause of the Union, and he never failed to put forth his best efforts in that direction.

General John Hooper Reed gave such devoted and efficient service as quartermaster general of the state of

Massachusetts during the whole period of the war that his companions gladly welcomed him to a membership in the Loyal Legion.

Alexander Hamilton Rice, ex-governor of Massachusetts, in private and public life lost no opportunity to do all that was possible for the national cause. He was one of the founders of the National Soldiers' Home, at Quincy, and has been for many years president of the board having charge of that excellent institution.

Joseph Brown Thomas, by his services as a member of a committee on safety in California, in 1861, by his generous contributions to the Sanitary and Christian Commissions during the war, by his earnest and liberal support of all soldiers' charitable funds, and by his untiring efforts to aid in maintaining the supremacy of the national government, won his position in our society.

John Codman Ropes was earnest in unflinching loyalty during the war, giving to the troops in the field every assistance in his power, and giving always such evidence of his patriotic love for his country and his confidence in the final success of our armies, that all within the sphere of his influence were encouraged. An exceptionally diligent student and able writer on all subjects relating to the war, he is constantly rendering valuable service to his companions and to all interested in such matters.

The Ohio Commandery first elected James E. Murdoch. I need not tell you how, during the whole war, he gave himself up as absolutely to the country as any soldier in the field. He gave readings in all the cities of the North, in the soldiers' hospitals, in the camps of the army in the field—wherever there was money to be raised or fainting courage to be cheered; and his devotion to the sick and wounded soldiers, even more than his talents and acquirements, endeared Mr. Murdoch to the popular heart and

made his name a household word in thousands of homes in the North. The amount of good which he did can scarcely be estimated. We all hope that, blessed with good health, he may be spared many years to enjoy his well-won honors.

William Edwards was prominent in active efforts, in almost every direction, to aid the Union cause, giving freely of his time and money. "Now he was aiding in originating and starting the Soldiers' Aid Society of Northern Ohio, the first organization of that kind started in the Union. Now he was devoting his days and nights for weeks in the great Northern Ohio Sanitary Fair, which added many thousands of dollars to that charitable fund, himself the leading spirit in it, next, at all events, to the noble women engaged in that enterprise; now he was at the front beside a sick brother in the service; now he was at home helping to start an afterward valuable officer; now in close consultation with the governor or military men of high rank; now on the street cheering his fellow-citizens to renewed efforts for carrying on the war; now seeing to it that neither our home soldiers, nor veterans passing through, should leave Cleveland with empty stomachs; now from his own purse bestowing 'the sweet charities of a gracious christianity' upon the families of soldiers, and always leading, not lagging, in all discreet efforts for the maintenance of the Union." Such is his official record.

William Bingham was an active and most efficient member of the military committee of his congressional district, and chairman of such a committee for Cuyahoga county. In his public capacity, and in private, he gave such valuable service that, according to the records of the Ohio Commandery, "every one familiar with the history of events in Cleveland from 1861 to the present time, will



cheerfully concede, that, of all the civilians in that loyal and zealous community, none excelled Mr. Bingham in efficient and conspicuous services to the government, its soldiers, and the great cause they defended."

William Thomas Walker was welcomed into this Commandery because, being physically disabled, the result of his long service in the Mexican war, he sent three volunteers to the front, gave with great liberality to the funds for the relief of our soldiers in the field, and their families at home. He so untiringly devoted himself to the service of his country as to win the applause of his loyal neighbors and the love of his companions of the Legion.

Robert Burnet, because of failing health, was compelled to relinquish his intention to serve in the field; but, by his zealous activity in every possible way, he, during the whole of the war, gave such aid and comfort to the Union cause at home and to the soldiers in the field that he was gladly welcomed to a membership in this society.

George W. Crouse was elected because of especial and untiring efforts for our cause.

Hamilton Wilcox Pierson, LL. D., rendered invaluable service in connection with the care and management of the freedmen, and as secretary of a branch of the Christian Commission, and with our soldiers at the front.

The Wisconsin companions were proud to have the name of

Timothy O. Howe associated with them. True to his beloved country, he, in the United States senate, and among his people at home, never failed in patriotic efforts. We loved him dearly living, and sincerely mourn our loss now that he has been called away.

William Pitt Fessenden was selected by the Maine Commandery as a fitting representative of the loyal men of the Pine Tree state. The high political positions he

occupied gave him the opportunity to render especially valuable and distinguished services to his country.

I regret to say that I have failed to procure the names of the gentlemen who have been elected by the Pennsylvania Commandry, but we can rest assured that they fitly represent the loyal people of that loyal state.

The names of Edward M. Stanton, Gideon Welles, Salmon P. Chase, Hannibal Hamlin, ex-Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, William H. Seward, ex-Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, William Morris Meredith, Doctor Cornelius R. Agnew, one of the founders of the Sanitary Commission, and Bishop Simpson, are, or have been, borne upon the rolls of that Commandry.

Companions, time has permitted giving only the briefest possible extracts from the records of our Third Class Companions whom I have mentioned.

Amidst the terrible anxieties which burdened the minds of our loyal people during the dark days of the war, it was difficult for men to always show that unflinching, helpful courage, which was so necessary to success, when success to many seemed more than doubtful.

We can truthfully say of our Third Class Companions that they were always brave and always hopeful.

At some future time I will give you the record of such of our Companions of the Third Class as are not included in this paper.



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MILITARY ORDER  
OF THE  
LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES,  
COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF WISCONSIN.

**In Memoriam.**

MILWAUKEE, March 6, 1886.

The following resolutions in memory of our late illustrious Commander-in-Chief,

**Maj. Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock,**

U. S. A.,

were unanimously adopted at the meeting of the Commandery on March 3d, 1886:

With profound sorrow and feelings of great personal grief, we record the death of Major General Winfield Scott Hancock, U. S. Army, which occurred at Governor's Island, New York Harbor, on Tuesday, February 9th, 1886.

In the death of Gen. Hancock the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States has lost a beloved and distinguished Commander; and, although he is dead, he lives in the hearts of his Companions in Arms and in the keeping of his countrymen, through the distinction of his deeds, for the battles he has won, and for his personal valor and patriotism in the cause of his country. His dashing leadership, his instinctive comprehension of situation, his self-reliance and confidence under trial, his knightly courage and bravery in battle, his personal magnetism and force, all this and more, inspiring the firmest devotion from all who

followed him as a leader. While death has extinguished his earthly light, the bright star of his fame will live forever upon the pages of American history, and while that history is preserved and the fame and record of the soldier of the United States is told, there will be standing out, in brightest colors, the deeds of this great soldier and commander, the ideal, the chivalrous, the superb, the ever-loyal Hancock.

*Resolved:* That the Wisconsin Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion do hereby express their sense of loss to the Order in the death of their Commander-in-Chief; to the nation in the passing away of this illustrious defender of the country and its laws; and to his widow and family in their great bereavement, and extends to them the fullest heartfelt sympathy of Companions of the Loyal Legion.

*Resolved:* That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this Commandery, and copies of the same be engrossed and forwarded to the widow of our late Commander-in-Chief and Companion, and to the Commandery-in-Chief of this Order.

A. ROSS HOUSTON, Capt. U. S. V.

JOS. McC. BELL, Lieut. Col. U. S. V.

W. S. STANLEY, Capt. U. S. V.

*Committee.*

By order of

LUCIUS FAIRCHILD,

Brigadier General U. S. V.,

*Commander.*

JAMES R. SAVILLE,

Brevet Captain U. S. V.,

*Recorder.*

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MILITARY ORDER  
OF THE  
LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES,  
COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF WISCONSIN.

**In Memoriam.**

DIED AUGUST 5, 1888.

MILWAUKEE, August 18, 1888.

The following tribute to the memory of our late Commander-in-Chief,

**Gen. Philip Henry Sheridan,**

U. S. A.,

was unanimously adopted by the Commandery:

In the prime of his manhood and the zenith of his fame, the General of the Army and the Commander-in-Chief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States has answered the summons of the Lord of Hosts, and the soldier who never knew surrender to mortal foe has obeyed the mandate of Omnipotence.

No need to dwell upon the story of his honored life. The very name he bore has become among our people the synonym for courage of the highest type, patriotism of the most exalted order, and skill and dash and daring in the field of arms seldom equalled in an age of warriors and never excelled.

From first to last, in the war for the maintenance of the Union, he never struck a faltering blow. It was Sheridan who bore the brunt on many a western field; Sheridan

who stemmed the torrent and, stubborn to the last, held firm his shattered ranks at Murfreesboro; Sheridan who rallied the remnants of the stricken right and joined his welcome lines with those of Thomas—the Rock of Chickamauga; Sheridan whose colors foremost swept the heights at Mission Ridge; Sheridan who came from western victories to give the willing cavalry a leader worthy of their steel; Sheridan who snatched a glorious prize from the jaws of fell disaster in the Shenandoah, who sent Early “whirling through Winchester,” who turned the valley of humiliation into a thoroughfare for the triumphant arms of the Union; Sheridan who swept like whirlwind from the mountains down the James; Sheridan who planned and fought and won the last brilliant battle on Virginia soil, snapped the last prop of the Confederacy, and Sheridan who brought to bay the valiant, but at last outgeneraled, host of Lee, and forced the final fall at Appomattox.

Soldier in every fibre of his being; wise in council, deliberate in preparation, but vehement—resistless in attack and indomitable in action, he lived in song and story, the very incarnation of battle—the hero of the whole nation.

No words of ours can add to the world-wide chorus telling his soldier story. Winning, step by step, his way to the head of the nation’s soldiery, he has laid down the sword in the fullness of a finished and a glorious life.

To the Military Order of the Loyal Legion his is a loss that time cannot efface. Commander and companion he held the love and faith of every man, and now, in sympathy with those on whom his death must fall with even heavier weight, in honor for his heroic traits as soldier and as citizen, we drape our colors in their mourning guise and bow the reverent head in mute acceptance of the mandate

from on High; but no grave can rob us of the memory of his peerless deeds, no time can efface the story of his soldierly achievement. We mourn the bitter loss that comes on every loyal heart this day, but we glory in the record of the sword now sheathed forever—there is no Death for such a fame as Sheridan's.

A. ROSS HOUSTON,  
*Junior Vice-Commander,*

GEO. I. ROBINSON,  
*Commander,*

CHARLES KING,  
*Recorder,*  
*Committee.*

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MILITARY ORDER  
OF THE  
LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES,  
COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF WISCONSIN.

**In Memoriam.**

DIED FEB. 14, 1891.

MILWAUKEE, March 6, 1891.

The following tribute to the memory of our late Companion,

**Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman,**

U. S. A.,

was unanimously adopted at the meeting of the Commandery on March 4th, 1891.

Since the organization of the Commandery of the State of Wisconsin, many a name, great in the service or high in the councils of the nation, has been transferred to the muster roll of the grand army of the departed. Almost every year has seen our colors draped in homage to the dead. Almost every year our records have borne their solemn tribute to valor and devotion now graven forever. Year after year we have said farewell to one great leader after another, and now we meet to give the last salute to him whose days were longer in the land—though all too brief—than those of his great associates; to him whose fame shall live forever linked with theirs; to him whose service was one epitome of knightly skill, of brilliant genius, of daring expedient and of unconquerable energy;

to him whose generalship knew no superior, whose patriotism knew no peer, who as soldier, citizen and statesman was unique in mould—the typical American of all our leaders—William Tecumseh Sherman.

It would be but useless repetition to quote the story of his career. His life was ever as an open book. It had no secrets, no hidden page. He was the simplest of our soldiers. He was fealty itself to the "officers appointed over him" and devotion to those assigned to his command. He burst the web of treason and temptation when it encircled him at the outbreak of the rebellion, sacrificing every apparent hope of home and avocation to place himself at once among the defenders of the flag. He fought from First Bull Run to Bentonville without a shadow on his shield or a slur upon his shining blade. He laid down his command in the vigor of his years, that, in obeying his country's laws, he might show the nation how her foremost soldier could be higher still—her foremost citizen. He was the friend of every man, woman and child who loved the Union. He was the frankest soul that ever lived, the man whom all men affectionately hailed, confidently approached and unswervingly clung to. He had not one small or selfish trait, but he had to an extent far greater than exhibited at least by men of our day and generation, a grand and beautiful characteristic—the devoted love he bore the nation. His every thought, his every word, his every deed, told trumpet-tongued that his very life was bound up in the name "My Country."

It has been a generation of great soldiers and great men. Their lives and precepts and example are a priceless heritage to us and to our children; but more than to any other in recent years, it would seem as though the great heart of the people clung to the man who, refusing the highest honors in their gift, chose rather to rest his fame

upon his service as a soldier, and his claim to their esteem upon the simple faith that was the guiding star of his existence—undimmed, undaunted loyalty.

F. C. WINKLER, Bvt. Brig. Gen. U. S. V.

H. C. HOBART, Bvt. Brig. Gen. U. S. V.

GEORGE I. ROBINSON, Capt. U. S. V.

F. H. MAGDEBURG, Capt. U. S. V.

CHARLES KING, Capt. U. S. A.

F. A. ANSON, 1st Lieut. U. S. V.

*Committee.*

By order of

Major C. H. ANSON, U. S. V.,

*Commander.*

A. ROSS HOUSTON,

Captain U. S. V.,

*Recorder.*





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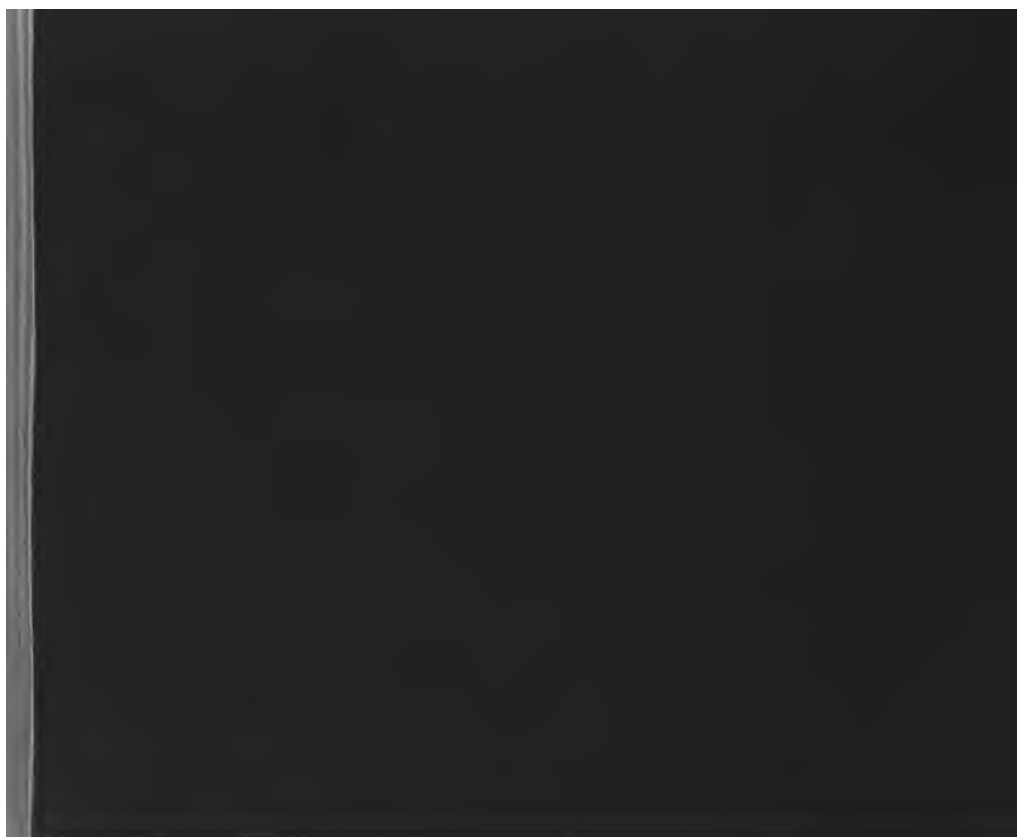














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